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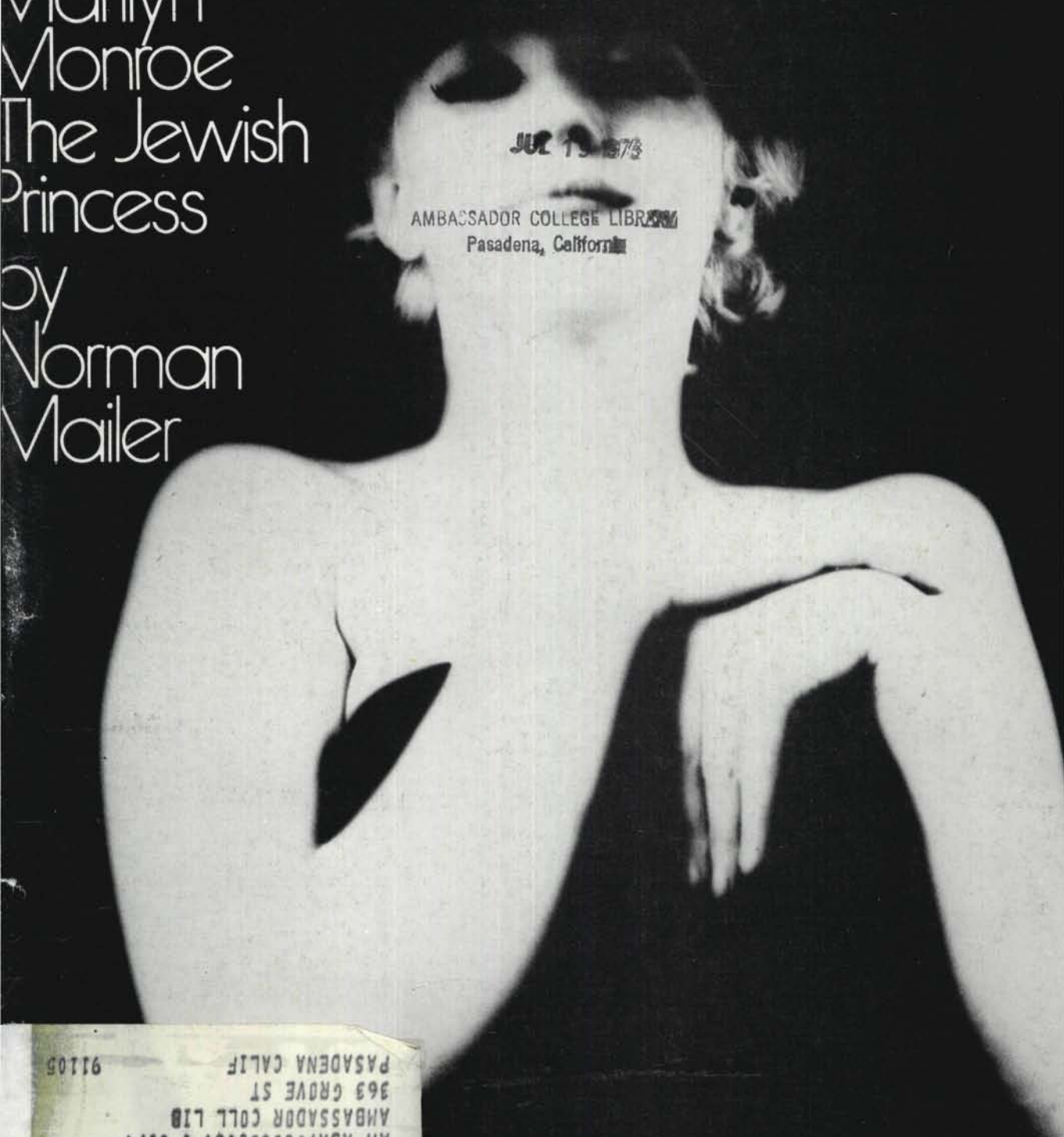
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MONTHLY

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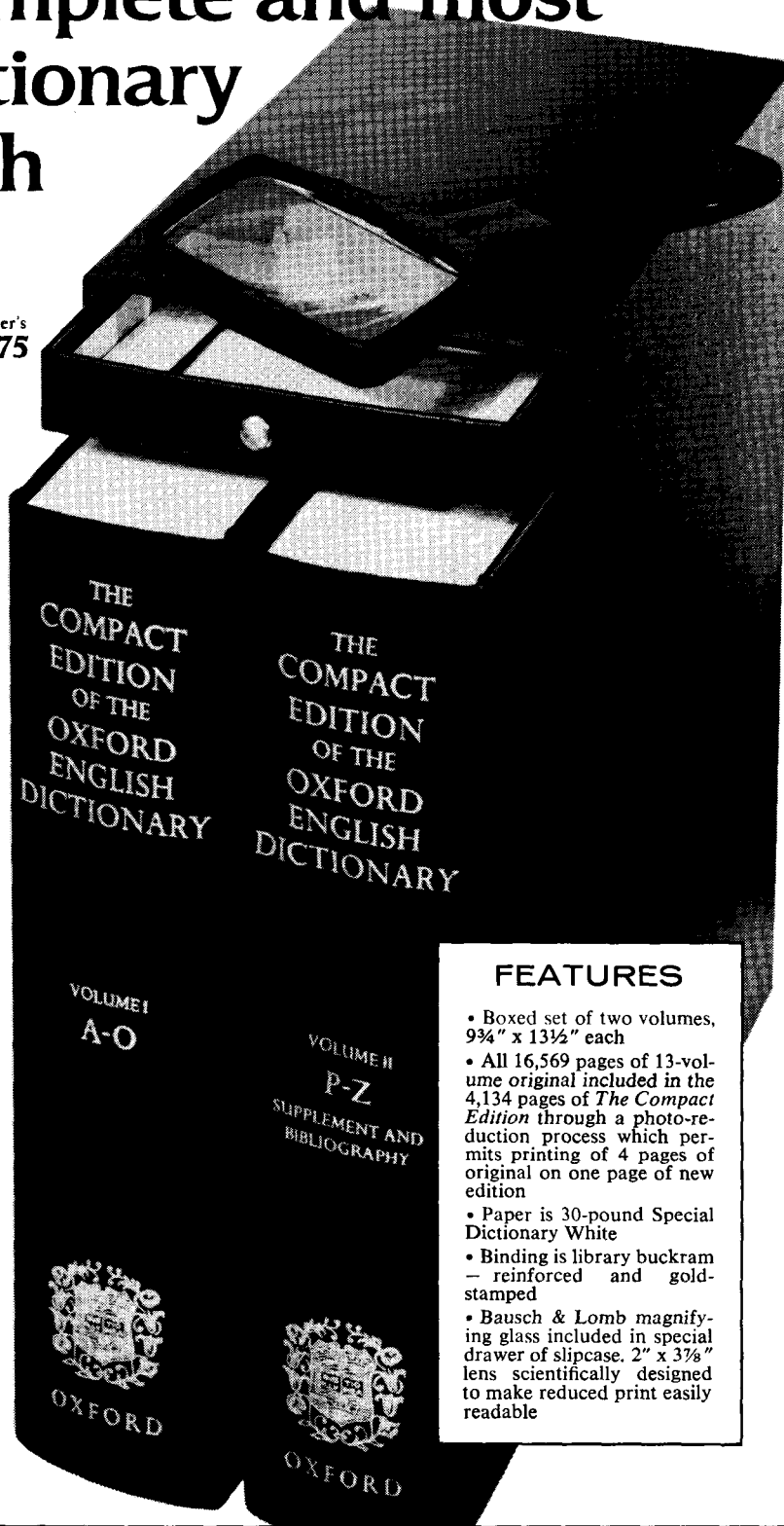
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NORMAN MAILER 33 **The Jewish Princess**
Actress (Marilyn Monroe) marries playwright (Arthur Miller) and the cameras roll

ELIZABETH DREW 60 **A Watergate Diary**
Thirty-one startling days in May

STEVEN WARNER 73 **Nietzsche Would Have Been a Great Dart Player**
A fast-growing indoor sport; beverages extra

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH 78 **The Economics of the American Housewife**
How she can avoid being had

FICTION

EDWARD HOWER 54 **Miriamu and the King**

WARD JUST 87 **Journal of a Plague Year**

POETRY

NORMA McLAIN STOOP 59 **The Order**

WILLIAM PITT ROOT 83 **Estrangement**

REPORTS & COMMENT

SANFORD J. UNGAR 6 **The Pentagon Papers Trial**

CLYDE FARNSWORTH 14 **Klagenfurt, Austria**

LIFE & LETTERS

MARK SCHORER 92 **The Lonely Calm**

WALLACE STEGNER 94 **Walter Clark's Frontier**

WILLIAM ZINSSER 98 **Cara Theresa**

EDWARD WEEKS 101 **The Peripatetic Reviewer**

PHOEBE ADAMS 103 **Short Reviews: Books**

4 **The Editor's Page**

L. E. SISSMAN 19 **Innocent Bystander**

22 **The Mail**

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Word drifts in from around the country that the American public is bored with "the Watergate story," wishes that all those people who write or talk about it would find something else to preoccupy them or, better yet, just go away. I don't believe it. It is not possible that Americans are unconcerned about a scandal that has carried infection to the very heart of their political system. Perhaps Watergate is not the country's chief concern at the moment, with inflation breaking the bounds and the cost of living rising so crazily. But the limited and highly unscientific research filtering into this office (to be truthful, a mere handful of letters and inquiries) conveys deep public concern about the conspiracy that has come to light in Washington, and some irritation that *The Atlantic* has neglected up to now to pronounce on the sordid spectacle.

Well, no need to hurry. The implications of Watergate will be unfurling for some time to come. It is one thing to arrive at conclusions as to what the scandal says about the assorted burglars, buggers, zealots, humorless scalawags, and well-placed gauleiters to whom the political system was entrusted. It is a far more complex, and important, thing to form useful conclusions as to what Watergate says about the system itself. We are understandably impatient to know, after nearly a year of ostensible investigation of the case, whether our President is guilty of a lamentable lack of judgment or of a calamitous lack of integrity. Our methods for satisfying that necessary curiosity are untidy and even unfair when compared to, say, the British parliamentary way, and it is inevitable that the American way provokes hip-shooting proposals (alter the Constitution, impeach in haste) and bumper-sticker wisecracks (*Hail to the Thief, Agnew in '73*) on the way to more sobersided judgments.

But now enough inquiries are under way, grand juries impaneled, journalistic bloodhounds unleashed, and orators unlimbered to satisfy all but the most unappeasable appetite for comment on Watergate. While welcoming the din as necessary to the search for a large truth about the fate of our society, one thinks carefully about how usefully to add yet another voice. For one thing, a

prudent look back at how the case began to emerge from the murk should be conducive to considered judgment. *The Atlantic's* Washington correspondent, Elizabeth Drew, makes such a contribution this month with her diary of a very unmertry month of May in Washington, D.C. Sanford Ungar, who covered the Pentagon Papers trial of Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo, offers, beginning on page 6, a similarly helpful analysis of that important, if aborted, political event.

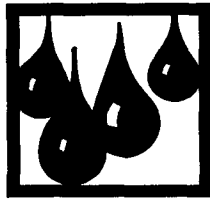
Whatever the outcome of the Watergate case in convictions, acquittals, careers ruined, or reputations salvaged, its long-term effect on American society will hang in great part on the public's faith, or lack of it, in the quality and thoroughness of the investigatory processes, senatorial and judicial. With that in mind, *The Atlantic* has commissioned George V. Higgins, an experienced federal prosecutor and superior crime writer (*The Friends of Eddie Coyle, The Digger's Game*), to conduct his own Investigation of the Investigation of Watergate. His articles will appear in *The Atlantic* and be published later, in expanded form, as a book. Higgins, says a reviewer of his latest novel, "belongs alongside Hammett, Chandler, and Ross Macdonald." His story of Watergate will be well worth waiting for.

* * *

Norman Mailer returns to these pages with warm welcome after a long interlude. He was last (and first) represented here with five poems in the January, 1962, *Atlantic*. This is a grander appearance, a generous segment from his latest work, a biographical portrait of Marilyn Monroe, to appear in a book conceived by Lawrence Schiller, the photographer. Schiller organized a collection of some 16,000 pictures of Monroe by twenty-four photographers who had worked with the actress. Out of that exhibition grew the idea of a book. Mr. Mailer contracted to write a 25,000-word preface. In the writing, the preface grew to 90,000 words, and became, as the author describes it, "a novel biography . . . indeed a species of novel. . . ." The book will be published in August.

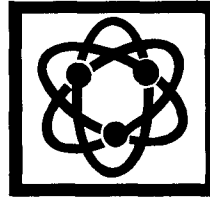
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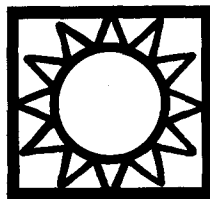
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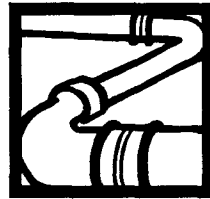
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Promising but slow in developing. Atomic power *may* be our best bet in years to come. Now? No. Nuclear power today contributes less than one per cent of U.S. energy.



SOLAR

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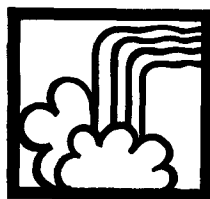
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REPORTS & COMMENT

THE PENTAGON PAPERS TRIAL

"And let me say, I think it is time in this country to quit making heroes out of those who steal secrets and publish them in the newspapers."

—President Richard M. Nixon, during remarks at a State Department reception for returned prisoners of war, May 24, 1973

This audience would, unlike a growing percentage of the American people, be inclined to believe almost anything he said, and so President Nixon chose the assemblage of POW's as the forum for an impassioned defense of secrecy as a keystone of national security. "It isn't that we are trying to keep anything from the American people that the American people should know. It isn't that we are trying to keep something from the press that the press should print," said the man whose Administration has taken the boldest steps in decades against the free flow of information. It is just that he demands for an elite of government officials the sole authority to decide what information the public "should" have; and that information, in his view, did not properly include the Pentagon Papers.

Mr. Nixon pointed out almost wistfully that the Soviets "have no problem keeping their secrets"; and without a passing nod to the First Amendment or other constitutional safeguards, he concluded that "it is time for a new sense of responsibility in this country and a new sense of dedication of everybody in

the bureaucracy that if a document is classified, keep it classified."

Through his address to the POW's, billed as a plea for their "support in helping to develop the national spirit," the President was trying to appeal to the people a case he had just lost in court in Los Angeles. When U.S. District Court Judge W. Matt Byrne, Jr., dismissed all charges in the Pentagon Papers trial because of extreme governmental misconduct, the executive branch suffered an unequivocal and embarrassing defeat on the issue of secrecy; the Administration failed, after a two-year effort, to obtain a declaration from a federal court or jury that the time-honored practice of leaking information from government files is a crime.

Strange case

Daniel Ellsberg was, of course, a hero to no one before the Justice Department began pursuing him after newspaper publication of the Pentagon Papers in June, 1971. He was a bright, intense, somewhat messianic man who had never held a policy-making position of his own, but had been a researcher and adviser on some of the most grisly aspects of the disastrous American involvement in Southeast Asia. He had removed documents from the files of the Rand Corporation and, with the help of a friend, Anthony J. Russo, Jr., photocopied them, later going to the press in desperation after being unable to convince any member of Congress to violate courtesy and security regulations by making them public.

The press, which became weary of him early in the game, did not

make a hero of Ellsberg; nor did Democratic politicians, who sought to avoid him like the plague, nor the public, which has largely refused to endorse his much misunderstood act of defiance. If Ellsberg is a hero today, as implied by the President, it is thanks to the Nixon Administration, which tried to make new and wide-ranging law by making an example of him and his co-defendant. Little wonder that there should arise substantial sympathy for a criminal defendant once it has been learned: that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has poked into his affairs for almost four years; that he was the victim of government "national security" wiretapping not authorized by any court but ordered into place by Attorney General John N. Mitchell, who is himself now charged with perjury, conspiracy, and obstruction of justice; that a squad of burglars, reporting directly to the White House, broke into the office of his former psychiatrist, looking for information bearing upon his "prosecutability," and then drew upon the Central Intelligence Agency to construct "psychological profiles" of him; that one of those burglars not only photocopied secret cables but also doctored and forged them, without ever being charged with an offense; that the President's chief domestic adviser offered the directorship of the FBI to the judge presiding over his trial, in an apparent effort to affect the outcome of the case.

From the start, the case against Ellsberg and Russo moved forward under mysterious, sometimes suspicious, circumstances. When Ellsberg was indicted in June, 1971, the charges were filed while the Su-

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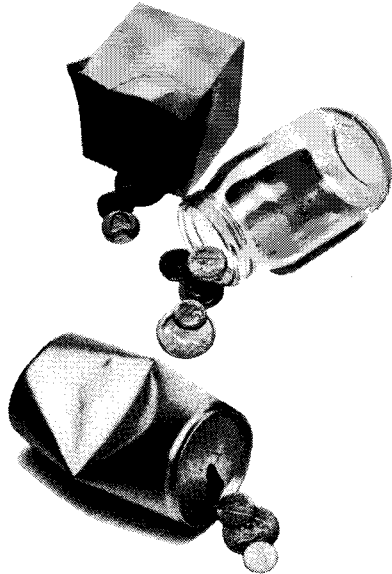
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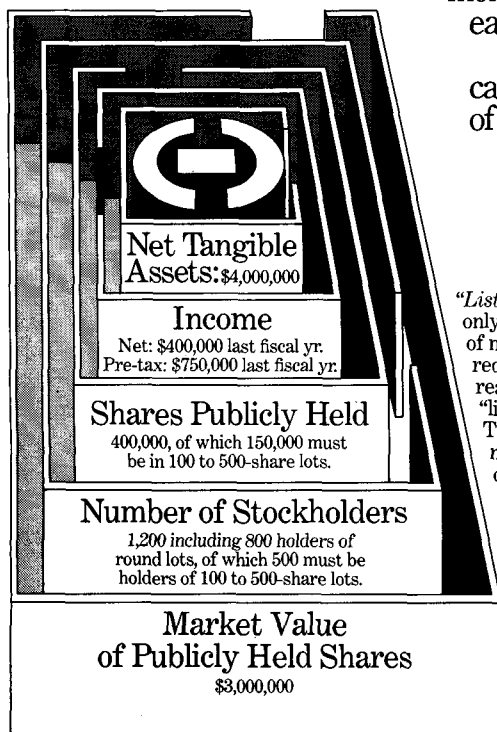
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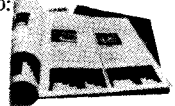


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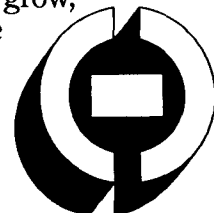
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PENTAGON PAPERS

preme Court was still weighing its decision on civil suits to stop the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* from publishing the Pentagon Papers—a bit of timing that many legal observers interpreted as an unsubtle attempt to influence the justices. Russo, who in reality played a minor role in the photocopying of the documents, was apparently added to the indictment as punishment for his refusal to testify in secret before a federal grand jury in Los Angeles. (Russo served a seven-week jail term for contempt, but was released when he persuaded a progressive federal judge, Warren J. Ferguson, to rule that he need not testify unless provided with a full public transcript of his testimony—an order the government chose not to follow.)

Robert L. Meyer, then the Nixon-appointed United States Attorney for the Central District of California, refused to sign the superseding indictment against Ellsberg and Russo when it was handed down in December, 1971, an act of conscience that quickly cost him his job. (Defense attorneys pressed Judge Byrne, himself a former U.S. Attorney, to hold a hearing on the subject, but he declined, and Meyer died without ever publicly explaining his decision.)

The concentration of government resources on the case went far beyond what was done in other politically significant cases, such as the “Chicago Seven” riot conspiracy trial and the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, trial of the Reverend Philip Berrigan and other Catholic antiwar militants. With an Army brigadier general assigned full-time to assist the prosecutors and with the State Department flying the U.S. Ambassador in South Korea from Seoul to Los Angeles for perfunctory testimony as a rebuttal witness, there could be little doubt that the desire for a conviction came from the top.

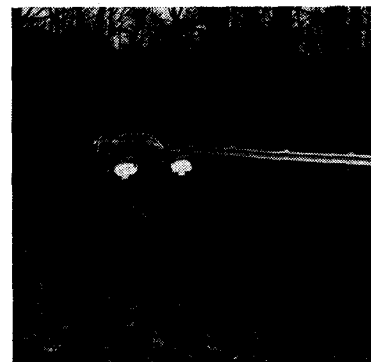
Two days before his tough speech to the prisoners of war, President Nixon explained in a lengthy statement on the Watergate affair and related matters that disclosure of the Pentagon Papers had been interpreted by his Administration as an alarming event. “Not until a few

hours before publication did any responsible Government official know that they had been stolen,” the President said. “Most officials did not know they existed. No senior official of the Government had read them or knew with certainty what they contained. . . . There was every reason to believe this was a security leak of unprecedented proportions. It created a situation in which the ability of the Government to carry on foreign relations even in the best of circumstances could have been severely compromised. Other governments no longer knew whether they could deal with the United States in confidence.” The 1971 leak, he claimed, “posed a threat so grave as to require extraordinary actions.”

Panicking and plumbing

The factual record would seem to indicate that Mr. Nixon was exaggerating. Although the Pentagon Papers had been little read, their existence and their compilation at the behest of former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara were well known in top Nixon Administration circles. Henry A. Kissinger, White House national security adviser, had been a consultant to the task force that wrote the study and was later often urged by Ellsberg to read the final version. Nixon’s first Defense Secretary, Melvin R. Laird, became familiar enough with the documents before publication to deny access on several occasions to Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The FBI and other government security agents were quickly able to identify the published documents, and the FBI already had a thick dossier on Ellsberg at the time of publication. No military operations were affected by the disclosure, no foreign contacts ruptured; indeed, within weeks the secret Nixon-Kissinger approach to China would be complete and uncompromised.

But it is clear, in retrospect, that publication of the Pentagon Papers played into the hands of those within the Administration who had a mania about “national security” concerns and had already launched multiple investigations of the Black Panther Party and groups of anti-



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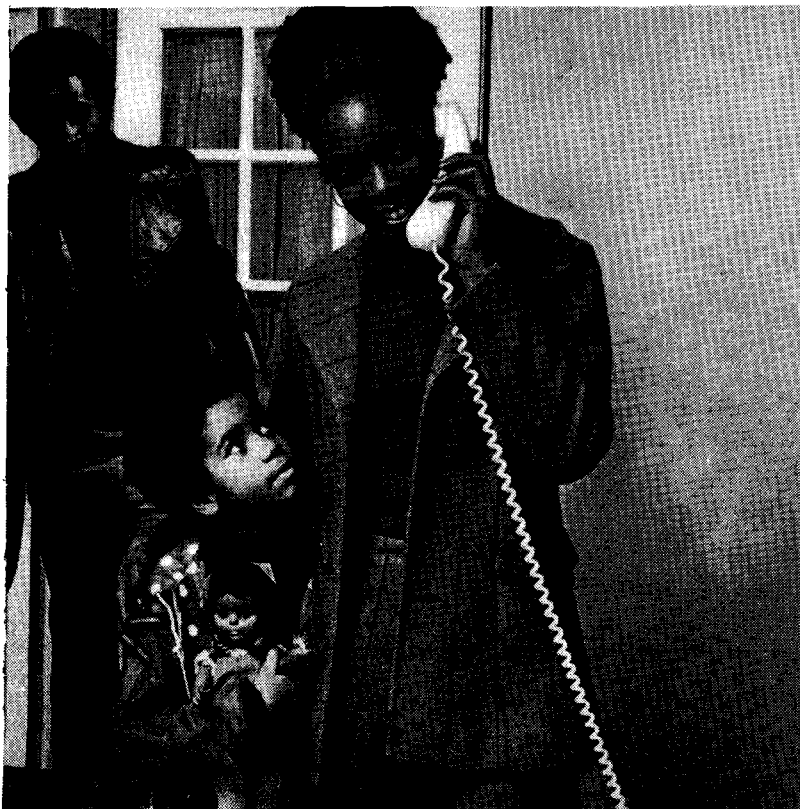
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PENTAGON PAPERS

war dissidents. The panic may have been precipitated, in part, by the information that after the first court restraining order against the New York Times, a copy of the Papers was passed to the Soviet Embassy in Washington by an unidentified person with no apparent connection to Ellsberg. (Despite this information, the Justice Department pressed the newspaper cases to the Supreme Court, arguing that the documents must be kept from foreign nations.) At the same time, the events became a pretext for new and aggressive security measures. Within a week, Mr. Nixon created a Special Investigations Unit in the White House, later known as the "plumbers," "whose principal purpose," in the President's words, "was to stop security leaks and to investigate other sensitive security matters." The President ordered White House aide Egil Krogh, Jr., to have the unit "find out all it could about Mr. Ellsberg's associates and his motives," and this order led directly to the burglary at the psychiatrist's office and other illegal acts.

Zealots within the Justice Department won the opportunity to try stretching some old statutes for new uses. Ellsberg and Russo were charged, for example, with conspiring to "defraud" the United States of "its lawful governmental function of controlling the dissemination of classified government studies, reports, memoranda and communications." Until this time, nearly all violations of the government's security classification system had been treated as administrative infractions, which could lead to suspension from a federal job, rather than crimes, since the classification system is embodied in presidential executive orders, not in congressional statutes. They were also accused of espionage, which involved an almost laughable twisting of that term's traditional meaning. The easiest charge for the government to prove, but also the one that might set the most dangerous precedent, was theft of government property. Implicit in that approach was the notion that despite the absence of an Official Secrets Act or a government copyright in the United States,

information can be treated as government property and can be "stolen" when revealed to the public or even to Congress. Conviction on this charge could have provided a future legal basis for bringing federal criminal cases against newsmen for "receiving" and "communicating" information that an Administration wanted to keep secret.

Internal dynamics

Anthony Russo is a man with a well-defined ideology who has an eager eye for "war criminals." He got in trouble with Judge Byrne at the outset of the trial by approaching one of the earliest prosecution witnesses, Lieutenant General William DePuy, assistant to the Army Vice Chief of Staff, and handing him a statement which said, in effect, that their places should be reversed in the courtroom, with DePuy on trial and Russo a witness against him. Wearing a Viet Cong pin in his lapel, Russo worried that the defense case would give former government officials who had planned and executed American policy in Vietnam an all-too-convenient way to change sides and atone for their sins. When one of the defense's own witnesses, a maverick research analyst for the Central Intelligence Agency, was asked under cross-examination to chart the four components of the Vietnamese Communist forces, Russo risked a contempt-of-court citation by writing in a fifth component, "the people," during a recess. He hoped to the end that the trial could accomplish a degree of "political education," teaching the jurors and the courtroom audience, if no one else, about the perfidy of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia.

Daniel Ellsberg seemed far more ambivalent about his role in the courtroom. He had a certain amount of trouble dissociating himself from his past and the national defense establishment milieu. On the one hand, he was flattered that so many former policy makers were willing to testify on his behalf ("We had to turn some away," he said); but on the other hand, he continued to agonize over whether he might ever re-establish his relationship with the "former friends" who were now on the opposite side of the

Pentagon Papers issue. Ellsberg became furious with the press and frequently complained that reporters regularly covering the trial were paying too little attention to him, too seldom seeking out his point of view on the day's developments. For him the case, indeed the entire Pentagon Papers affair, was an intensely personal experience that he was not about to surrender, nor even to share with Russo. Toward the end, he developed an elaborate conspiracy theory that the break-in at the Watergate was part of a plot by the Committee for the Re-Election of the President to tie the eventual Democratic presidential candidate to Daniel Ellsberg.

For a grand courtroom clash on lofty issues, the trial had more than its share of tedium, especially when the ever-angry chief prosecutor, David R. Nissen, set out to punish the judge or the defense lawyers for an adverse ruling by, for example, forcing a witness on cross-examination to read aloud fifteen or twenty pages from a book he had written. During the long, slow days, Russo wrote doggerel verse, read and re-

read a favorite book, or stared off into the distance from the defense table. Ellsberg looked always to be feverishly scribbling notes to himself; at one point, he announced proudly that he had calculated that he had more "command experience" in the Marines than did Brigadier General Paul F. Gorman, the prosecution consultant and witness, in the Army.

The case did provide a chance for the famous and once-powerful men of John F. Kennedy's Administration to appear before an attentive audience (itself often including Hollywood figures drawn to what became one of the most chic events in Los Angeles). Some, like McGeorge Bundy, made powerful witnesses because of their command of the facts in the Pentagon Papers and their ability to withstand Nissen's unrelenting assaults. But others used the occasion largely to assert their former closeness to the President and to recite the good advice they had once given him.

Those on Ellsberg's side of the defense bitterly fought Russo's proposal for a series of more "radical"

witnesses, but he finally prevailed. When Boston University history professor Howard Zinn took the stand as the sixteenth defense witness, he was the first person to testify for Ellsberg and Russo who had nothing to do with making American policy in the Vietnam War. Zinn's testimony introduced into evidence an issue that the defense had previously neglected or failed to get past the judge's chaotic evidentiary rulings: how the country felt about the war in the late 1960s, when Ellsberg and Russo had acted.

"There is an element of the national defense that is very often overlooked," Zinn said softly, "the morale of the people of a country . . . is the government representing them? Is it consulting them? Do people believe they are being told the truth? Is the government honoring or violating its principles?" By 1969, he observed, "the morale, the general state of health of this country was not too good . . . on television, people saw our troops burning villages . . . the war in Vietnam was a war which involved special interests and not the national de-

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PENTAGON PAPERS

fense of the United States." The courtroom was virtually silent during Zinn's lecture, and jurors later said they had found it moving. His success won for Russo's half of the defense the right to overdo its case much as Ellsberg's half had already done.

The struggle between those two camps within the defense, presided over uneasily by chief counsel Leonard B. Boudin (who was generally on poor terms with his client, Ellsberg), was perhaps as significant as any other dynamic in the trial. It was epitomized in a letter from a young paralegal worker, Adam Bennion, to Charles R. Nesson, a Harvard Law School professor who was one of the defense attorneys. When Eastern newspapers broke the story that Judge Byrne had gone to San Clemente to consult with White House aide John D. Ehrlichman about the FBI directorship, Nesson, rather than waiting to take him by surprise, informed the judge privately by telephone, without con-

sulting his colleagues, that the defense would raise the issue in court. "By your action," Bennion wrote Nesson, "you have demonstrated why politics must be in control of lawyers in political trials, and not vice versa. It is clear that, in reality, you feel a certain kind of class unity with Matt Byrne, else why would you feel that it is your responsibility to inform him of his fuck-up, a fuck-up for which he should have to bear full responsibility, without help from those who have a higher obligation: to serve the people as people's lawyers." What Nesson saw as proper legal etiquette, Bennion attacked as a "collaborationist position."

Byrne's career, which he had intended to take much further, was probably stained by the fact that he answered a second summons from Ehrlichman and failed to report either contact to the parties in the Pentagon Papers case before the newspaper publicity. Leonard I. Weinglass, Russo's lawyer, pointed out that if anyone from the defense had offered the judge a nice job for after the trial while it was still going on, "we all would have been in jail." But Byrne insisted that he had done nothing wrong and that his meetings had not improperly affected the trial.

"Cult"

One factor which inevitably united the defense was what one attorney called the "cult of secrecy" at the heart of the case. Byrne participated in its ritual by insisting, right through the end of the trial, that the duplicate copies of some Pentagon Papers volumes involved in the case, although long since public, remain under a "protective order" that required the defense to keep careful records on, and obtain receipts from, everyone who had access to the documents in connection with the preparation of the case.

It took months for William G. Florence, the retired Air Force officer who served as security consultant to the Ellsberg-Russo team, to convince even the defense lawyers that a "secret" stamp need not mean anything, that the presence of a classification marking on a document does not necessarily indicate that it really requires protection in

the interests of "national defense." The appropriate skepticism was slow in coming to those who had permitted themselves to assume that good faith and rationality are at the heart of the secrecy system which President Nixon is so eager to preserve. Florence's unrelenting crusade had powerful assistance, however, from the State Department, which continued to insist that the four "diplomatic volumes" of the Pentagon Papers were still classified and required official protection, even though they were public court exhibits available to anyone on request in the office of the Clerk of the U.S. District Court in Los Angeles. In mid-trial, an assistant secretary of state wrote Senator Fulbright, who had been trying to obtain official clearance of a Foreign Relations Committee staff study based on the volumes, that their formal declassification would violate "our obligation to preserve the integrity of the diplomatic process and to protect the sanctity of confidential exchanges with other governments." Eventually, the judge came around; he instructed the jury that they should not regard the classification stamps as conclusive.

No sooner had Judge Byrne dismissed the charges and scolded the executive branch for its "bizarre" conduct in the Pentagon Papers case than Ellsberg and Russo proclaimed that they had won a great "victory" and had been "vindicated" for their action in releasing the documents. Reform, Ellsberg insisted, was just around the corner, and the first necessary step was merely to impeach the President.

What Ellsberg and Russo can be excused for missing in their moment of jubilation over Byrne's opinion—admittedly a strong and eloquent, if belated, one—is that there can be losers without winners, embarrassment and chastisement for one side without vindication for the other. For the Pentagon Papers trial accomplished little beyond giving Ellsberg and Russo a platform, radicalizing most of the jurors and their alternates, and providing a forum for some sensational Watergate-related disclosures. And it cost a great deal, financially (nearly a million dollars for the defense, perhaps twice as much in the value of diverted resources on the government side), le-



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gally, and in terms of the judicial system's standing and credibility. One of its most important lessons is that prosecutorial discretion, unchecked by the courts, in this and other controversial cases, may be a serious threat to freedom of expression and of information.

While it is true that disclosure of the Pentagon Papers has been followed by a number of other significant leaks on a major scale—columnist Jack Anderson's publication of documents revealing the American position in the Indo-Pakistani war and some of the revelations concerning Watergate, for example—the more important Ellsberg-Russo example may be a negative one: rebellious government employees or former employees, if they take an action which sufficiently angers the President or offends those promoting a security mania, may be tied up in court for two years even if there is no strong case against them.

The question that now must be asked is whether the Pentagon Papers trial served a purpose for anyone. And furthermore, whether no result was not the best result. A conviction of Ellsberg and Russo would almost certainly have set a dangerous precedent. But an acquittal, while encouraging new leaks, could also have caused a powerful backlash in the bureaucracy and the Congress, which has not demonstrated that it can be trusted to stand guard on the executive branch in behalf of the public. The result might have been more specific and potentially repressive legislation in the security area.

The public interest—that of government officials with a legitimate interest in keeping some genuinely sensitive information secret, and that of the press and the citizens—would probably have been best served if the charges had not been brought at all or if the case had never gone to trial. Constructive tension between government and the press has generally worked well for many decades and may be far more effective in guiding the relationship between the two than would be any set of specific ground rules arising out of a peculiar criminal case. Indeed, as matters stand, the press was effectively set back in 1971, when the government's civil suits against the newspapers which

published the Pentagon Papers, although ending in a transparent victory for the press, produced an ominous legacy: that the First Amendment *can* be put aside at least temporarily, while the executive branch has an opportunity in the courts to justify an attempt at prior restraint on free expression.

To be sure, the Ellsberg-Russo case underscored an urgent need for reform, but the actual prospects are dim. In 1972, Congress permitted the President to put into effect a new executive order that, while it reduced the number of people entitled to classify documents and required that the classification decision sometimes be justified in writing, doomed some information to perpetual secrecy and left terms like "national security" as ill-defined as ever. Only last spring, the House Government Information Subcommittee, chaired by Representative William S. Moorhead (Democrat of Pennsylvania), concluded after a two-year study that a realistic security classification system should be embodied in statutes, rather than in executive orders, and that Congress should help establish the standards instead of permitting the President to act alone.

But in the meantime, the White House has moved to tighten the executive grip on information policy, in part because its efforts were frustrated during the Pentagon Papers case. In its Criminal Code Reform Act of 1973, the Nixon Administration has proposed creating a criminal charge called "mishandling of national defense information" that could ostensibly be used against newsmen and their sources. The Administration proposal takes a giant step backward by, among other things, requiring that a classification stamp be respected, no matter how trivial or independent of a document's actual contents. The defense that information had been improperly classified would be specifically banned. And the President has declared, to the cheers of the returned prisoners of war, that "I am going to meet my responsibility to protect the national security of the United States of America insofar as our secrets are concerned."

In this day and age, that could mean anything.

—SANFORD J. UNGAR

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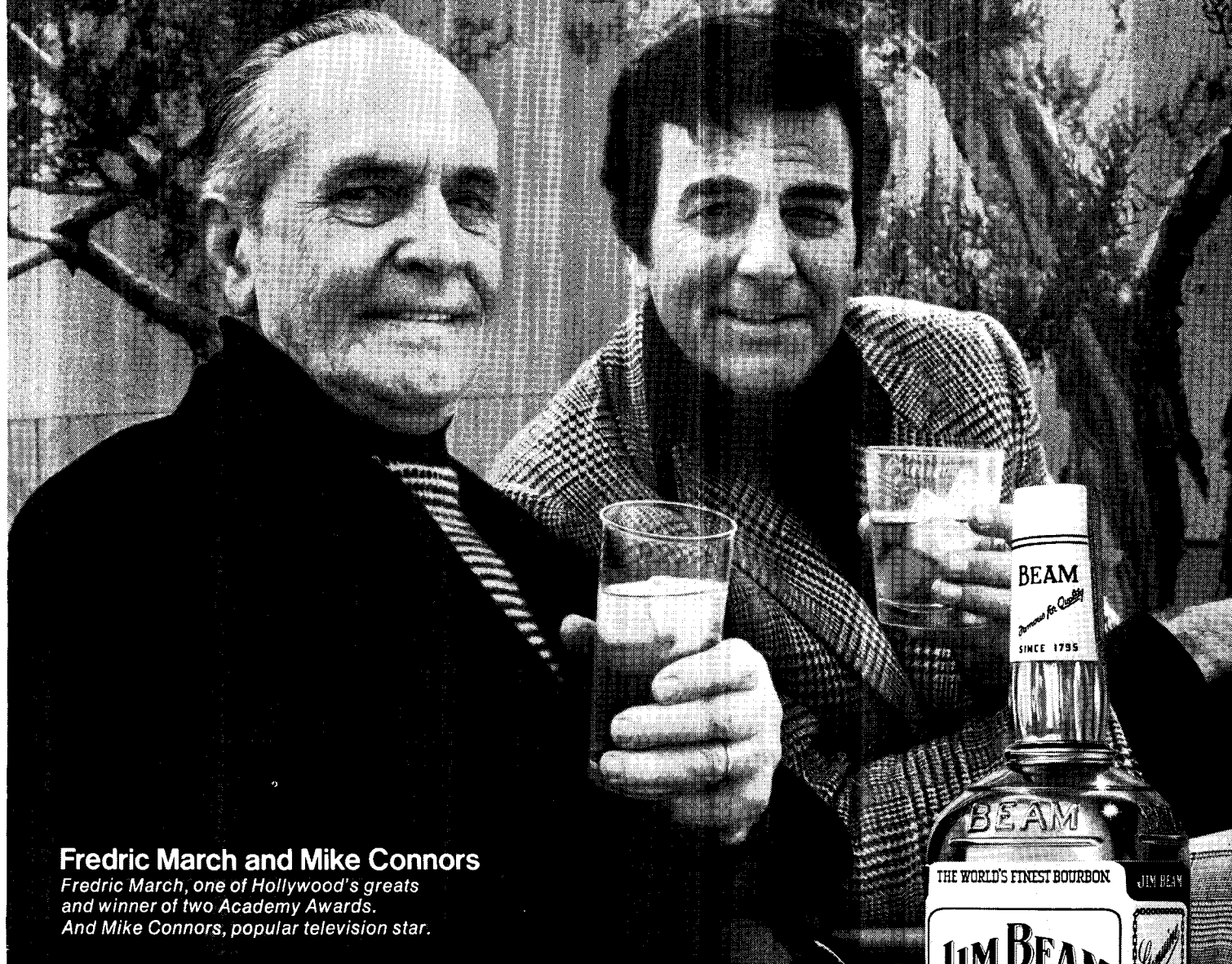
"I frankly do not know how it will end, but I assure you we will try to prevent violence," says Dr. Matthäus Grilc, one of the leaders of the Slovene civil rights movement. "In no case do we want another Ulster, but we want our rights." A member of the presidium of the Council of Carinthian Slovenes, Dr. Grilc is a twenty-six-year-old lawyer who looks something like the French film star Louis Jourdan. In the anteroom of his law office, an elderly Slovene man and woman are hunched over a wooden bench speaking together quietly in the Slovene language. Were they to speak Slovene in a train or bus, or even on the street, they would probably be told that they are in Austria and Austrians speak German. German-speakers in Carinthia make no bones about their feelings—they don't like to hear the Slovene language.

Carinthia is a quaint Alpine province of Austria, a splendid region of crags and valleys, warm lakes, and well-watered forests. The Romans liked it in their day, and tourists like it today. They come here to ski in the winter and bathe in the summer. According to legend, a number of Nazis fled to the province after World War II. Until 1955 Carinthia was in the British zone of occupation. The State Treaty of that year gave Austria back her independence and guaranteed equal rights for Slovenes living in Austria.

Slovenes inhabit the southern reaches of the province, in the region south and east of Klagenfurt, the immaculate provincial capital. They have been here for more than a thousand years. A 1910 census found 82,000 Slovenes in Carinthia. Today the number is said to be anywhere from 10,000 to 110,000, depending on whom you talk to. The 1910 census was the last one.

The most recent territorial change in the region came in a 1919 treaty that gave a 128-square-mile slice of what had been Hapsburg Carinthia to the newly established kingdom of Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia had laid claim to far more, but in a 1920

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plebiscite the inhabitants of the disputed territory voted to remain with Austria. Actually, the Hapsburgs had ruled over Carinthia since the thirteenth century, when Rudolf von Hapsburg conquered the region. In 1335, Carinthia was merged with the other Hapsburg holdings.

In 1945 Yugoslav partisans under Tito laid claim to southeast Carinthia but got no support from the Big Four occupying powers. Tito's break with Stalin in 1948 finally laid that claim to rest.

Undoubtedly, many Carinthian Slovenes have embraced the Austro-German culture. But many have not, and a sizable portion of these people live in villages, speak Slovene at home, and work as farmers and laborers.

The quality of education has improved radically in Austria since 1955, and the schools reach out to many more people. This has opened to the Slovene youth opportunities their parents never had, but it has also sharpened the demands for a better life. Trained in the village schools and later at the elite academic high school for Slovenes in Klagenfurt, the younger Slovenes have become a cadre of intellectuals pressing for civil rights. Dr. Grilc is one of this group.

Iron cross

Confronting them is another group, which newspapers across the border in Yugoslavia have labeled "neo-Nazi." This is the Heimat Dienst (Fatherland Service), a body organized more or less to keep Austrian culture pure. A similar group, the Heimat Bund (Fatherland Organization), was run by Nazis during the last war.

Josef Feldner, a thirty-three-year-old postal administrator in Klagenfurt, heads the Heimat Dienst. "We have nothing against the natural development of the Slovenes so long as they do not interfere with German-speaking people," he declares. Mr. Feldner is a squat, burly man with close-cropped hair that looks like a Brillo pad and steel-gray eyes behind dark-rimmed glasses. Prominently displayed on his lapel is an Austrian patriot's iron cross.

Mr. Feldner says that his organization has 40,000 active members and represents a majority of the province's 700,000 German-speakers. Its goal, he says, is to prevent the "Slovenizing" of southern Carinthia. Others place its membership at only 4000 and say that its influence is greatly exaggerated.

Last October the Heimat Dienst staged the biggest demonstration in Klagenfurt of the last quarter century in protest against a law passed last June by the Nationalrat, the Austrian Parliament. The legislation provided for signs in both Slovene and German to be posted on the approaches to villages where Slovenes make up at least 20 percent of the population.

The bilingual signs were actually agreed to as one of the guarantees for the Slovene and Croatian minorities under Article 7 of the State Treaty. It took the Vienna government seventeen years to pass the enabling legislation in the Nationalrat, so inflammable is the issue of bilingualism in southern Carinthia.

The signs in the Slovene language were duly erected and then systematically torn down and destroyed in October and November last year, presumably by German-speaking nationalists. The signs have not yet been replaced.

Josef Feldner denies that his organization was in any way involved. The work was a "spontaneous response of the people to a bad and unconstitutional law," he declared in an interview in a Klagenfurt coffeehouse. He also strongly rejected the "neo-Nazi" label pinned on him personally as well as on his organization by Yugoslav journalists. He maintained that men who were arrested during the Hitler period because they were "defenders of Austria" are prominent in the Heimat Dienst.

As the signs came down, police were ordered not to interfere. A legal officer at the Vienna Foreign Ministry said that the government wanted to avoid any confrontation between the forces of order and the people. Socialist Chancellor Bruno Kreisky has sought to cool tempers by sending in a commission that will doubtless take its time to write a report.

What has made all this into something more than another Euro-

pean linguistic battle is the agitation from Yugoslavia. Newspapers there have published elaborately embellished accounts of discrimination in Carinthia; and Belgrade has already signaled its intention to bring the matter of Austrian "oppression" of Slovenes before both the Conference on European Security and Cooperation and the United Nations.

Needless to say, the Kreisky government firmly rebuts any charges of oppression. But it too is worried about the intentions of the Yugoslavs as well as the actions of German-speakers in Carinthia.

"Anytime the signs go up, they will be torn down again," warned Binder Werner, an eighteen-year-old Klagenfurt engineering student and supporter of the Austrian nationalists. He said that Yugoslav agitators want to "Slovenize" the region so that Yugoslavia can again lay claim to it, as it did after the First and Second World Wars. Mr. Feldner makes the same point, and adds that he is being harassed by Yugoslav agents.

"I am an Austrian"

All this may sound like something out of *The Thirty-Nine Steps* or *Greenmantle*. Yet this is not the Europe of John Buchan. No borders are in dispute today. The word "Balkans" has gone out of fashion. People say "Eastern Europe" and talk about "rapprochement." And even if Yugoslavia were really interested in a land grab in southern Carinthia, there is that monumental State Treaty to think about. It guarantees Austria's frontiers. As signatories, the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, and France stand behind that guarantee.

The best guess is that Yugoslav objections amount to an internal political move by Tito, who is attempting to contain the nationalist pressures that threaten increasingly to fracture the Yugoslav republic. The big question is what will happen in Carinthia, and in Yugoslavia, when the eighty-year-old leader dies.

Today in Carinthia, according to Dr. Grilc, "there are practically no Slovene-speakers in the police force. There is no judge who speaks Slovene, and there are only three courts where you are allowed to de-

fend yourself in the Slovene mother tongue. Ask for a bus ticket in Slovene, and you are ordered off the bus. Speak Slovene in the army, and you are given the most unpleasant duties. Speak Slovene in a train compartment, and you are told to speak German because this is German-speaking Austria. Our people have no economic power to speak of. There is one trucking firm in our hands, one sawmill. We own a few hotels. There is a basic unfairness when our people are fined five hundred schillings [nearly twenty-five dollars] if they tear down a Heimat Dienst poster, while our village signs in the Slovene language, guaranteed by international treaty and national law, are destroyed with impunity. We have photos showing policemen applauding as the village signs came down."

German-speakers sometimes use a demeaning word, *Windischen*, in referring to Slovenes. It is derived from *Winden*, a German word which was used to describe the Slovene tribes centuries ago. As it is used today, the term is most nearly equivalent in American English to "wop" or "nigger." An Austrian children's street song goes:

*Blau, weiss, rot
Windische Krot
Rot, weiss, blau
Windische Sau.*

which translates as:

*Blue, white, red
nigger toad.
Red, white, blue
nigger sow.*

though the German word *sau* is far more insulting than the English word "sow."

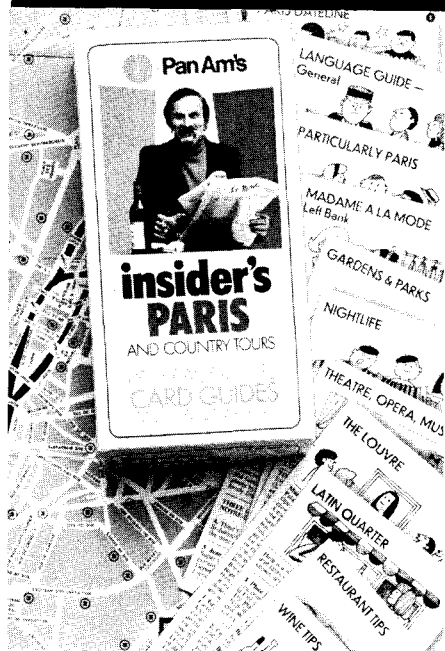
Slovenes have their own meaning for the word *Windischen*. It refers to those Slovenes who turn their backs on their mother tongue, culture, and traditions and wholly embrace the German.

The Slovene minority has not responded physically to the tearing down of the village signs. "Of course, we could very easily get forty to fifty men and put the signs up again in Slovene and then guard them. But we will not react like that. We want no martyrs. We think we are nobler than they [the German-speaking nationalists] are. It was Nyerere [Julius Nyerere, President of Tanzania] who said a racist



"She was cooking with Chivas Regal!"

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is an animal without a future. I am an optimist. Time is working for us and for our children."

These words were spoken by Friedrich Hudl, who runs a tavern, the Gasthaus Greiner, owned by his mother-in-law, in Globasnitz, a village of five hundred persons (80 percent of whom speak Slovene at home), less than five miles from the Yugoslav frontier.

Hudl is a beefy, affable father of three, who was helping his older boy, Ciril, with his Slovene grammar one Sunday afternoon last winter. That evening Ciril and his younger brother Markus acted the part of angels in the traditional Slovene Christmas pageant in which St. Nicholas repulses an assault on earth by Lucifer.

Hudl says that the Carinthian Slovenes have no desire to be under a Yugoslav administration and laughs when the subject is brought up. "That is Heimat Dienst propaganda," he says. "I am an Austrian. . . . All I know is Austria. . . . I want to be a good Austrian. . . . I want to be recognized as a full and equal member of society."

Dr. Grilc puts it this way: "I had been left to feel inferior, but now I no longer do. For the first time I have lost this inferiority. I dare say this. But the ordinary people do not dare to say so yet. They are still afraid even to have their children registered for Slovene language classes."

One of the things Dr. Grilc and his Slovene Council are fighting for is compulsory Slovene for everyone in school districts where Slovenes are an important element of the population. This means that children of German-speakers would learn Slovene. He says: "You have to know both languages and customs if you want to coexist peacefully."

—CLYDE FARNSWORTH

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Sanford J. Ungar, author of *The Papers & The Papers: An Account of the Legal and Political Battle over the Pentagon Papers*, covered the trial of Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony J. Russo, Jr., for the *Washington Post*.

Clyde Farnsworth reports from Europe for the *New York Times*.

'SINCE THE WHITE MAN CAME ...
IT'S BEEN THIS WAY.
I GUESS IT ALWAYS WILL.'



Ever since the first treaty was broken, the American Indian has been told, by a succession of 'Great White Fathers', that he would be 'taken care of'. But, as America expanded its frontiers, the Indian's horizon closed in on him. It is not surprising, then, that the heritage of hopelessness and despair would be passed from father to son. The Indian, not being greedy himself, had no defense against greed.

Today, there can be hope for many Indian youngsters. A few concerned people have sifted through the myth of apathy, and have found a burning desire for a better way of life. Not for riches, not for power . . . just for an opportunity, in a land where opportunity exists for everyone . . . except most Indians.

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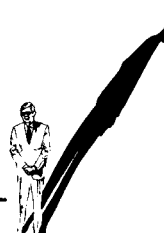
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Innocent Bystander

Elephantiasis

by L. E. Sissman

A noted critic said, some years ago, that Americans tend to think of writers and their books as issues to be quoted on an imaginary (but puissant) stock exchange. In a recent column in the *New York Times* Book Review, Wilfrid Sheed brings this comment up to date by citing the apparent compulsion of book reviewers to make invidious—and distracting—comparisons both within and without an author's body of work. If we say "Malamud is second only to Bellow," Sheed contends, we are playing the ratings game to the detriment not only of an author's lifework but of the reader's potential enjoyment in it. If we say that Don DeLillo's new novel, *Great Jones Street*, is not an extension of his last book, *End Zone*, Sheed adds, we are punishing him for not rewriting himself—and punishing the reader by excluding him from the pleasure of discovering DeLillo's new departures.

This all makes great sense, since American readers do not want to waste their time courting the second runner-up to Miss America or reading the works of our second-best Jewish novelist, and I hereby vow to use comparisons more guardedly, and more humanely, in future reviews, though I should warn you that I plan to make several of them, all uninvidious, of course, later on in this column. It also brings me to a point that Mr. Sheed doesn't touch on: the fact that the rating game, with its continual emphasis on "bigness," "firstness," and "greatness," in writing as in sports, architecture, production, and all Ameri-

can endeavors, has all but legislated a particularly apposite form of American writing out of existence.

I'm talking, of course, about the short story. It could be argued that the short story, though not a domestic invention, has been perfected in America, and that, in an age of lightning disjunction and sleight-of-hand change, it is perfectly adapted to mirror and describe the way we live now. This is, after all, a time of short takes, of instant inputs, of kaleidoscopic sense experiences flashing and fading, dozens of times a day, before our eyes. Modern art has adapted itself to these changes by telescoping the space-time continuum: on a single canvas, we may see an object simultaneously in various elevations, in various stages of metamorphosis. Modern poetry has jettisoned the long forms—the epic and the narrative—in favor of short epiphanies, if I may use that wan New Criticism term just one more time. Modern film has invented the intercut, the jump cut, and the split screen to feed us different sequences of action and different levels of meaning almost simultaneously. But the prose narrative has, conversely, been moving from the short and timely to the long and irrelevant. The short story is in some danger of being replaced entirely by that older form, the novel.

Why is this? Purely, I'd say, a matter of the rating game and the marketing structure that supports it. Like so: short stories don't get reviewed when they appear in magazines. Often they don't even get reviewed when they appear in books. Therefore, in order that an author and his publisher realize favorable reviews and thus hard-cover sales and paperback sales and movie sales, the author must write novels. Q.E.D. The only trouble with this arrangement is that many writers aren't really novelists. There is such a thing as the natural-born short-story writer, and there is today every reason to expect that he will be perverted—there is no milder word—into a novelist.

This has been going on for some time. The granddaddy of *manqué* short-story writers was Ernest Hemingway. The pouchful of glittering first-water half-carat diamonds he wrote in the twenties—of which *In Our Time* is the archetypal ex-

ample—was soon superseded by increasingly sprawling novels, none of which, after *The Sun Also Rises*, is really first-rate. (Consider the sentimentality, inadmissible in the short stories, of, at random, *A Farewell to Arms*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *The Old Man and the Sea*.) Hemingway made the short story American; he caught what were to be the pace and tone of this whole century in those dispassionate fragments that will live as his best work. But he was seduced away from them by the lure of the novel and the fame and ease it could bring, even though long fiction was the opposite and the enemy of his real gift. And, like many who came after him, he was so swallowed up in the aura of novelism that he became first a buffoon and then a suicide.

Too many short-story writers since have followed in his faltering steps, steps up the ladder to the highest, most fatal accolades of American celebrity. Especially since World War II, the markets for the short story have dried up; today, *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Esquire*, *Playboy*, and *McCall's*, which among them can accommodate a mere two hundred and fifty stories a year, remain the only important mass media for short fiction; add the dozen better quarterlies, and you have room for just about three hundred and fifty of the best new stories—of tens of thousands presumably being written—to see print in any given year.

It's no wonder, then, that Philip Roth, to take one recent example, has been cajoled by marketing considerations—and, perhaps, a perfectly laudable desire for broader recognition—into abandoning the short story, which he had mastered, (see, among others, "The Conversion of the Jews") for an imperfect grasp of the novel, which is itself an imperfect vehicle, in its massive continuity, for capturing the transience of our century. None of Roth's novels has really worked: *Letting Go* was amorphous and too long; *When She Was Good* seemed a brilliant, but pointless, imposture; *Portnoy's Complaint*, so brilliantly begun, petered out in the feeble flailings of the short-distance runner; *Our Gang*

L. E. Sissman's most recent book of poetry is *Pursuit of Honor*.

BYSTANDER

would have been long, given its intent, at five thousand words (brevity is the soul of lampoonery); *The Breast*, short as it is, still seems cancerously voluminous. Mr. Roth has become one of our most visible, most watched, and, I assume, best-heeled writers; but did he, in his thirties, ever equal *Goodbye, Columbus*?

And this elephantiasis of the oeuvre, as it might be called, has also afflicted many more. There is no doubt that some, like Thomas Pynchon, are born or made novelists who wisely stay with their long forms; Styron and Mailer seem to fit this category comfortably. But what of more marginal writers—those who have written creditably at both shorter and greater length? Examination seems to show that these, too, might better confine themselves to the short story. Some examples: John Cheever. I was saddened recently to read that Cheever's latest collection of short stories, spanning a decade, contained only nine

pieces. Cheever is perhaps the chief among our story writers; his elegiac tales of the thirties, forties, fifties, sixties, seventies catch accurately the dying fall behind our hustling activity. But his growing shelf of novels seems dwarfed by his short stories: *The Wapshot Chronicle*, lovely as it is, seems tainted by sentimentality induced by its own longueurs; *The Wapshot Scandal* is dark and bitter to the point of repellency; *Bullet Park* replaces the subliminal, implicit mythologies of the suburban stories with a kind of blatant symbolism, laboriously worked out.

John Updike, too, seems at his best in his short stories; fortunately, being a prolific writer, he has not failed to give us volumes of short fiction—crisp, delicately observed, whole worlds in the compass of the incidents of a few minutes or a single day—to set beside his novels, where the need for *structure*—a structure beyond and perhaps in opposition to the self-containment of the story—has, I think, dimmed the focus of his skill. Or take Donald Barthelme: that master of pastiche, perhaps in fear of repeating himself,

has committed to print one novel, *Snow White*, which, for all its verbal pyrotechnics, seems to me to die as a living piece of writing halfway through; latterly he has published a number of illustrated pieces which use old engravings, and not their own internal incongruities, as a structural crutch. Or take Bernard Malamud: is *The Tenants*, with its rather labored attempt to treat of contemporary issues, the equal of Malamud's best stories in, among other books, *Pictures of Fidelman*? (The last, I know, can be read as a novel, just as Updike's equally impressive *Bech* can be read; but both, I think, profit from the individual and highly heterogeneous textures of their individual chapters, so that they are really collections of stories and not that most unmodern thing, a cohesive novel.)

What, then, is going to happen here? Will Grace Paley and John Deck and all our other unusually talented young story writers predictably go out and write their novels? Or will the short story suddenly regain the respect and readership it deserves as a twentieth-century form as closely geared to its time as, say, the well-wrought novel of Henry James was apposite to its era?

In spite of the good offices of Donald Barthelme and his colleagues, who have given us a little magazine devoted to short stories and dubbed *Fiction*, I don't think there is much likelihood that we will suddenly see a resurgence of the short story in American reading habits. Too many readers are conditioned to skip the stories in those few journals that still print them; too many reviewers are conditioned to skip the short-story collections that still infrequently appear and save their ammunition for the same writers' eventual (indeed, inevitable) first novel; too many writers are too driven by the need for money and the desire for fame to resist the pressure to lay short fiction aside and do "something big."

I think, though, that there are several things we can do to encourage those young men and women who still seem to find the short story the ideal form in which to express themselves and their experiences. First, as readers, we can make it a point to follow the fiction in the surviving magazines that

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print it, and to write the author and his editor when we come across something genuinely distinguished; we can also take pains to include a short-story collection or two among the novels we habitually buy for leisure-time reading. Second, as reviewers, those of us who habitually comment on the novel and its current state of disarray (it's always dying, like Broadway, but never—for similar economic reasons—really does) might let in a little air and light by commenting on an occasional short story, whether in a collection or—to think the unthinkable—in a current magazine. George Frazier, the *Esquire* writer who now conducts a column in the *Boston Globe*, devotes his Saturday space to a weekly review of reviews in which he frequently calls our attention to good fiction and articles in the current press; why, for heaven's sake, can't critics and reviewers sometimes do the same?

In literature, as in so many other facets of American life, the truth is not necessarily where the tall facades swept by searchlights are; it may well be, in fact, that, when the literary history of our century is definitively written, those future historians will discover, in surprise, that the genius of our prose resided not in our thousands of novels but in our handful of breathtakingly accomplished short stories—stories that catch our breath, and will continue to, because they catch the change, anxiety, wanhope, and despond of our time in the armature of a moment of that time.

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THE MAIL

CATHOLICISM PAST

SIR: Like Mr. O'Gorman, who wrote "Catholicism Past" (June *Atlantic*), I am a product of pre-Vatican II Catholicism. I spent my entire childhood in southern Vermont—"non-church-going Baptist country." Ours was the only Catholic family in the immediate area and perhaps that is why my memories of the old Church are so different from Mr. O'Gorman's.

I remember taking my non-Catholic friends to 7:30 A.M. Mass on holidays and being subjected to a sermon on the perils of Protestantism and its efforts to undermine the Catholic Church. For me to believe this meant that I could not trust the only friends I had. Even when I was in my early teens, it was difficult to see the face of Satan in the elderly, white-haired Baptist minister.

I can remember the elderly mother of a friend narrowly escaping being seriously burned as she ignited old newspapers after the priest had delivered a sermon stressing how sinful it was to give old newspapers to the Salvation Army.

I remember a young relative, the product of a broken home and a very insecure background, being dismissed from the parochial school he had always attended when he had his first serious brush with the law—stealing a car for a joyride. Small wonder that the great compassion of Jesus was difficult for him to find in the Catholic Church.

Perhaps it is because I am not a poet and pageantry I have never found very impressive; but I will take the present Church with all its faults over the Church of my childhood. The difference between the

world in which I lived and the one in which the Church thought I lived was irreconcilable.

ANNORA MCGARRY
Schenectady, N.Y.

SIR: Ned O'Gorman's article in the June *Atlantic* warmed my heart with the charm of its style and the sincerity of his love of the Church.

On Mother's Day I attended the May procession in our old Saint Patrick's Church in which about a hundred children from its inner-city ungraded elementary school participated. The eighth-grade girls in long dresses (concealing only faintly their old-fashioned adolescent awkward nervousness) carried baskets of garden flowers. The "Queen" in white dress and blue sash crowned the statue of the Blessed Virgin with a wreath of spring flowers. All the children sang the familiar hymn (familiar to all in the parish over forty), "On This Day," and the simple ceremony closed with Benediction. Something pure and innocent filled the church along with clouds of incense. I believe the children, as well as the adults, felt the affectionate security of the old custom, the simplicity of gentle piety, the eternal "spring" of a beautiful May evening. Everyone was smiling as he or she left the candlelit old church safe in the observance not of a reluctant duty, but of a willing fulfillment of loving faith.

MARY-VIRGINIA ROSENFELD
South Bend, Ind.

UGLY IS BEAUTIFUL

SIR: The article "Ugly Is Beautiful: The Main Street School of Architecture" (May *Atlantic*) could have carried an additional subtitle: "The

Main Street School of Intelligence." Only on commercial television have I encountered such obtuse discourse among people pretending to a field of knowledge.

As for the interview: there is no indication that Cook, Venturi, Brown, and Klotz know anything about anything, let alone architecture, or the history of it. In the first place, Le Corbusier did not visit the Mediterranean in the summer of 1937. He could not have, since his great-aunt Mme. Yvette von Thrale was dying in Paris at the time and Le Corbusier was the designated trustee of her sprawling estate.

Madame Thrale died in late August. Shortly after her funeral, Le Corbusier disappeared for a period of three weeks, during which time he might have visited the Mediterranean; but the records do not warrant such a conclusive hypothesis from such conjectural evidence. Robert Venturi's frail thesis, if he actually has one, cannot stand on questionable facts. Facts are the vital stress points of any verbal discourse; if Venturi's architectural structures are as dangerously constructed as his verbal ones, I can understand why he has so few commissions.

Even more disappointing was John Cook's misquotation of Morris Lapidus. The timeworn aphorism was quoted as: "I want to build what a man wants"; but it should read: "I want to build what *the* man wants." Cook tries to sweat out a profundity which is contained in the correct quotation. Overall, Morris Lapidus was a practical man whose architecture answered the demands of the purse that was paying the bills. Surely Cook recalls that

other famous Lapidusism: "No building can include more than it surrounds."

RANDALL B. SHEPARD, JR.
Memphis, Tenn.

John Cook replies:

Mr. Shepard's careful attention to detail (if not to the point of "Ugly Is Beautiful") is commendable but wrong. Although the summer of 1937 is not mentioned in the article, Le Corbusier visited not only the Mediterranean in 1937, but traveled to Brazil as well. (See Nikolaus Pevsner, *Outline of European Architecture*, p. 427, at least.)

As for Morris Lapidus, he has been saying what I said he said since 1942 and repeats it in our forthcoming *Conversations with Architects*.

The Venturis' thesis has been published and quoted extensively and to label it as "frail" simply indicates frail perceptibility.

CBS NEWS

SIR: John Lord's review of *News from Nowhere* and *The Politics of Broadcasting* in your May issue makes much of an alleged lack of research facilities in television news, the result of which, he claims, is that "television news does perpetuate errors."

Mr. Lord states that "the network news departments have no real research facilities to service daily programs. . . . Research comes to the newsroom from wire copy and the *New York Times*. Anything more comprehensive or subtle than that takes time and money."

The fact is that CBS News maintains a full-time, fully staffed Archives Department, consisting of three units (Broadcast Research, Special Projects, and Film and Videotape Libraries), which employs eighty-two people. The Broadcast Research Unit consists of twenty-four full-time researchers, who regularly staff the daily news broadcasts as well as documentary and other units. This research unit is backed up by a Special Projects Unit which maintains a clipping file and a 24,000-volume reference library, has complete interlibrary loan agreements, and subscribes to over two hundred periodicals. The Film and Videotape Library is concerned with



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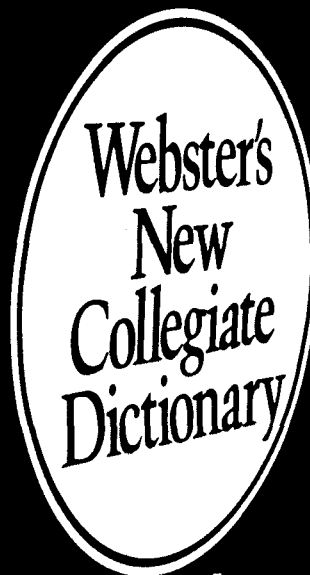


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Mr. Lord perpetuates another error in saying that "last year some two million people stopped watching television [network] news altogether and those who stayed tuned watched only one out of four newscasts." According to our studies, the audiences for early evening news broadcasts of the three networks have been remarkably stable over the course of the years.

The Alfred I. DuPont study (on which Mr. Lord bases his statement) compared the three-network Nielsen ratings in an arbitrarily selected period—February, 1971, and February, 1972. These figures (25,480,000 homes in February, 1971, and 24,650,000 in February, 1972) indicate a drop of some 830,000 homes.

However, a study of the 1970, 1971, and 1972 combined network Nielsen ratings for each full year indicates that news audiences rose rather than dropped.

Year	Homes
1970	20,710,000
1971	21,040,000
1972	21,990,000

I find some irony in Mr. Lord's criticizing an alleged absence on our part of independent research, and, on the other hand, his apparent acceptance of two "facts" from sources which he did not check by his own independent research.

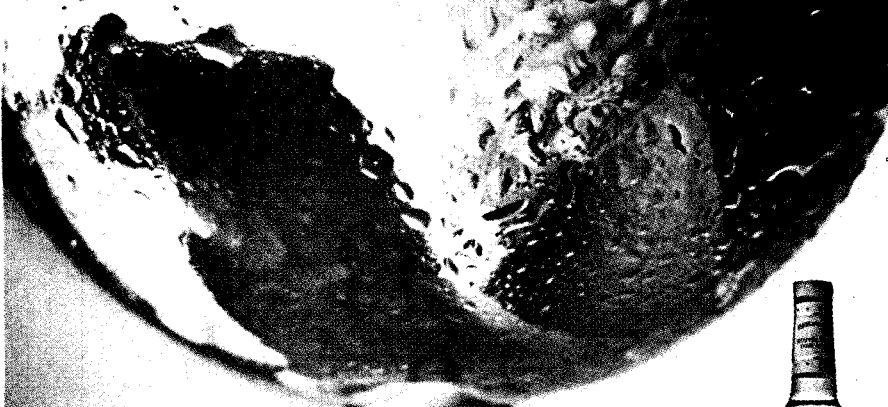
JAMES H. BYRNE
Director, Information Services
CBS News
New York City

John Lord replies:

I was aware of the research facilities Mr. Byrne so proudly describes; they are comparable to those at NBC. However, I would not have counted his film and videotape libraries as prime sources, since they only contain, as he says, CBS News material. What Mr. Byrne does not explain is the extent to which his library and clipping files are used by daily news writers, correspondents, and producers in preference to the wire services and the New York Times.

I am very interested in Mr. Byrne's rating of the news audience, and devoutly hope he is correct in his analysis of the Nielsens (which

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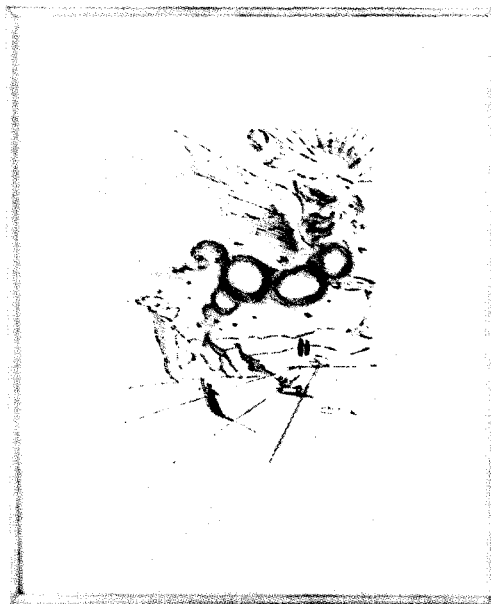
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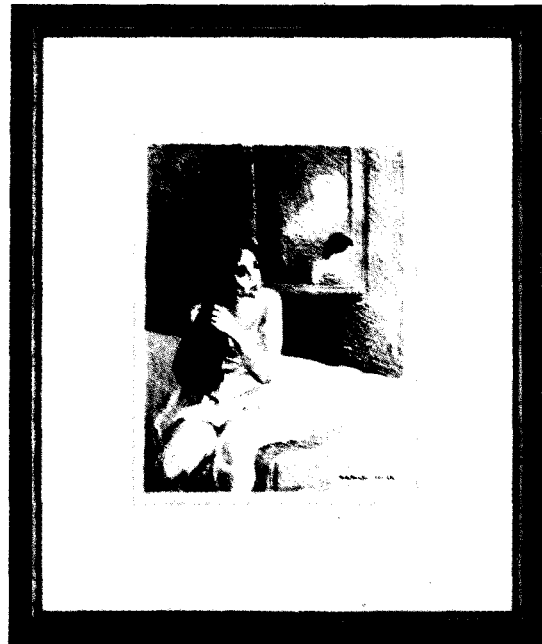


FINE ARTS 260 offers readers of

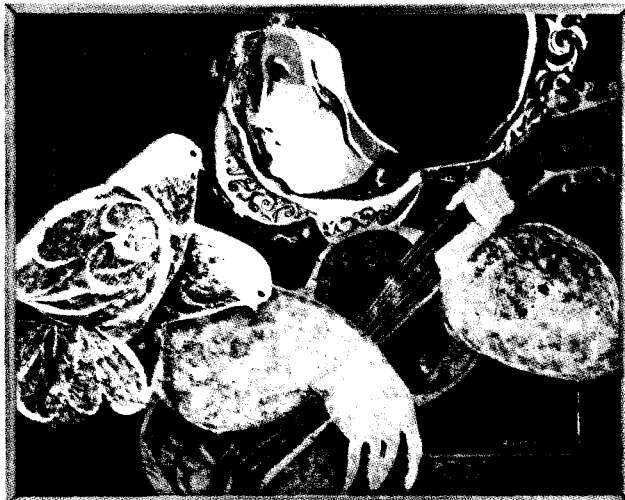
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005. SALVADOR DALI "Pegasus in Flight With an Angel." Engraving in blue. Signed in the plate. Framed in aluminum. 18" by 15¼"



003. RAPHAEL SOYER "Reflection." Black-and-white lithograph. Signed in the stone. Framed in wood of antique gold finish. 19¼" by 16½"

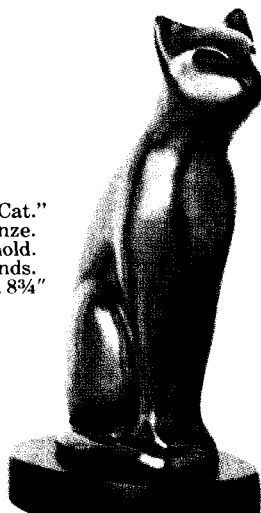


002. ALVAR "The Serenade." Six-color lithograph. Signed in the stone. Framed in gold-colored aluminum. 15¼" by 19¼"

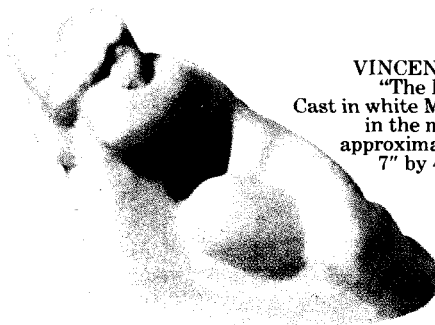


007. LEBADANG "Horses in the Sun." Six-color lithograph. Signed in the stone. Framed in gold-colored aluminum. 15" by 19"

006. EDWARD DeWITT "Cat." Cast in polished cold-cast bronze. Signed in the mold. Weight approximately 3 pounds. Height, including base, 8¾"



004. VINCENT GLINSKY "The Dreamer." Cast in white Marblestone. Signed in the mold. Weight approximately 7 pounds. 7" by 4" by 11¼"



Atlantic:

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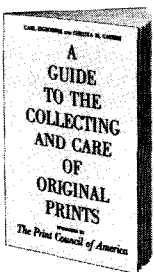
reasons. It is; therefore, noteworthy that among the framing studios engaged by FINE ARTS 260 is Kulicke Frames, Inc.—the award-winning studio that has designed frames for works displayed in many great museums, including the Metropolitan Museum in New York and the National Gallery in Washington.)

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Lithograph. Framed.
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he knows are a crude yardstick), but I wish he had extended his calculations to include such factors as population growth, audience age, and increase in numbers of television homes, as well as less tangible items like changes in format and personnel and the nature of the year's events and the stories broadcast. I certainly would not wish to perpetuate any errors, so I welcome Mr. Byrne's expansive mood and hope it signals a new era in which CBS will bless us with a flood of facts and figures from its research facilities, which are useful, it seems, not only to CBS News but also to CBS Information Services, whose care it is to present a proper image to the public.

JEWISH SETTLERS

SIR: Herbert Gold's article "The Soviet Jews Come Forward" (May *Atlantic*) was a moving and well-written piece, but its overall humanitarian tone beclouds what is essentially a political issue.

Mr. Gold admits that a large portion of last year's Jewish Agency budget supported "the rescue and resettling of Russian Jews," but he does not discuss the nature of the organization controlling the budget or the budget itself. The Jewish Agency is closely allied with the World Zionist Organization. Both share an identical phone number and address in the Manhattan phone directory, and it is not unfair to characterize both groups as agents of Israeli foreign and domestic policy.

Their interest in the status of the Soviet Jews may be humanitarian, but it is also political. Even though Mr. Gold could not resist a favorite cliché in referring to Israel as "this beleaguered little nation," Israel's main problem is hardly one of defense. Israel is the new superpower of the Middle East. Her main political interest is not dealing with an external threat but with an internal one posed by the Arab population and the Oriental Jews. Both groups threaten to transform Israel into a Levantine state, thereby erasing its essentially European character.

Hence the importance of the Soviet Jews. They constitute a potential pool of three million settlers who could maintain the cultural and

economic domination of Israel by the Ashkenazi. They could also insure the numerical superiority of Jews over Arabs within territories administered by Israel in the future. In addition, Soviet Jews could conceivably be encouraged to settle on occupied Arab territories, thereby eliminating discussion of vacant buffer zones in any future negotiations with the Arabs. The Soviet Jews are the potential short-term solution to major Israeli headaches.

The Jewish Agency's zeal and humanitarian devotion are commendable, but their overall political motives, being essentially Zionist, should be challenged. The right of Soviet Jews to emigrate is undeniable, just as any citizen of any country deserves the right to leave his country. However, I for one believe that Soviet Jews ought to be encouraged to emigrate to countries other than Israel. Unless one accepts the fundamental Zionist tenet that anti-Semitism is an endemic quality of the human race, Soviet Jews can live at least as safely and productively as citizens of Western countries as they can in Israel. Perhaps even more so. However, they will not be as likely to consider alternative homes unless social organizations and individuals in the West offer aid in competition with that extended by the Jewish Agency. Otherwise Israel will become not a "Switzerland of the Middle East," as Mr. Gold so cheerily predicts, but a South Africa of the Middle East.

STEVE DAVIES
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Herbert Gold replies:

Mr. Davies speculates about the problems of Israel with sobriety, and for someone who often meets New Left irrationality on the subject, his letter is most agreeable, even if I don't agree with it. On one matter, however, he is simply wrong. Israel's main political interest is to deal with external threat; the internal problems are solvable, and without convulsion, if survival is assured.

About the other serious question, more directly related to my reportage: Soviet Jews should be allowed to go elsewhere than Israel, perhaps they should want to go elsewhere. Some, of course, do come to the

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United States and a few have gone to England. The fact is—and I have confirmed this by extended conversations with Jews in Moscow and Leningrad, in addition to hundreds of Soviet emigrants in Israel—they feel like Jews, they want to be part of a Jewish nation, their history in the Soviet Union does not make them feel easy with another diaspora, they *want* to go to Israel. Those who don't want to leave stay where they are; but the passion for Israel among those who leave—and among many who cannot—should not be ignored. Unlike Mr. Davies, I believe the main question is a human one, not a political one. We have had too much of assigning fates to strangers on abstract "political" grounds—with the results we know, bad even for our politics.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: In my article, "Canadians: The Strangers Next Door" (July *Atlantic*), several errors occur that are not earthshaking, but especially might bother Canadians.

Ottawa is inadvertently described as "the capital city of Ontario." The capital city of Ontario is, of course, Toronto.

David Lewis, leader of the New Democratic Party, is misquoted as saying, "It would be utterly responsible for us to bring down the government . . ." when what he actually said was, "It would be utterly irresponsible to bring down the government."

The Official Languages Act was introduced in Parliament in 1968, but was not enacted until 1969.

The annual Grey Cup football game is played on the last Sunday in November.

The figures published concerning the auto pact between the United States and Canada were for trade in cars only and should not have included parts. Figures covering motor vehicles and parts are almost equal—about \$4.5 billion each.

And lastly, although I was speaking informally, the term Chief of State should be used in Canada only for the Governor General and not for the Prime Minister, who is the leader of the Government.

EDITH IGLAUER
New York City

SIR: I thoroughly enjoyed reading about how some aspects of stock car racing have been dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century ("Speed, Sex, and Heroes," by William McIlwain, June *Atlantic*).

The sport has come far since those sweaty nights when we watched dented Terraplane sedans and purple '41 Mercury coupes slam each other around a dirt track while we guzzled grape soda and swatted mosquitoes.

Mr. McIlwain's impressions carry the impact of a 180 mph breeze through the open window of a Daytona stocker.

DAVID TRAUTMAN
Satellite Beach, Fla.

SIR: I regret to say that I shall not renew my subscription. I grew up during the Victorian era, when cleanliness of speech was paramount, and when obscenities and pornography were rejected by all editors. Your stories, as of now, are full of sex, told pretty much in detail, and sprinkled with four-letter words. Therefore I must give up *The Atlantic*.

LEHMAN WENDELL
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: A good ecology project would be cleaning up *The Atlantic*.

MRS. VIRGINIA H. SKINNER
Princeton, Ill.

SIR: Your June cover is so objectionable I decided you should hear a dissenting vote from somewhere.

JAN LARUE
Darien, Conn.

SIR: One cannot help wondering if the writers of the first three letters in the June issue of *The Atlantic* can possibly realize how perfectly they illustrate the history of mankind: that "the Silent Majority" has always had a pathological hatred for anyone who does not wipe his mouth on his sleeve, and that it has always embraced tyranny.

MRS. MARIANNE BARTH
Oakland, Calif.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.

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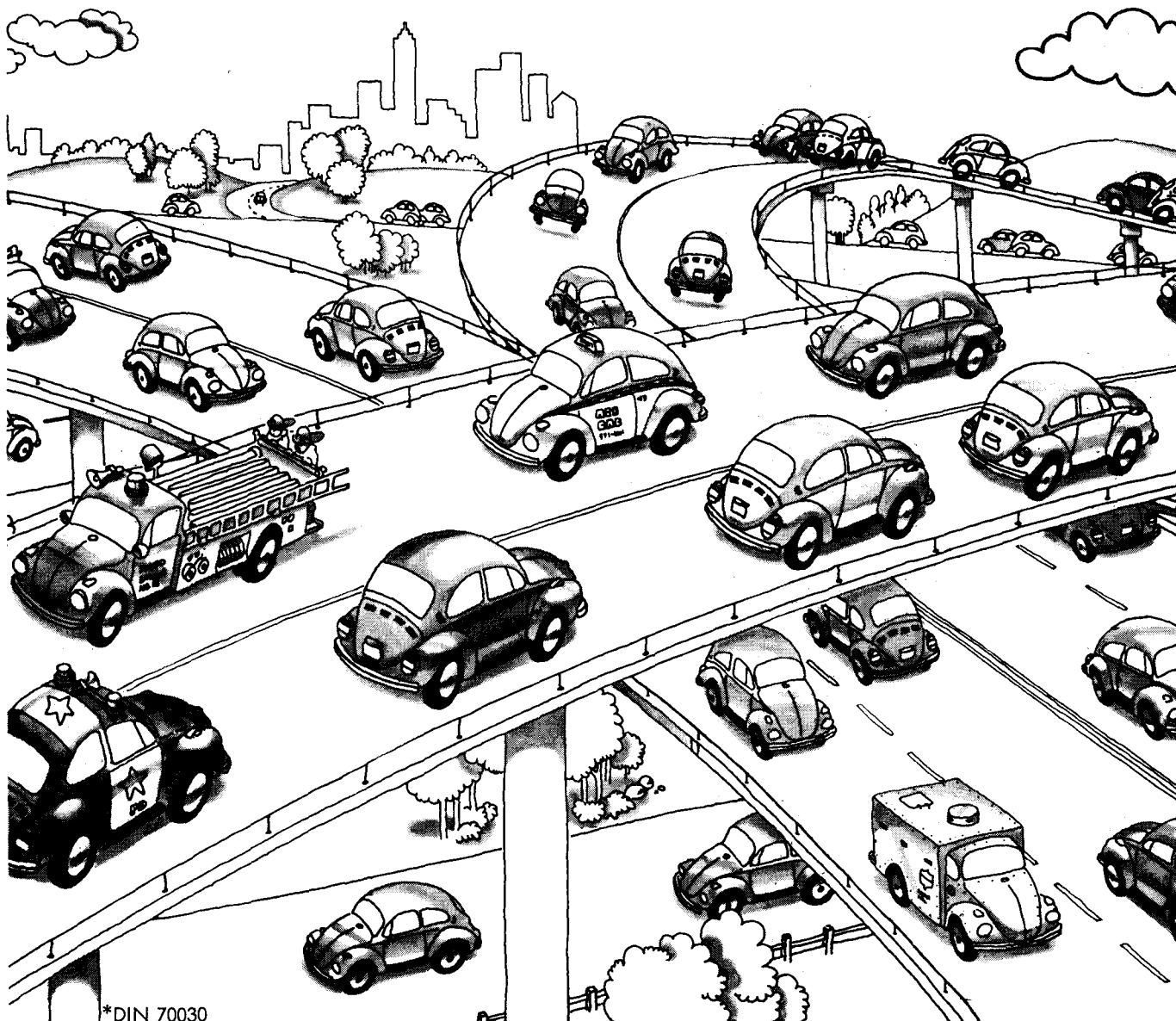
But we know for sure that this is no pipe dream. There already are police car Beetles up in Ossining. And a custom built,

chauffeur-driven Bug in L. A. And Volkswagen taxis all over Honduras. And a Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri.

So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.



Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.



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THE JEWISH PRINCESS

by Norman Mailer

With a selection of photographs from
Marilyn, a Biography, Pictures by the World's Foremost Photographers

The year is 1956. Norma Jean Baker has long since blossomed into Marilyn Monroe, "every man's love affair with America." She is making some of her best movies, is about to star with Olivier and Gable, has plunged impressively into "method acting" at Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio. Her marriage to Joe DiMaggio has come to an end, and she is courting Arthur Miller, the playwright. An improbable affair becomes headline-grabbingly probable. Miller, engaged in combat with the Red hunters of the House Un-American Activities Committee, is fighting to get his passport from the U.S. Government. Here, in an excerpt from a fascinating biography, a great writer tells much about actors and acting, about Hollywood, about sexuality in America, about an ill-starred marriage, and the doomed princess of sex.

It is a year in which a movie star can be persecuted in the press for open left-wing associations. Marilyn Monroe is beginning to capture the imagination of America's intellectuals; grudgingly, they are obliged to contemplate the remote possibility that she is not so much a movie

star as a major figure in American life—of a new sort! Of course, they will not move too far in this direction until her death. But since European intellectuals are agog at this new portrait—America persecuting Arthur Miller, its outstanding author, and its most attractive movie star in a neo-McCarthyian wholly sophomoric hysteria, et cetera—the State Department quietly intervenes, and Miller and Monroe have held their first fort. He gets the passport. They can be married and go to England to make *The Prince and the Showgirl* with Laurence Olivier.

So Marilyn is indoctrinated by Rabbi Robert Goldberg from the environs of New Haven on some general tenets and theory of Judaism (for two hours!), embraces the faith, enters the fold, and is told there is no afterlife. (What is the pride of Reformed Judaism if it is not the absence of an afterlife?) A double-ring ceremony takes place in Katonah, New York, at the home of Kay Brown, Miller's literary agent, and follows by two days the unscheduled civil ceremony in White Plains, which had been quickly arranged Friday evening after a horrific press conference early that afternoon at Miller's farm in Connecticut. That was when Myra Sherbatoff of *Paris-Match* was killed chasing their newsworthy automobile, and four hundred people by one estimate gathered around Marilyn's business partner, Milton Greene, to hear how they would be given twenty minutes for newsreels, twenty for still photographers, thirty for reporters, a technological ceremony for the stifling midday land-locked heat of a Connecticut farm at the end of June.

"Give him a kiss, Marilyn," sing the photographers.

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"One shot of the lovebirds, please."

One nightmare. Yet we have pictures of the day, and she looks happy. Death, press hysteria, Congress, and religious vows soon to come—it is all part of the *tohu-bohu* (if we are to use a good Hebrew word) of what has always been her public life.

Still, how beautiful they look in their wedding pictures. Staid Arthur Miller has been a scandal to his friends ever since he came back from Reno, for he and Marilyn sit in entwinement for hours. Like Hindu sculpture, their hands go over one another's torsos, limbs, and outright privates in next to full view of company, a questionable activity to perform in front of cynics, but it is as if the hero and heroine will each declare to the world that no matter the extent of *her* sexual scholarship and *his* meager schooling, they meet as equals in the godly art. They are lovers, and that is the only law of balance in sexual thermodynamics. They will immolate the past with the heat of the present. He buys her a gold wedding ring and inscribes it, "*A to M, June 1956. Now is Forever.*" It is a fervent response to whatever sentiments of confidence he hears pounding in his heart.

There is in retrospect a dialogue on the wedding day of Quentin and Maggie in Miller's *After the Fall*.

MAGGIE: . . . you said we have to love what happened, didn't you. Even the bad things.

QUENTIN: Sweetheart—an event itself is not important; it's what you took from it. Whatever happened to you, this is what you made of it, and I love this!

A few lines later Maggie says, "There's people who're going to laugh at you."

QUENTIN: Not any more, dear, they're going to see what I see. . . .

MAGGIE: What do you see? Tell me! [*Bursting out of her*] 'Cause I think . . . you were ashamed once, weren't you?

QUENTIN: I see your suffering, Maggie; and once I saw it, all shame fell away.

MAGGIE: You . . . were ashamed?

QUENTIN [*with difficulty*]: Yes. But you're a victory, Maggie, you're like a flag to me, a kind of proof, somehow, that people can win.

It is his rallying cry. One can hardly remain a left-wing writer if one does not believe that the people who are coming up from the bottom have enough goodness to win, have enough moral wherewithal to deserve to win, yes, she is his living testament, for she—his blessed heroine—is up from the people. So she becomes the affirmation to replace all lost left-wing certainties.

Of course, Miller, like many a playwright before him, is too complex a man to remain in one consistent piece. He is also a *practical* poet and much immersed in studies of money coming in and money going out. There is more to life than affirmations of passion and sexual vaults over the past.

Miller is always asking Greene about Marilyn Monroe Productions, its details, its plans, its financing, its projects, its difficulties, until Greene says to him, "Be a husband! Leave the corporation to Marilyn and me." No, there is no quick love between Miller and Milton, nor much more between Miller and Paula and Lee Strasberg. Lee Strasberg will give Marilyn away at the double-ring wedding, but Arthur, still keeping his opinion to himself, does not approve of Actors Studio, nor Strasberg's mode of teaching that makes actors "secret people," and "makes acting secret [when] it's the most communicative art known to man." (Never has the inborn antipathy of the progressive mind for the dialectical hitch been more in evidence!) We can be witness to a small part of their first meeting. It is at Strasberg's home before the marriage, and one can anticipate Marilyn's excitement. But it all goes wrong. Marilyn begins to talk of a special record—Woody Herman playing Stravinsky—which Lee Strasberg has let her hear. Arthur wishes to share this pleasure, and Strasberg puts it on. A marvelous record, says Arthur, where can one purchase it? Can't be done, Strasberg assures him. The record is one of a kind. Arthur looks at it. It has a commercial label. May be hard to find, Arthur suggests, but not one of a kind. Most certainly is, says Strasberg, ending the discussion. It is evident to Miller that Strasberg is trapped in a boast he must have made on another occasion to Marilyn that the Woody Herman-Stravinsky record was unique. No, no quick love between Miller and Strasberg.

Still, for a honeymoon they will all go over to England to work on *The Prince and the Showgirl*, Millers, Greenes, and Strasbergs. A troika! Strasberg is no happier with Greene. A half year earlier, consulted by Milton as to the advisability of taking on Olivier to be director of the film as well as its leading man, Strasberg committed himself to no more than a mild opinion that the possibility "was a good idea." Greene immediately took this speech as his opportunity to cable Olivier a firm offer as director. A misunderstanding, they might agree, but who could be certain, including Greene himself, that the secret motive may not have been to cut off flirtation with any possibility that Strasberg might direct his first film—or did Greene wish to ingratiate himself with Olivier for future films? Who could know? In business, ambiguity poisons several more relations than betrayal.

Marilyn travels as her own kind of queen. Shades of Zelda! The Millers fly to England with twenty-seven pieces of luggage (of which three are Arthur's—like Barry Goldwater, he is ready to hold on to his socks!). There is \$1500 in overweight luggage, of which \$1333.33 is her share, and they are deluged by hundreds of press at



Above: Marilyn photographed near the ocean at Malibu, California, one month before her death.

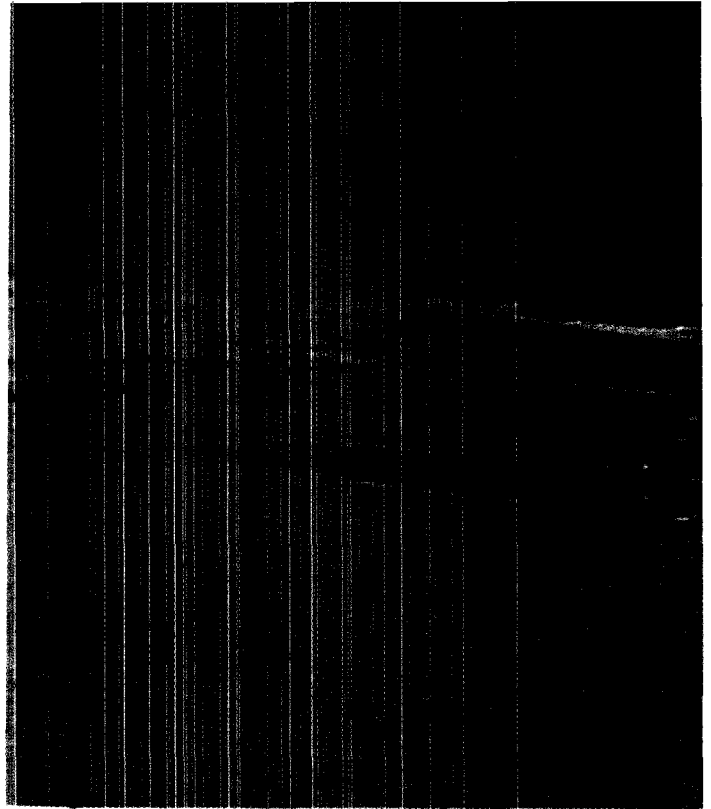
the airports in New York and London. One of her biographers, Fred Laurence Guiles, reports Miller in a near state of shock as they are conducted from terminal to plane, "strange arms under their elbows . . . no air to breathe . . . voices become a muffled roar . . . a little like drowning." Miller shows just such torture in his expression for photographers. The corners of his mouth have become the creases in the smile of a stone dragon. Given the dragon's stern principles, this wrack of publicity will never end. Perhaps he will suffer most when he finds himself trying to enjoy it. There seems a will to torture himself reminiscent of Richard Nixon being jovial on command.

At London Airport they are met by Sir Laurence Olivier and wife Vivien Leigh. A photographer is trampled in the crush. Off they go with a thirty-car caravan to a "large rented estate" at Egham in the royal grounds of Windsor Park. They have been expecting a "cottage" but find an English country mansion. All one-family homes in England, they are assured, are cottages.

Gaga is the prose of the English press. One London weekly prints a special Marilyn Monroe edition. That is an honor given to no human since Queen Elizabeth's coronation. "She is here," says the London *Evening News*. "She walks. She talks. She really is as luscious as strawberries and cream." *The Seven Year Itch* has had exactly the kind of success one would expect in England, where many an Englishman can identify with Tom Ewell. Miller is naturally expected to be clever, superb, well-spoken, and romantic—a tall knight who has been ready to go to war with bloody McCarthy. England offers its oyster.

She was invited to be the patroness of a cricket match for charity at Tichborne Park and to taste the rockbound solitude of the island of Aran; the Scottish knit goods industry was preparing for her a lifetime collection of hand-knit cashmere twin-set sweaters; a group of teddy boys invited her to join them for a bit of fish and chips in Penge, a London suburb.

But it is comedy. For the Millers are tied in class knots. English accents, Olivier's in particular, have to certainly remind them that she is a girl from a semi-slum street and he is a boy from



Left: Marilyn and Tom Ewell in the famous scene from *The Seven Year Itch*.
Above: Marilyn and Arthur Miller at *Amagansett* in 1958.

Brooklyn. She says the wrong things at her first press conference. The British do not care if she is witty, or refreshingly dumb, but she must choose to be one or be the other—instead, she is pre-tentious.

“Do you still sleep in Chanel No. 5?”

“Considering I’m in England now, let’s say I am now sleeping in Yardley’s Lavender.” That will waft no balm to English noses. It is like coming out four-square for Catholicism at Notre Dame—they have heard that already.

“Can you give us your tastes in music?”

“I like, well, jazz, like Louis Armstrong, you know, and Beethoven.”

“Oh, *Beethoven*?” We hear the nasal flush of Anglican tides in the Bay of Beethoven. “What *Beethoven* numbers in particular, Miss Monroe?”

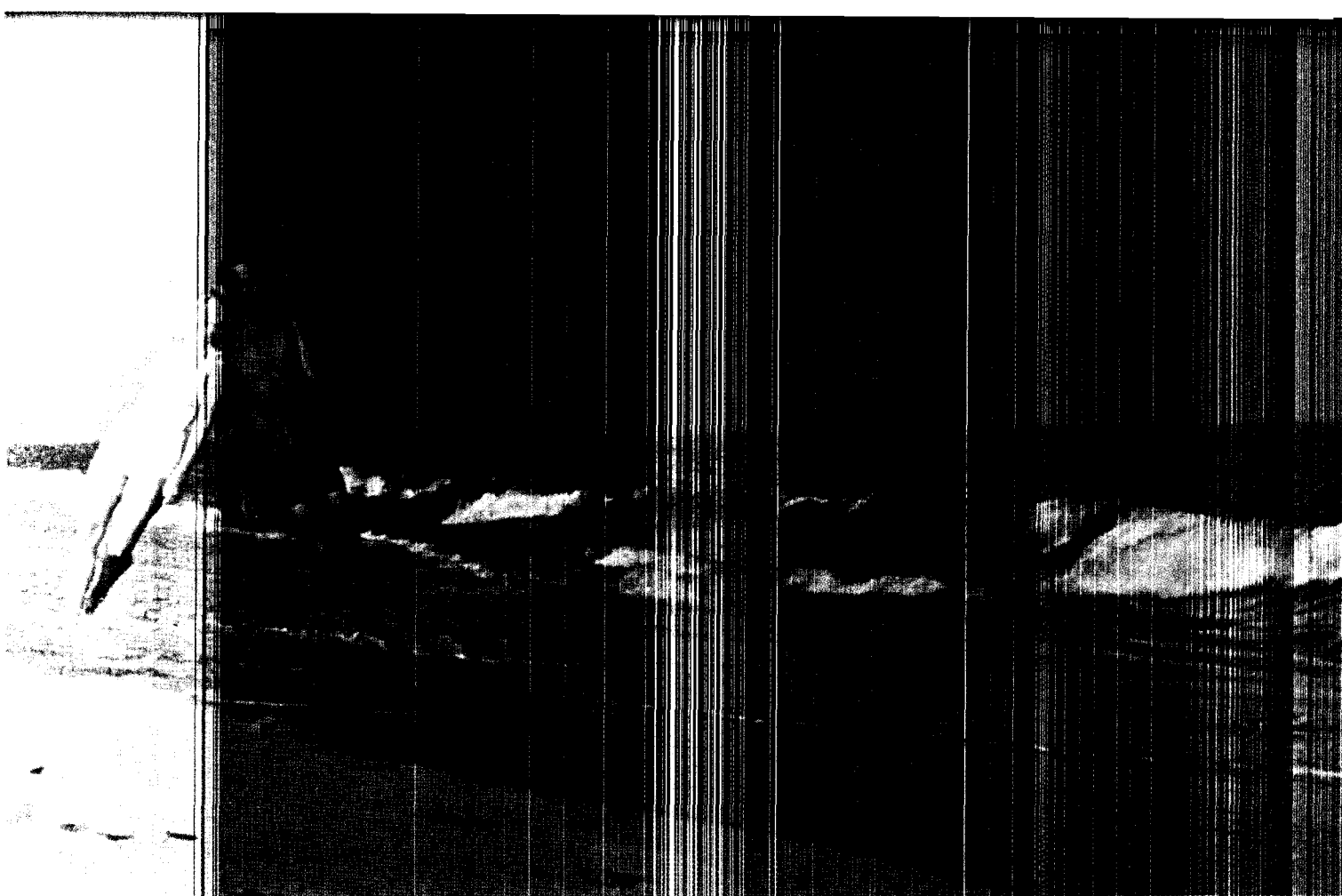
She gives a hopelessly American reply. “I have a terrible time with numbers.” Now the recovery. “But I know it when I hear it.” No worse mistake! You do not offer something to the English unless

you deliver it altogether. They are not tolerant of conversations that belly-flop from one unfinished line to another.

In turn, Miller is hopelessly stiff. No more do the English need his chill. They have their own castles for chill. Miller is described to another of Marilyn’s biographers, Maurice Zolotow, by a London friend as “cold as a refrigerated fish.” They turn down invitations to fashionable parties, and invite no one in return. Off to a very bad start.

Soon they begin to recognize new trouble. Olivier *hates* the Method. Where is Milton Greene, who had the genius to make him the director? It is possible Olivier is the foremost representative in all the world of the school of Coquelin. An actor does well to do his homework, and come to the set with characterization superbly in hand. One does not wallow in depths. One delivers the point. Eli Wallach tells a story of taking Olivier to Actors Studio to watch the Method in operation. “Dear boy,” says Olivier afterward, “why don’t we start the Eli Wallach School of Fucking?”

It can be said with no great strain that most of the male and female population of England are good amateur actors, well schooled in Coquelin. One lives in the creation of one’s manner; one delivers the manner on call. None of your crude American fumbling toward the point while gorging



on the charity of all. Can we conceive of a worse situation for Marilyn? She is an extermination camp to millions of cells in each of the brains of her co-workers as she gasses their patience—yes, Tony Curtis will compare kissing her to kissing Hitler, and Olivier will tell Milton Greene he is ready to “squeak!” What makes it even worse is that her troika is pulling next to no chariot for her. Milton Greene is smooth as rum and butter with Olivier, and Miller has been lumbered by English upmanship and secretly respects Sir Laurence much too much. Strasberg delivers Big Bertha pronunciamientos from safe London, miles away from the studio. “Why does Olivier say he had difficulty with her,” he remarks in later years. “I would say she had difficulty with him,” but he is an outmoded gun for wars like this.

While Olivier has been warned in many a note from producer Josh Logan to be patient with Marilyn, and not to raise his voice, nor expect “disciplined stage deportment,” and Olivier has promised to iron himself out “nice and smooth,” it is likely Olivier is contemptuous of the situation even before the film begins. He has already done *The Sleeping Prince* as a play with Vivien Leigh and so is conceivably in this for the profit rather than the glory of Marilyn Monroe’s profession. Monroe, on the other hand, carrying all the secret snobbery that has led her to consider becoming Princess of Monaco, has to quicken to the thought she is playing with the monarchical actor of them all—her own secret coronation! We can measure the great and royal hollow of the orphanage by

the size of her noble ambition now—yet there is Olivier brimming with hostility he cannot even begin to swallow at Logan-like injunctions to take care of darling little spoiled *lèse-majesté* wild animal actresses and Method madness and American money, upstart Millers and ogre Strasbergs, goes out, does Sir Laurence, and roils Miss Monroe’s ego royally on the first week of work by saying, “All right, Marilyn, be sexy!” One might as well ask a nun to have carnal relations for Christ. Olivier has exposed that little gulf, wider than the Atlantic, between Method and Coquelin. In commonsensical Coquelin it don’t take long to get sexy. If God was good enough to give it, throw it, babe! Indeed, the more unheralded English actors on the set have been looking at her with giggles. They have been waiting for the sex machine to start.

But in the Method, one does not get sexy. She calls Strasberg in London. Her voice burns wire. “Lee, how do you become sexy? What do you do to be sexy?” She cannot be soothed. Olivier has jammed into the tender roots of ontology and revealed his secret contempt for her. “The naughtiest little thing. . . .” Balzac, describing a bourgeois who purchased a false title, could do justice to her wrath. Now Olivier will get *her* treatment. He will learn, naughty little English boy, that sexiness is not a shiver in the pickle but the whole evocation of the whole woman in relation to the whole role: Marilyn proceeds to get ill. Quickly the cast are instructed by Greene not to giggle when she appears, and indeed, in reaction, are now funereal at the sight of her.



Above: Clark Gable and Marilyn during the making of The Misfits in Reno in 1960.

Soon they are in the familiar clutch of not knowing whether she will show up two hours late, four hours late, or not at all. Morning after morning, Miller phones that she is sick. In fact, she is, again, on quantities of sleeping pills. Arthur is beginning to discover the maelstrom. ("I have a terrible time with numbers.") Nights go by when she cannot sleep at all. The unnumbered count of pills goes up. Then the gamble. Does she splurge for a few more and get a couple of hours' sleep, thereby to stagger forth in drastic stupor for a working day, or should she pass into morning without sleep and try the job on stimulants? And red-rimmed eyes? Or does she skip the job and miss another day? He is on vigil. Already there are intimations that the bucket by which she lowers herself into the well is tied to a frayed rope. It is fair to wonder if Miller is still full of love, or whether rage at her habits is now begun with him as well. He is a most ambitious man. In his own way, he is as ambitious as she is, and if she had only been an actor in the school of Coquelin—small detail!—and could get the work out on time, they could go far together. During those days in Washington when he fought for his passport he must have thought once

or twice that no national office was necessarily too small for him. The public loved them so! Instead, after years of cramped work, he is now doing less writing than ever. He is her god, her guard, her attendant, and her flunky. Old friends, much impressed with his importance in the past, are now horrified to see Miller pasting up news clippings of Marilyn in a scrapbook, or standing around to approve her stills. Greene, who reads the situation better, senses that Miller is immersing himself in all the corners of movie business by way of preparing to replace him.

Still, how she must irritate Miller with her endless journeys to the simplest point. He is becoming all too aware of her capacity to inflict damage in secret wars. He cannot help it—he has sympathy for Olivier. Honest Jewish lover, he must write "a letter from hell" and leave it for her to see. (Perhaps he thinks it will give the proper reorientation to her heart.) When she reads these few lines (left on his desk open) she phones Strasberg again. Guiles gives the recollection:

She was so overwrought in telling the story it was not easy to determine precisely what the notebook entry had said, but Strasberg remembers there was indignation in her voice. "It was something about how disappointed he was in me. I was some kind of angel but now he guessed he was wrong. That

his first wife had let him down, but I had done something worse. Olivier was beginning to think I was a troublesome bitch and that he [Arthur] no longer had a decent answer to that one."

The Strasbergs naturally would believe in later years that the episode was "the seed of her later destruction." Miller as naturally would see it as one episode among many. Marilyn, always ready to shift the burial ground of each corpse in her past, would say after she broke with Miller that he had called her a "whore." In *After the Fall*, Miller will recreate the episode and give this language to the note: "The only one I will ever love is my daughter. If I could only find an honorable way to die." What a nightmare is beginning for him. It is the cauldron in which Marilyn has spent her life, but he has no habits for it.

The movie progresses with absences, breakdowns, crises. Olivier is close to collapse himself. The irony is that when one sees *The Prince and the Showgirl*, it is better than anyone has a right to expect from the history of its making, but that is because Monroe is superb—will wonders never cease?

Dame Sybil Thorndike, who plays the Dowager Queen, is even going to say after the film is done, "I thought, surely she won't come over, she's so small-scale, but when I saw her on the screen, my goodness how it came over. She was a revelation. We theater people tend to be so outgoing. She was the reverse. The perfect film actress, I thought. I have seen a lot of her films since then, and it's always there—that perfect quality."

She is also lovely. Milton H. Greene is indeed a genius with makeup. Never will Marilyn exhibit so marvelous a female palette, her colors living in the shades of an English garden. A hue cannot appear on her face without bearing the tone of a flower petal. Her lips are rose, her cheeks have every softened flush. Lavender shadows are lost in her hair. Once again she inhabits every frame of the film.

Of course, Olivier in his turn cannot fail to be excellent. He is too great an actor not to offer some final delineation of a Balkan archduke. If there are a thousand virtuosities in his accent, it is because his virtuosities are always installed within other virtuosities—a consummate house of cards. It is just that he is out there playing by himself. So one can never get to believe he is attracted to Monroe. (Indeed, he is most believable when he snorts, "She has as much *comme il faut* as a rhinoceros!") Willy-nilly, he is therefore emphasizing the high level of contrivance in the plot.

A day arrives when Paula Strasberg strikes with "torrents of love and interest." She tells Olivier that his performance is artificial. It will not be long before she is banned from the set, then sent home from England. (Somehow, Olivier cannot grow accustomed to Monroe's habit of walking away from

him to confer with Paula.) Mrs. Strasberg has been struck down, however, for loyalty on the right front. After this, Paula would be working with Marilyn for the rest of her life. And Milton Greene would catch the backed-up cess. From Marilyn's point of view, she was the producer of the film, but had no artistic control. Greene had given all that away to Olivier! One gets a glimpse of her rage, plus the mode in which Arthur and she have been talking about Milton, right after Greene announces to the British press *on his own* that he is ready to set up a British subsidiary of Marilyn Monroe Productions in order to make films in England. How unaware Milton must have been of Marilyn's feelings. Obviously, she had given him too small a clue.

Miller put in a call to Greene, but his anger was such that he was shouting into the instrument and all Greene could hear was an incoherent roar. He recalls his angry reply, "If you want to talk to me, talk to me. If you're going to yell, then I'm not going to listen." When the roar continued, he slammed down the receiver.

Doubtless, he could then measure the beginning of the end of his relation to Marilyn Monroe Productions. Implicated Greene! He was also forced to serve as Olivier's emissary to inform Paula Strasberg that she was exiled. Somewhere in these embattled weeks, Monroe summons her analyst from New York and delays production another week.

For a taste of mutual relations just before the banishment, we must trust Zolotow.

One day when Monroe was being insufferably slow about everything, Olivier said something about speeding things up a bit. Mrs. Strasberg said, "You shouldn't rush Marilyn. After all, Chaplin took eight months to make a movie."

Olivier looked from Monroe to Mrs. Strasberg to Greene. He didn't say a word. But his expression indicated that the analogy between Monroe and Chaplin was possibly the most nauseating remark he had ever heard.

Olivier is wrong. British snobbery is once again building empires and bugging them. All parties concerned finish the film in a cloud of detestations and Marilyn makes a little speech to the cast. "I hope you will all forgive me. It wasn't my fault. I've been very, very sick all through the picture. Please—please don't hold it against me."

She is introduced to the Queen. It does no good. She has lost the British press. They sniff and snipe to a fare-thee-well. She did not have the common touch, she did not know *in the way Winston Churchill did* how to take fish and chips with Cockneys.

The Millers return to America. The dream that they were destined for a great and mighty marriage may already have foundered. One would like a picture of Olivier's face as he said good-bye.

They come back to the Greenes' apartment on Sutton Place, and divide their time between New York and Miller's farm in Connecticut. The racketing assembly line of daily publicity shuts down. They begin to have some of the married life Miller once envisaged. Later he will indicate that this fall, winter, and spring, plus the summer they had together in Amagansett, was their happiest time, and if this would clash with the Strasbergs' view that the marriage was already hurt in final fashion by the discovery of Miller's notebook in Egham, it is better to recognize that their marriage requires love to enter the service of medicine. So for a period he will be the most deeply devoted physician of her life, and she will love him back—in very much the way gentle girls are supposed to love Jewish doctors. There is so much concern for healing you! In all of Miller's early plays is one progressive theme: social evil derives from minds sickened by inhuman values. Those minds can best be cured by healing the heart. He loved her heart. It is significant that Paula Strasberg, interviewed in New York right after *The Prince and the Showgirl* (which is to say right after Egham), was sufficiently uninhibited to say, "I have never seen such tenderness and love as Arthur and Marilyn feel for each other. How he values her! I don't think any woman I've ever known has been so *valued* by a man." It seems Egham had not blown all the walls just yet.

Actually, they settle into good days and bad days. Which is the narrative line of marriage. In England he has been a failure to her. In *After the Fall*, Maggie cries, "You should've gone in there roaring! Stead of a polite liberal and affidavits. . . ." Greene remarked: "She wanted a fuhrer to deal with Olivier, and got a broker." No, Marilyn has not wanted Miller's insights into the complexity of the artist's working situation. So Arthur has been, yes, a failure in England, and at Egham a traitor. But the marriage can hardly be dead. She is in the deepest need of a cure. Her illness is made up of all that oncoming accumulation of ills she has postponed from the past, all that sexual congress with men she has not loved, and all those unfinished hours with men she has loved, all the lies she has told, all the lies told about her, all unavenged humiliations sleeping like unfed scorpions in the unsettled flesh. Worse!—all unfinished family insanity, plus her own abused nerves. Plus the need to come to rest in some final identity. (Even in her last *Life* interview, she will say, "My work is the only ground I've ever had to stand on. . . . To put it bluntly, I seem to have a whole superstructure with no foundation.") If she has known the best sexual athletes of Hollywood (that capital of sex) and Miller at his worst has to be an inhibited householder from Brooklyn, nonetheless she loves him. He is the first man she has met upon whom she can found an identity, be

Marilyn Monroe, the wife of Arthur Miller. That alone may provide her such happiness that she is able for this period at least to grant him that indispensable fiction for the maintenance of marriage—you are the best lover I ever had. Of course, *best lover* is its own happy category. Many a man or woman has a sexual life with oncoming lovers who appear each in turn the *best*, one lover for each face of the sexual best; somehow there are twenty best faces. It would hardly be unnatural if, feeling some tenderness with him she has not necessarily known before, she would decide tenderness was, yes, best, tenderness was best, even as the number of certified sexual arrivals—call Dr. Kinsey!—may once have been best, or some high electric discharge into the stratosphere of the shaking sexual tree, some sweet taste of liberty (the freedom to fuck!), any category can be best: lips, smell, skin, *whatever*—there is no standard to keep us from deciding that our present sex is at the maximum. Of course, we all grow old—that little problem! Still, we can always carry our sexual past into the present (even as Miller suggested in *After the Fall*), but then we are able to succeed at making the present lover equal to the sum of all which has gone before only if we are also increasing, that is becoming wiser, wittier, or possessed of more psychic strength. We have to transcend what is past—in our emotions, at least, if not in our bodies. Emotion has to work through the sorrow of the past without self-pity; so, one must find more wealth in the heart—no small requirement!

But there is small evidence that they were ever in such a state. Like everything else in Marilyn's life, she lived in the continuing condition of a half-lie, which she imposed upon everyone as an absolute truth—it was that Miller adored her out of measure. Like a *goddess*. Since Miller was also a man with such separate needs as the imperative to write well, as well as to profit from her talents as much as anyone else was prospering, yes, whenever he emerged as a *separate person*—fell phrase of romance!—this half-lie or half-truth that he adored her without limit had to collapse. Where she had claimed an absolute truth that was ill-founded, now there was an absolute denial, equally ill-founded. He did not love her at all. He wished only to use her.

A picture of just such emotional swings is revealed in her habits at Amagansett. The summer of 1957 is the period in which he works best as Young Doctor Miller, and often will get her off sleeping pills, or down to just one or two a night; sometimes she will even sleep. Restored by the least bit of rest, there are days when she will have endless energy and show exquisite sensitivity—at least to his lover's eye. She has only to study the petals of a flower to invoke the full appreciation of his adoring view—"She was able to look at a flower as if she had never seen one before," he

would say in an interview—and we get a glimpse of what was most tender and attractive between them in a quotation Guiles selects for us from Miller's short story, "Please Don't Kill Anything."

The waves were breaking into the net now, but they could not yet see any fish. She put her two hands up to her cheeks and said, "Oh, now they know they're caught!" She laughed. "Each one is wondering what happened!" He was glad she was making fun of herself even if her eyes were fixed in fear on the submerged net. She glanced up at her husband and said, "Oh, dear, they're going to be caught now."

He started to explain, but she quickly went on, "I know it's all right as long as they're eaten. They're going to eat them, aren't they?"

"They'll sell them to the fish stores," he said softly, so the old man at the winch wouldn't hear. "They'll feed people."

"Yes," she said, like a child reassured. "I'll watch it. I'm watching it," she almost announced to him. But in her something was holding its breath.

We are finally dealing with the root of human comedy, and it is tragic. She is a girl who cannot bear the death of one little fish—she is thus genuinely sensitive to the expiration of life, to the *instant* when it stirs intimations, which go to the root of her divine nerves—yet she is ready to kill herself before she can allow his will to influence her will.

During years to come when her suicide attempts will be not infrequent, he will come to recognize that her desire to kill herself would kill him almost as effectively in the eyes of society. "I'm all the evil in the world, aren't I?" Quentin says to Maggie in the middle of just such an attempt. "A suicide kills two people, Maggie, that's what it's for!"

Of course, Miller is not without his own purchase on contradiction. He is a masterpiece of love and thrift, generosity and pinch. If he comes to her as a man bursting with the desire to offer his love to someone who has need of it, she must know all the pleasure of a thief who rips off a consummate miser. What a treasure in the hoard! For the first time in her life she can live in a milieu which adores her, adores her twice, first as a star, and then because she has chosen Arthur and so prefers intelligentsia and the theater to capitalists, professional sports, or Hollywood. Moreover, there are the near to unlimited funds of his attention—it is such a special and loving attention. She has the most talented slave in the world. And she has full need to manipulate a slave after a life in which her nerves have been pulled by the imperatives of others.

That, however, is only one side of Miller. He is also ambitious, limited and small-minded, an intellectual who is often scorned by critics outside the theater for his intellectual lacks. Nor has he developed to meet such criticisms. Rather, he has

reinforced his old walls. He has virtually a terror of the kind of new experience that might open his ideas; so she is enough new experience to last him for a lifetime.

If these limitations have cut off his work even before he has come to live with her, the inability to do much writing in their first year together sets early patterns that will later hurt him. (Of course, the fact that he is still being harassed by congressional committees is no help to his work, either.) But from the beginning it is her money which they live on. From her work. In such a condition, it is natural to toady to her. Can anything be worse for him? He begins to develop the instincts of a servant. Since he is already full of the middle-class nose for petty increments of power, the vacuum in his own creative force has to be filled by becoming a species of business manager, valet, and in-residence hospital attendant. He manages too much. She, with her profound distrust of everyone about her, begins to suspect him. Has he married her because he can't write anymore? Is his secret ambition to become a Hollywood producer? Or does he want to use her as a meal ticket? Such mean suspicions warm up the dynamos of all throttled insanity. Over and over, through the good months at Amagansett, she will plunge into sudden depressions. They are inexplicable to him. What he cannot recognize as he comes to grips with the full incalculable complexity of a woman is that he is just as much of an enigma to her, and unlike him she sickens before mysteries. They do not offer new literary lines of work, but are connotative of the pit.

In Amagansett they also discover she is pregnant. By the sixth week she is in such pain they rush to New York for an operation. It is announced that the pregnancy is tubular. But there is ambiguity even about this. The question remains whether her pregnancies were tubular or hysterical. Greene claims she once had a fearful abortion that made it impossible for her to be pregnant. Miller, in an interview, said she could not, but then later in the same interview thought she did have a tubular pregnancy. It is a confusion that she may even have disseminated herself and it persists. What may be the best explanation, from a friend who knew Marilyn well, is that she had had many abortions, perhaps so many as twelve! And in cheap places—for a number of these abortions came in the years she was modeling or a bit player on seven-year contracts—thus her gynecological insides were unspeakably scarred, and her propensity for tubular pregnancies was increased. Since her periods were unendurable—"the pain was so great she would writhe on the floor"—a doctor began to inhibit her menstruation with a drug that anticipated the Pill, and for such duration not able to become pregnant, she would "in hysterical compensation think she was. Can you conceive what a frightful mess this had to make of her?"

"She never wore a diaphragm?"

"She hated them," said the woman friend. "What people don't understand is that Marilyn loved sex." (We are in *Rashomon*!) "I don't think she went a week in her life without having some man around. She took sex with men the way men used to take sex with women."

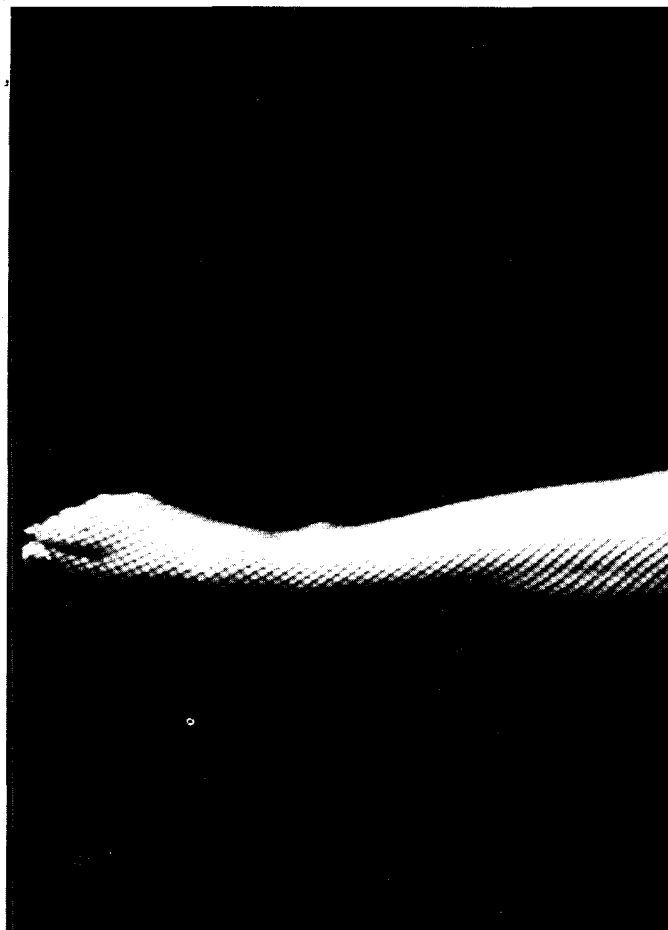
"Still, she needed sleeping pills."

"Nobody's perfect."

Now, with Miller, faithful to Miller, she will have an operation and then another to make a child possible, and will claim to have other pregnancies—what stays constant is the depth of depression each time the pregnancy, real, tubular, or hysterical, is over. It is as if Darryl Zanuck's verdict upon her as a sexual freak is being confirmed. If few women are without depression after a miscarriage—they are dealing, finally, with a mystery, which, for whatever reason, has chosen not to be born—then what an avalanche of depression for Marilyn. The unspoken logic of suicide insists that an early death is better for the soul than slow extinction through a misery of deteriorating years.

This depression lies so heavy upon her that Miller crosses his Rubicon. He has never written before with an actor or actress in mind. He derives from the high literary tradition that true theater depends upon the play, and the script is inviolate. Great playwrights live with themes, not actors. But he will write a movie script for her. He will adapt his short story, "The Misfits," into her vehicle. It is, from Marilyn's point of view, either the highest offering of his love or the first aggressive calculation of a mean and ambitious brain. Her mood rises and she is gay for a few days, but on their return from the hospital she slides back into depression and begins to increase her count of Nembutals. One day he sees her stumble into a chair and go immediately into a heavy doze. Her breathing is labored. Then for the first time he hears what will become the unmistakable sounds of a half-paralyzed diaphragm—her breath is coming with an eerie continuing sigh. The wind of death is in the winding-sheet. He does not try to brew coffee or walk her around, slap her face, or pinch the back of her knees. Instead, he seeks "immediate medical help." It is in his character not to look for amateur solutions. Apparatus and technicians from a nearby clinic come *quickly*—can this be medical assistance with which any of us is familiar?—and they resuscitate her. He has saved her life. He will have to save it more than once again. In the days after this incident she will, according to Guiles, be endlessly affectionate to Miller, kiss his hands over and over.

What do we witness? Has she actually supposed (with her abominable facility for living in the unconscious of others) that he might let her die? Or has her hatred been put to rest by the look of relief in his eyes that she is still alive?



Above: Marilyn in New York in 1956.

They begin to put down roots. He finds another farm in Connecticut, and they buy it. She is busy and happy with the details of alteration and studies the daily work of the carpenters, while he begins to work on *The Misfits*. It is a happy time, but will end he knows so soon as the alterations are finished. He is right. She is bored with the country, and begins to talk of their own apartment in New York. They move from the Greenes' apartment on Sutton Place to another at 444 East Fifty-seventh Street. Her love of Brooklyn is obviously not as intense now as it used to be. If there will be a view across the East River, it is from Manhattan that they will look at unhappy squats on the skyline of Queens. Now she picks up her classes with Strasberg again, and spends many an evening talking to other actors at the Strasberg home. Miller does not often accompany her, but he does not oppose her either. It is as if he senses that she must be forever engaged in feathering the nest of some future identity. Being among actors offers a culture she can finally acquire the way others pick up a foreign language—she is at least absorbing the milieu of the New York Method actor, his gossip, his prospects, his sophistication, his cynicism, and his sharp horizons. To live at last in a milieu must be the equivalent of oxygen to her. Yet, she is also most respectful of Miller during this time. When guests visit the New York apartment, she takes them on tiptoe past the important room of the house—it is the place where her husband writes. We must conceive of him sitting there, unable to put down a word for dint of listening to her caution the guests.



Of course, during this time Milton Greene is also being sued for control of Marilyn Monroe Productions, a sordid episode. At Miller's urging, she even attempts through her lawyers to have Greene's name removed as executive producer of *The Prince and the Showgirl*. Milton has heard nothing from her in the interval. Since Greene has just turned down a \$2-million offer from television because Marilyn "isn't up to the strain of a series," he can feel he has legitimately been protecting her interests. Half of that \$2 million would after all have gone to him. While Greene threatens a lawsuit in which he will claim huge amounts, he feels small heart for the project and finally accepts \$100,000, far less than Monroe's lawyers were prepared to pay. "My interest in Marilyn's career," he says with sad dignity, "was not for gain," and after three years of activity that has telescoped the focus of his life inside out, he goes back to his profession.

Whether this victory for Miller contributes a bit to the excellence of *The Misfits* is hardly knowable, but the script in any case proceeds well. He is out of his literary doldrums. Some time after a first draft of the movie is finished, he invites his old friend and neighbor, Frank Taylor, who has been a book editor and a Hollywood producer, to listen to the script. On an afternoon in July of 1958, Miller reads it to him, and Taylor is obviously impressed, for he suggests sending the work to John Huston in Paris, at once! and Huston wires back within the week that it is "magnificent." He will be happy to direct it. Clark Gable is given a copy and is also anxious to do it. Taylor agrees to take a leave from publishing and be the producer. United

Artists is interested in financing. Now they have not only a major production, well launched, but a sudden sense of all-surrounding excitement. And promises at last of fulfillment. They seem to have emerged onto the good-working married ground that they have an exciting job they will do together. It is a long time since so much talent and celebrity have come together on a film.

Yet they cannot get free of entanglements. One may as well suppose a law: if the past is full of old complications, the future will grow new ones. They need money. So she is obliged to do another movie before *The Misfits*, and then complications in Gable's schedule force her to begin another. By the time she will finish *Some Like It Hot*, their marriage is in jeopardy; by the end of *Let's Make Love*, they are obliged to hang together like addicts.

What dismantling of hopes! She had believed he would open the life of the mind to her, and came to suspect that her own mind was more interesting than his. "You're like a little boy," says Maggie, "you don't see the knives people hide." Of course, if her unvoiced resentment of him is, after all this, secretly sexual, then who can not think she might have known better? At no time, certainly, will she live so much on sleeping pills as in her years with Miller, and an insight into the distance between their bodies comes from a story Miller tells of one miserable day when he discovers that the inside of her mouth is covered with open sores. Investigation of the medicine cabinet discloses another horror:

she has several dozen bottles of sedatives of all variety; he introduces the cache to a chemist, who informs Miller that the reactions of some pills upon others can be literally poisonous. She is lucky to have gotten away with no more than a sore mouth. Poor pill-taking child. Her chemistry is on this occasion cleared up, that is, Miller succeeds in narrowing her addiction to a few compatible barbiturates, but what a misery of marriage is suggested if he "discovers" her mouth is sore. Is it a week, two weeks, or a month since they have shared a kiss? The episode takes place in Los Angeles and probably occurs in the period just before *Let's Make Love*, when their marriage is again at its worst. But then they are never well suited for one another when she works. We have to attempt to penetrate into her condition at such times. As she begins *Some Like It Hot*, she appears as a monster of will. She is also a fragile shell. If we know her well enough to suspect fragility is her cruelest weapon, and she cannot possibly be as weak as she pretends, in fact we are witness to a debased portion of her strength, still she is in the unendurable position of protecting an exquisite sensitivity which has been pricked, tickled, twisted, squashed, and tortured for nearly all of her life. The amount of animal rage in her by these years of her artistic prominence is almost impossible to control by human or chemical means. Yet she has to surmount such tension in order to present herself to the world as that figure of immaculate tenderness, utter bewilderment, and goofy dipsomaniacal sweetness which is Sugar Kane in *Some Like It Hot*. It will yet be her greatest creation and her greatest film. She will take an improbable farce and somehow offer some indefinable sense of promise to every absurd logic in the dumb scheme of things until the movie becomes that rarest of modern art objects, an *affirmation*—the audience is more attracted to the idea of life by the end of two hours. For all of Billy Wilder's skill, and the director may never have been better, for all of first-rate performances by Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, and an exhibition of late-mastery by Joe E. Brown, it would have been no more than a very funny film, no more, and gone from the mind so soon as one stepped out of the lobby, if not for Monroe. She brought so good and rare an evocation it seemed to fit into the very disposition of things, much as if God—having put a few just men on earth in order to hold the universe together—was now also binding the cosmos with a few dim-witted angels as well.

Talking about acting in her last *Life* interview, she says at one point, "You're trying to find the nailhead, not just strike a blow." But what a journey down each day, down to the nailhead. What old emotional minefields to pass through as she navigates by stimulants out of her chemical stupor into her consciousness. And what bile she must

dispense, what poison to her tricks. On the set of *Some Like It Hot* she will drive fellow actors into horrors of repetition. Through forty-two takes, Tony Curtis has to nibble on forty-two chicken legs because Monroe keeps blowing her lines. Repetition kills the soul—Curtis will not touch chicken for many a month. Jack Lemmon and he will stand around in high heels and breast padding, in silk stockings and false hips, for all of a long day's shooting all the while Marilyn is unable to say, "It's me, Sugar." "There were forty-seven takes," as Wilder describes it. "After take thirty, I had the line put on a blackboard. She would say things like, 'It's Sugar, me.'"

Maybe she is searching into nuances of identity. "It's Sugar—the name you know me by, which by my own reference is—*me*." Splendid. She is working out a problem in psychic knots worthy of R. D. Laing. But actors are going mad. When she cannot remember one line, "Where is the bourbon?" as she goes searching through a chest, Wilder finally pastes the line on the inside of the drawer: WHERE IS THE BOURBON? Soon he is pasting the line on every drawer. If she is trying to hit the nail on the head, and get down into that core of herself where the nail meets the nerve, she is also voiding her near to infinite anger at life, men, and the movie-working world. How she exhausts the talents around her. "When I come to cut the film," Wilder says, "I look at the early takes. Curtis looks good on those and Monroe is weak. On the later takes, she is wonderful and he is weak. As a director, I must disregard his best takes . . . and go with Monroe . . . because when Monroe is on the screen, the audience cannot keep their eyes off her."

"Yes," Curtis will tell Paula Strasberg when she weeps after he has said kissing Marilyn is "like kissing Hitler," yes, he will say, "You try acting with her, Paula, and see how you feel." She will be hours late to the set. On a good day she is two hours late; on a bad day, six. The slightest suggestion by Wilder on how to do a scene puts her in a state. She must do it her own way, and once again we learn later that her instinct is right, but she chooses to do it her own way by walking off from him to consult with Paula Strasberg. Shades of Sir Laurence and Ms. Monroe. She is ten years ahead of her time.

Of course, she knows what she protects, knows film is not life or the stage but exists somewhere else. In film, to quote from an essay I once wrote, the actor can

disobey the director or appear incapable of reacting to his direction, leave the other actors isolated from him and with nothing to react to, he can even get his lines wrong, but if he has film technique, he will look sensational in the rushes, he will bring life to the scene even if he was death on the set. It is not surprising. There is something sinister about

film. *Film is a phenomenon whose resemblance to death has been ignored too long.*

And we can wonder at the depth to which she must return each day to be again in contact with Sugar Kane; we can think of grandmother Della and an incident in which she may have tried to strangle the year-old child. With what, we can wonder, does Monroe finally make contact?

Is it with some last piece of her own exacerbated nerves, or some place she hovers not alive nor dead and spoiled forever for sleep? Now she spoils the air in which she works. Wilder completes the film in near to total agony. He has suffered a back injury; the muscle spasms cause such misery that he cannot go to bed at night but instead must try to sleep in a chair.

She will respond by failing to inquire about the state of his back. Since she has an interest in the film, she thinks it is a trick to make her fear the financial consequences if he cannot continue. But then she trusts no director alive. Even Logan in *Bus Stop* has cut out what she feels were her best moments. If she cannot forgive Logan, she will not be light on Wilder. Yet as if to demonstrate that any inability to remember lines is of her own choosing, she will also go through long scenes without an error. Weeks after it is over, Wilder will tell an interviewer he can eat again, sleep again, enjoy life, and finally be able to "look at my wife without wanting to hit her because she is a woman."

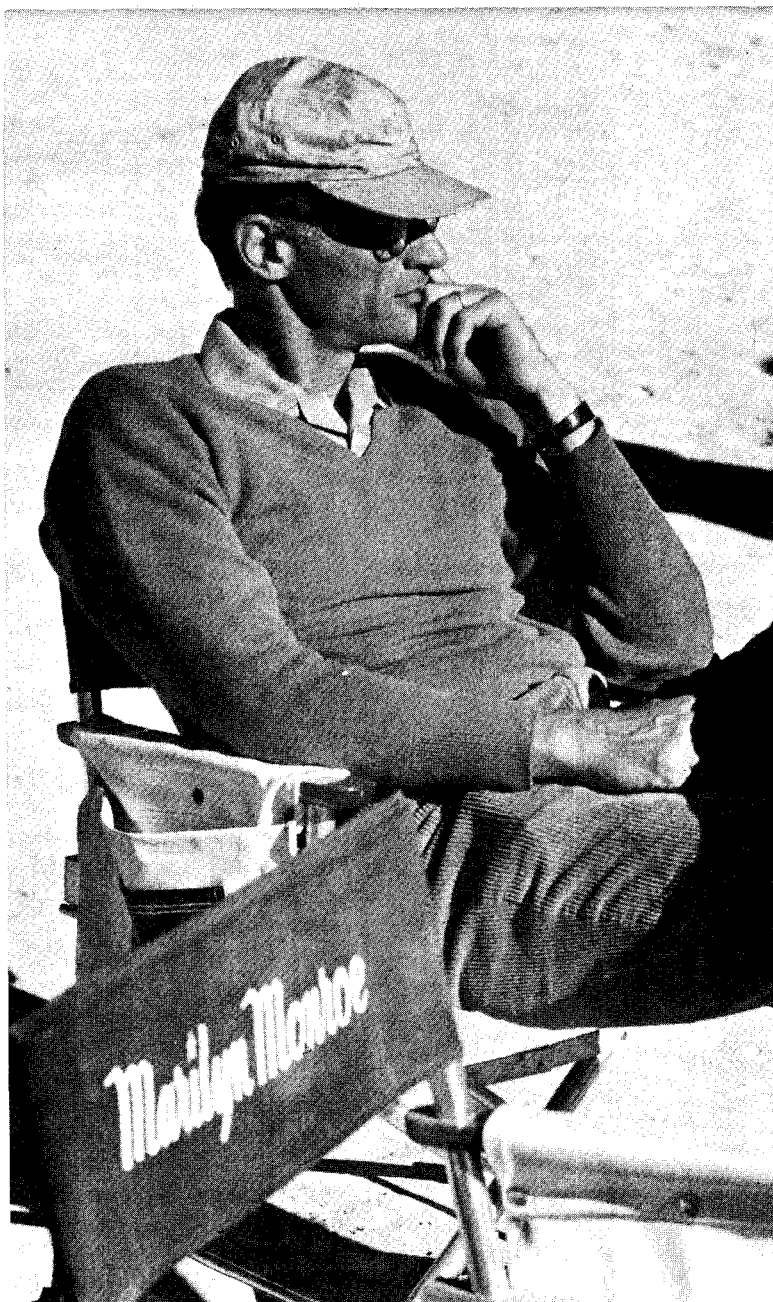
It is comic by then, but not very, for Marilyn will see the interview back in New York and excite Miller to send a telegram to inform the director that Marilyn Monroe "is the salt of the earth." Wilder sends his reply: "The salt of the earth told an assistant director to go fuck himself." Soon it is not at all comic. She has discovered she is "pregnant" during *Some Like It Hot*, and her time away from the set has been spent resting in bed. She even takes an ambulance from her hotel to the airport in order not to be jostled on the ride, but the fetus—tubular again? hysterical?—is lost, something in her body or mind is lost by her third month, lost around this time of exchange between Miller and Wilder, and the month of November passes in deep depression which lingers through the winter. Of course, it is her nature to rally. *Some Like It Hot* opens to her best reviews. She has never looked better at a premiere. Then she receives the David di Donatello Award for *The Prince and the Showgirl*, and that is at least a small consolation to substitute for that Academy Award for which she has never even been nominated. In June of 1959, she goes into Lenox Hill Hospital for "corrective surgery." She is still trying to have a child. Guiles reports without substantiation that "a permanent strain had come between her and Miller before the summer advanced very far," but we can assume, since Guiles is care-

ful in his statements, that Miller, or Frank Taylor (who commissioned Guiles's book), may have said as much, although not for quotation.

Then there is small record of activity in the fall of 1959. Presumably, Miller is polishing *The Misfits*. In February, they put up at the Beverly Hills Hotel while she gets ready to do *Let's Make Love* as another part of her four-film contract with Fox. The script is by Norman Krasna, who some eight years before first suggested to producer Jerry Wald that they expose her nude calendar in order to publicize the film *Clash by Night*. Small surprise if Wald is the producer of *Let's Make Love*.

Studying the script, there is trouble. She knows the film will not play as well as it reads. It is a fair expression of Twentieth Century-Fox's comprehension of her film art. Since the new contract was signed, she has made *Bus Stop*, *The Prince and the Showgirl*, and *Some Like It Hot*, and she could also have done *Nana*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *Anna Christie*, or *Rain* to much profit, but they give her *Let's Make Love*. Her role is as empty as the memory of an old Zanuck film. So she encourages Miller to build up the part. Once again her talented playwright goes into the lists, tries to add funny dialogue to a film that is not funny. Gregory Peck, supposed to play the male lead, discovers that his part diminishes as hers increases; he resigns the job. It is time for her to walk off as well, but it is possible she would rather work in anything at this point than spend time with Miller in Connecticut or New York. Besides, they still need the money. And then, Yves Montand and Simone Signoret are living across the hall at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Marilyn, who has been in profound depression for months and so deep on sleeping pills (which Miller doles out to her each night) that her eyes will now be incorrigibly bloodshot on color film, comes out of her most terrible moods whenever the Montands are with them. She loves Simone and announces to the press that Yves in his turn . . . but let us give the quote: "Next to my husband and along with Marlon Brando, I think Yves Montand is the most attractive man I've ever met." Miller is next in admiration for Yves. "He and Marilyn are both very vital people. They possess internal engines which emit indescribable rays of energy." Montand, in fact, is part of the perfect prescription for Miller's noble worker, since he comes from peasant stock in Italy, and his father has been a political activist who hated Mussolini enough to emigrate to Marseille and work on the docks. Montand, who left school in the sixth grade, has worked in his turn since he was eleven. Such details have to rouse Miller. Besides, Montand has played in the Paris production of *The Crucible*. Now Arthur recommends him to replace Gregory Peck.

The ante is up. Montand has been successful in French films. He is a theatrical star of respectable



Above: Arthur Miller during the filming of *The Misfits* in Reno.

measure on Broadway, where he has done a one-man show—songs, monologues, dances. On the other hand, he is hardly an international household name, no Burton, Chevalier, and certainly no Sinatra, although we can assume he is as ambitious as any Italian peasant with strength and wit who has been working from the age of eleven and been transplanted twice.

Marilyn Monroe is his best ticket to notoriety since she has been famously faithful to Miller for the three-and-a-half-year run of their marriage. Of course, Miller has had to pay an increasing price—each year she speaks more rudely to him in public. In private we can take a fair idea of how she scourges him from *After the Fall*.

"All you care about is money! Don't shit me!" Maggie tells Quentin.

Two breaths later she will let him know his pants are too tight. "Fags wear pants like that. They attract each other with their asses."

"You calling me a fag now?"

"Just I've known fags and some of them didn't even know themselves. . . ." Marilyn is beginning to sound like many another drunken blonde. She is also throwing herself at Montand.

Yet, Miller is grateful. He notes that Marilyn's temper seems to be kept in balance when Yves and Simone are about. "Anyone who could make her smile came as a blessing to me," he was to say later. It is the remark to etch the final lines of marital misery.

Any affair to come seems designed by the gods of purified plot. Signoret is abruptly called back to France for her next film. Worried about the security of her marriage, she induces a friend, Doris Vidor, to look after Montand while she is gone, but in her first conversation with Simone's mate, Mrs. Vidor is told by Yves in all anxiety that Miller is also leaving Los Angeles to see his children in the East. Montand will be left alone with Monroe. "What am I going to do?" he asks. "I'm a vulnerable man." Witness his feelings: "I can't alienate her because I'm dependent upon her goodwill, and I want to work with her. . . . I'm really in a spot." It is black market talk. Whether he knows it or not, he is trapped in a process not unlike the celebrated Monroe calendar nude. Publicity for *Let's Make Love* (which will need it) is going to be obliged to let the world in on the latest hottest name wave in Hollywood, Montand Monroe. Montand is *vulnerable*. He has been the first to declare it. He can be found open to stimulus. He can read reactions. Montand Monroe increases each day.

As if in revenge on Miller, Marilyn is docile with Yves. If they are asked to be on time at a party, Montand assures the host, "She'll be anywhere I say on time." He is right. To friends he brags, "She's got so she'll do whatever I ask her to do on the set. Everyone is amazed at her cooperation, and she's constantly looking to me for approval." That is also true. She has never made a movie where she is so agreeable to the director. She has also never made a movie where she is so ordinary. A sad truth is before us again. Art and sex are no more compatible than they care to be. She is wan in the film and dull. Hollywood looks at *Let's Make Love*. Hollywood offers the verdict: "Fucked-out." Ergo, Twentieth increases all publicity on Montand Monroe. If the film is flat, the love affair must show up at least in the final heats of the year.

All final heats come however to an abrupt termination with the end of the film. The picture has been delayed by an actors' strike and so she is obliged to leave for New York and three days of costume fitting for *The Misfits* without even a day's rest.

In Reno, Miller is waiting for her. What horrors of the sleeping pill to take up again. Ejected from

a love affair of two months' duration (which may or may not be the love of her life—not to mention that she adores Signoret the wife), she is now in the 110-degree July heat of Reno with the remains of an ice-cold marriage: on hand is that husband she will never forgive for giving her away. They are there to stay together to make the film, but she does not know by whom she has been used the most, nor what is the curious state of her womb, awakened again, then left to mold. She is ill as she has never been ill before. Her blessing is that the film will not be made in color and so won't show every wash of bloodshot in the lost white of her eyes.

The world comes to watch the filming. Before they are done, there will be hundreds of press. The word is out. Frank Taylor, the producer, has said to *Time*: "This is an attempt at the ultimate motion picture. . . . Not only the first original screenplay by a major American writer but the best screenplay I have ever read, and we have the best director, John Huston, for it." In turn, Clark Gable thinks it will be the best role he has ever had, and is right if everything else he has done, including Rhett Butler, has suggested a manner rather than a man. It has been perhaps the most successful manner in the history of cinema, but no one has ever seen the actor. Since he has a bad heart and can die in any season of any year, the film is no ordinary venture to him. Nor can it be to Montgomery Clift, who has often been considered the most talented actor in Hollywood but has not had a picture in years to measure this talent. As for Marilyn, she has never had anything written directly for her before. The picture, as we will see, must become nothing less than her canonization. In his turn, Miller has committed everything. He has not had a new play in half a decade, and has written only a few short magazine pieces since their marriage, of which one, published in *Life*, has been nothing more nor less than tribute: "Her beauty shines because her spirit is forever showing itself." *The Misfits* has to be his justification. Five years of drought is next to the loss of limb for a writer.

Only the actors Eli Wallach and Thelma Ritter, ready as always to do their best work, and the director John Huston, are principals who do not find themselves laying their careers on the line. Huston is, of course, the only celebrated film artist to bear comparison to Hemingway. His life celebrates a style more important to him than film. His movies do not embody his life so much as they seem to emerge out of a pocket of his mind. He will take horses seriously and hunting, gambling, and serious drinking, he will be famous for a few of the most elaborate practical jokes in the well-documented Hollywood annals—by implication he does his pic-

ture work with disdain. It is as if film is an activity good men must not take upon themselves too solemnly. Yet he has made *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, *The Asphalt Jungle*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Beat the Devil*, and *The African Queen*. During the making of *The Misfits*, it is possible he will have no hour of greater absorption than the day on which he wins a camel race against Billy Pearson, the ex-jockey, or an occasion where he will take more aesthetic pleasure than at the birthday party for Eddie Parone, age thirty-five, assistant to the producer. There, Huston reads a poem he has written in celebration. Who would bet his life that Hemingway, incorrect spelling and all, could not have written it?

Eddie Perrone
sits all alone
Aug. 29 in sixty
Yesterday's score
was thirty four
Tonight one more wound
licks he.

Bind them up, Ed
Take heart, arise
lift up your bloody
head.

“Farewell” say you to Fauntle-
roy tie
And toy balloon & Esquimo Pie
And hurl this challenge
to the sky

“I Edward P
Remindeth thee
That I am infinitely I”

Huston has been living in Saint Clerans, County Galway, Ireland, where Miller has visited him, and they have had a fund of talk about the script over Irish whiskey and a fire. Since Huston has a social life that thinks a great deal of horses and very little about intimate movie gossip, he has not heard too much of Marilyn's problem of getting to the set on time; he has next to no idea of how sick she is. Miller will hardly tell him. Huston remembers Marilyn from *The Asphalt Jungle* (1950), when she was somewhat unresponsive to direction, but then where is the film without an actor's quirks? On her first morning of shooting, however, which Huston has scheduled for ten o'clock rather than nine (out of deference to Miller's suggestion that she can use the sleep), he waits until eleven and there is no leading lady. His crew have their own relation to him. Incompetence is the hard stuff of mockery on a Huston set. As eleven o'clock strikes, so does the crew toll the hour. Miller, trying to camouflage the delay, looks to confer with Huston over the script.

It is a bad start, and in a few days word is out

that Marilyn is taking a high count of Nembutals every night—the film promises to move as quickly as a wounded caterpillar. If Huston is furious, it is not in his style to give a sign. He has the contempt of a professional for the unprofessional. Since Miller and Monroe are obliged to make the film of their life in a state of nervous exhaustion, then that happens to be the way they have chosen to play their game and waste their psychic funds. He prefers to waste his substance in other fashion. (He will spend his nights losing a cumulative \$50,000 at the crap tables.) There is the unmistakable possibility that Huston withdraws subtly from the film, which is certainly not to say that he does not work hard, but that he refuses to become involved in any hysteria about making a great film. No, he will do his best to do a good job under the dry hot circumstances of the Reno desert in summer, and the final film has all the tone of a dry distaste for any excess of effort, emotion, or sentiment, as if every pipe of communication in the world was already coated with emotional glop and it was time to clean the pipes. If people were to be moved by *The Misfits* it would be out of a paucity of tricks. The story would deliver what it was good enough to deliver, no more. That is an aesthetic. It is perhaps the most classical of the film aesthetics. But it is not the easiest way to make a major film. If Huston had a problem as a director, it was precisely that he could not come to take his work seriously enough to create a full resonance of atmosphere. Finally, it was as if there was something obscene about moviemaking, some rip-off of emotion that might spoil a finer tissue of subtleties not even to be described. Such as good horseflesh. Precisely because the script of *The Misfits* was so quiet in tone, it may have needed some commitment from the director to push the actors and crew beyond themselves. After one look, however, at Monroe's inability to give of herself in dependable fashion, Huston may have decided that all-out inspiration was going to be directly equal to a loss of face. Dignity for some artists has more worth than art. It is also possible Huston was bored by the miseries of Miller and Monroe. He had been through divorce, and could do without a good seat at this one.

The film settled upon a pattern. They shot with Monroe when available, shot away from her when not. With Miller, Huston worked closely. It was a script so delicate in the drift of its emotions and so taciturn in its story that the daily problem must have been to decide what motive they could offer the actors for a line. It was almost as if the story were too simple: a young divorcée, Roslyn Taber, begins to live in the desert outside Reno with a middle-aged cowboy, Gay Langland, played by Gable, while two other cowboys, Eli Wallach and Monty Clift, begin to find her attractive, flirt with her, and apparently wait for her relation to Lang-

land to end. After a time, the men go out to hunt for mustangs to trap and sell. It is one of the few ways left to earn a living that is "better than wages." Roslyn accompanies them, but is horrified at the cruelty of the capture and the pointless misery of the purpose. If these mustangs were once sold as riding horses for children, now they are canned as dogmeat. "A dog-eat-horse society," Huston will say in comment. So Monroe has a war with Gable which is resolved (1) by his capture of the last mustang as a gesture to himself, plus (2) setting the horse free as a gesture to her. The film ends in such gestures. They drive off together to face a world in which there will be fewer and fewer ways to make a living better than wages. There has been a curious shift in Miller's powers. Values are now vague.

While more can obviously be said in summary, the point is that *The Misfits* is a film, particularly in its first half, that will move on no more powerful hydraulic of plot than the suggestion of one nuance laid like a feather over another—so it is going to be closer to the nature of most emotional relations than other films. But its virtue is also its vulnerability. We see Roslyn and Langland come together, sleep together, set up home together, we feel the other two cowboys perching themselves on the edge of this relation, but no emotional facts are given, no setting of category or foundation, for the plot is never bolted down. We do not know exactly how Roslyn comes to feel for each man, nor how much she feels. The film is even less precise than biography. Unlike other movies we have no blueprint to the emotional line of her heart. Instead she seems to shimmer on the screen with many possibilities of reality. When she holds Monty Clift's head on her lap after he has been wounded in the rodeo, we do not know whether she is maternal, or stirring for him, or both—nor is she likely to know what she feels. In life, how would she?

So they are making a movie which is different in *tone* from other films, and she is altogether different from other actresses, even different from her performances of the past. She has no longer anything in common with Lorelei Lee of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. She is not sensual here but *sensuous*, and by a meaning of the word which can go to the root—she seems to possess no clear outline on screen. She is not so much a woman as a mood, a cloud of drifting senses in the form of Marilyn Monroe—no, never has she been more luminous.

On the other hand, never has Gable been more real. He could be leaning on the fence next door. Finally we have an idea of what Gable is really like. He is not bad! So, scene for scene, as the first rushes are slowly stitched together, it must have been obvious to Huston and Miller that they had a set of cameos which were superb in their under-

stated taste. It was as if some hollow had been created where one could listen for the echo. But would these separate scenes come together into a movie that might work? Speaking of ultimate films, no black and white movie has ever had so high a budget before. So they might also be striking a blow for the economic future of good films to come. But how to know if what they were accomplishing was really good? That was like trying to calculate the final grandeur of a palace from two or three rooms. The question of guiding actors through this plotless plot had therefore to put its full demand upon the playwright and director. In the day-to-day uncertainty of shooting, how were they to know whether an actor was ready with an emotion too rich or too poor, too strident or too vague? In turn, how could the actors know? The man who has become an actor to avoid that hungry hole of the mind which asks "Who am I?" now had to ask "Who are *you*?" of the role he was playing. It was even worse for Miller. In such a delicate shifting script, how could any scene be considered fixed, yet any change of dialogue in one scene might cause its uncalculated bend in another. Poor Miller! His head had to be overloaded with the most subtle literary equations while his life with Monroe was reduced to one livid state: hideous tension! If they had finally and most tragically arrived at the relation of cell mates who have learned over the years to detest each other into the pit of each intimate flaw, he was nonetheless obliged to work each day on scenes that extolled the beauty of her soul.

For Miller had written a lie in *The Misfits*. It was the half-lie that Marilyn was as lovely and vulnerable as Roslyn Taber, and that may have been all right in the beginning—a lie may be the only aesthetic structure available when working up a vehicle for a great movie star (because she can transmute the lie to magic), but Miller's problem was that he had to live in daily union with the lie, then refine it in his writing each night. Each night Monroe rubbed his nose in the other truth. If she had long been obliged when making a film to wrap herself in the psychic greatcoat of full hatred for some man, beginning with Don Murray in *Bus Stop*, then Olivier, then Wilder, and had discovered the cost of having no one to hate in *Let's Make Love*, Miller's suffering presence now became her real leading man. What must have doubled all hostility was that he was there to remind her she had not been superb enough to rise out of the bile of the past. So if Miller was the man who had loved her most, he would now become the man who had to pay the most, and was condemned to be with her in three rooms on the top floor of the Hotel Mapes while traveling down the clock through Reno night after sleepless night. And if the wound of her infidelities with Montand was still glowing, it could only measure the contempt

she offered to his heart. Miller suffered. He had the psychology of poverty where the mark of a man is to suffer and endure. So he suffered. And fed her sleeping pills and held them back, and walked the floor, and listened to her abuse, which many another ear in the hotel would also hear—"You can project through steel walls, honey," Maureen Stapleton had once remarked to her—and in the pause between each squall, flopped down for a space, or stared at the script on his desk. Guiles gives a description of the morning after "one such all-night vigil with Marilyn finally asleep while others were getting ready for the day." May Reis, their secretary, and Nan Taylor, the wife of the producer, enter the suite.

Miller was slumped in a heap on the sofa lapsing at moments into fits of trembling from nervous exhaustion. Nan Taylor . . . had heard that Marilyn had spent an especially bad night, but she was even more distressed to see what it had done to Miller. His hands half covering his face, Miller agonized over his situation. He confessed that he was obviously no help to Marilyn in seeing her through these terrible nights. He wondered if he shouldn't take a room in another hotel. "She needs care at night," he said, and then he seemed to defeat any hope of salvation by crying out, "But I care for her so much."

"I care for her so much." It is the bottomless cry of love. He is face to face with the most unendurable message of all: love by itself does not conquer hatred. Nor does it heal another heart. It can only climb the walls of its own misery. For love without courage is an insult to those who hate. So he is taken care of in his pain by the two women. "Perhaps we can't solve Marilyn's problem this morning," Nan Taylor will say, "but we can do something about you," and leaves the room, sees someone in the hotel management, and comes back with a key to a spare room on the same floor where he can work and conceivably sleep.

Each day the picture falls further behind schedule. With Miller a little more removed from her scene, Marilyn begins to firm up future guidelines—she will live with a chosen entourage of technician-friends and social helpers. Paula is always there, and Marilyn can also count on her publicity man, her hair stylist, her makeup man Whitey Snyder, her driver, and Ralph Roberts, an actor big as a professional football player who has been her masseur for many months and will yet be her confidant and come to know her as well as anyone in the remaining two years of her life. She will soon be very sick and go through a crisis that almost ends her participation in the film, but for a few weeks it is almost as if she manages to continue by deriving some strength out of her hatred of Miller. She actually slams a car door in

his face one day on location in the desert and tells her driver to leave him behind. (Miller will not share a car with her again.) And then there is the record of an evening when she sat and drank with Roberts and Agnes Flanagan, her hair stylist, while watching brush fires on the horizon of the desert. Power lines have come down in this blaze, and Reno is in blackout. Since Miller's room has a separate generator to provide him illumination by which to write, she asks Roberts to get a little ice from a portable refrigerator in that room, and when Roberts returns—as Guiles reports the dialogue—Marilyn speaks of Miller in the following manner: “I can tell by your face,” she says to Roberts, “you saw old Grouchy Grumps. Did you speak to him? I mean did he say *hello*?”

He was lying on the sofa, Roberts tells her.

“He’ll go that way until he’s too exhausted to move,” she remarks without compassion. “From the desk to the sofa and back again.” She drops a cube in her glass. “Klunk!” she cries. “At least we got a little ice out of that room.” Boom! Next!

Is it possible she is brooding over Montand? A few days later she is in complete collapse. Suffering agonies from a particularly bad menstrual period, she arrives on location at noon with the temperature over 110 degrees, has to be helped out of the car, and, unable to coordinate by herself, is led over to the set. Metty, the cameraman, tells Huston it is hopeless. “Her eyes won’t focus.”

Huston shuts down. They have to gamble. She is flown to Los Angeles and put in a clinic where it is hoped she will be able to go on with the picture after ten days (by doctor’s estimate) of rest and “medication,” which is to say a new poison will perhaps be found to overcome a few effects of the old poison. At her first opportunity, she gets up, sneaks out of the hospital, and looks for Montand at the Beverly Hills Hotel, but he is neither there when she calls nor does he phone back to answer her note. He merely tells friends in Hollywood that she has left a number where she can be reached. Soon a gossip columnist reports that Montand has told her how Marilyn has “a schoolgirl crush on him.” It creates bad publicity for Montand and he is obliged to explain himself in more detail: “I think she is an enchanting child and I would like to see her to say good-bye, but I won’t.” Then he adds, “She has been so kind to me, but she is a simple girl without any guile. Perhaps I was too tender and thought that maybe she was as sophisticated as some of the other ladies I have known. . . .” *Mon Dieu!* “Perhaps she had a schoolgirl crush. If she did, I’m sorry. But nothing will break up my marriage.”

Apparently she is not wounded crucially, for she will be in better condition when she comes back to the film. Perhaps she recognizes in the hospital that she can find a way to live without Miller and without marrying again. Perhaps she can even find

a substitute for a mate by splicing the rope of her life with the short ends of lovers and friends. In any case, she returns to warm greetings, and for a busy week much is accomplished. Morale, for once, is good. (Huston has just won his camel race.) She does a five-minute nonstop scene with Monty Clift—the longest scene either actor or Huston has ever had to film, and is at her best in a number of crowded bar scenes at Dayton, Nevada. All this is accomplished in one productive week. Like most addicts, her energy is best when she is in transition from one state of drug-life to another, from addiction to abstention, or from abstention back to barbiturates again. It is only a constant state that seems certain to depress her.

In turn, Miller has apparently passed through his own kind of crisis. If their marriage is finally severed, she, of course, will go out of her way to take a walk with him in Reno a night or two after she gets back. In the shooting that day he had delighted her by daring to show Monty Clift the kind of stiff-legged polka he wanted the actor to perform in a particular scene, Miller doing it with Marilyn before the crew. This species of artistic gallantry has touched her. They walk “like everyday people,” as Marilyn will say to a reporter in all the bruised sorrow of an expiring marriage.

Of course, Miller is probably in better shape as a result of the separation. Isolation he can bear, and loss. It is the alternation of love and hate that wears him out. So as he withdraws from Marilyn his working relation to Huston intensifies. Miller may skirt the edge of a breakdown, but like some travelling ghost of an old prospector he manages to cross these desert lands of the West.

The film proceeds. It is weeks behind schedule and hundreds of thousands of dollars, more than a half million, over budget. (It will cost \$4 million before it is done.) But that reckoning is later. Now the company begins to move out each day to a dry lake perhaps fifty miles from Reno where they will film the climax, a trapping of the wild horses. Now the fundamental conflict of the script, the movie company, the marriage, and even the direction of the picture comes into focus across the years—it is precisely so banal and awe-inspiring as the war between the men and the women, which here becomes the war between Marilyn and her director, her male company of co-stars, and her scriptwriter once a husband. She is at war with each of them to become the center of the film, and if we will conceive of her competitive instincts as equal to a great prizefighter’s, we may begin to perceive how so much of the film had to appear to her as a plot where she took on not one antagonist but many. (“You don’t see the knives people hide.”) Since her orgy of attention in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and her skill in stealing *How to Marry a Millionaire* from Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall, she has managed to get past *No Business Like Show Busi-*



Above: Marilyn with co-star Yves Montand and his wife, Simone Signoret.

ness and *River of No Return* and gone on to be the center of every production since (except for *Let's Make Love*, which had no center), dominating directors and running away with each film. They have all, in varying degree, become *her* films. Few prizefighters could point to such a string of triumphs. But in *The Misfits* she is up against better opposition than she has ever faced, and it will affect her performance before the film is done. If she is more interesting and extraordinary in the first half of *The Misfits* than she has ever been before, she will yet find herself suffering many a new artistic uncertainty during the long weeks of shooting still to be done after that exciting week back from the hospital. With her suspiciousness of motive, how little can she trust Miller now that they are apart, or for that matter trust Huston with his lifelong absorption in male honor and male corruption. Huston's idea of a good woman is Hepburn in *The African Queen*. How unlimited must be his secret contempt for Marilyn, this converted Jewish princess. She is more spoiled than Marjorie Morningstar! The one time Huston and Marilyn play at a crap table in Reno, she wants to know, "What should I ask the dice for, John?"

"Don't think, honey," he replies, "just throw."

Inquiring about the disposition of the dice is the

measure of her muddling with magic. No. Huston will have small traffic with such female mystique.

Besides, there is talent in this movie that for once is equal to hers. Clift, as Perce, gives what is possibly the best performance of his life. A recluse from the company, and attached to his thermos of grapefruit juice and vodka (which comes into his veins as regularly as a rubber tube and jar of hospital glucose), he nonetheless impresses Gable altogether with his rushes. "In that scene at the table when he said, 'What was that they put in my arm?' he had a wild look in his eye that could only have come," Gable says, "from morphine . . . and booze . . . and the steers."

Huston nods. "You can believe Perce has had it all."

When Marilyn, however, did a breakfast scene with Gable that pleased Huston sufficiently for him to embrace her spontaneously (and then hug her again for the photographers) she told one of her staff to save the picture. "I want to have it to show around," she said, "when he begins saying mean things about me." This is hardly uncharacteristic of her distrust of all directors, but there is a difference. Someone like Billy Wilder might hate her, but in that hatred was helpless adoration. She senses that she is not Huston's favorite, that he does not *react* to her. She has then no secret lever-

age upon the heart of the director. Pure perfidy of Miller, she begins to discover that the film can always go back to what it was from the beginning, a fine story about three good men whose way of living is almost ready to disappear. It was supposed to be her vehicle and yet she is in danger of being incidental to it. Finally she will have to act her utmost in order not to be left in the others' wake. Perhaps she even resorts to a trick. There had been a scene on which she counted much (indeed, she needed every one of her scenes to keep up with the men) and this was the moment when Gay Langland came back to the bed in the morning after their first night together and embraced her. In the script she must have seen it as some high moment of romance, an unforgettable fifty feet of film history—Gable Kisses Monroe. But Huston preferred to maintain his reserve with love scenes—why slide around in the muck after every other director had gone through the old town pipe? So he keeps their lovemaking dry. A middle-aged cowboy and a nice blonde offer a near-documentary style of hello, let's have some eggs, it's morning, wasn't last night fine?

Since she had succeeded, however, in playing the scene with only a sheet to cover her nakedness (which was also fair documentary—how else under such chaste circumstance could the audience know they had slept together?), and since there were two cameras on her, purposefully or inadvertently she let enough of the sheet slip to expose a breast on Take Seven to one of the two cameras, thereby creating a dilemma that would not be settled until the hour of distribution. Should they release the film with the shot of Monroe's nude breast? Monroe, no surprise, is for it. "I love to do the things the censors won't pass. After all, what are we all here for, just to stand around and let it pass us by?" Huston replies, "I've always known that girls have breasts." No, he will not want the aesthetic slant of his film to be nudged by her competitive tit. And the picture, when it finally comes out, has a clear view only of her back. The episode, however, offers its clue to her idea of cinematic balance. She would yet have to compete with Gable the King and Clift the Genius, plus Eli Wallach with his complete set of actor's skills, and she is even convinced that Wallach has formed a conspiracy with Miller to build up his part by giving Roslyn an affair with him. Conspiracy between Miller and Wallach or no, it is true Miller wants to rewrite. Wallach is too good an actor to have nothing to do at the end of the film but rant at Gable and Monroe. If he has even a fair little scene of doing the lindy with Marilyn, she will accuse Wallach of trying to upstage her, since most of the dance takes place with her back to the camera, but then, sharpening the barb, will add, "The audience is going to find my ass more interesting than Eli's face." (She is reported to say "rear," but we know

better.) She has been friends with Wallach for five years. Now it is as if in breaking with Miller she is moving from one land to another, for in private she even says to Eli, "You Jewish men don't understand anything."

Is she thinking of the Reform rabbi who told her there is no afterlife? Or of the duplicities in Miller's plot? The concept of this movie is by now three years old. For three years she has lived with the beautiful idea that some day she and Arthur would make a film that would bestow upon her public identity a soul. Her existence as a sex queen will be reincarnated in a woman. It is not that her sex will disappear so much as that the sex queen will become an angel of sex. While she had accomplished something like this already in *Some Like It Hot*, Sugar Kane was a flawed angel—she had no mind. Whereas Marilyn wanted to present herself at her best. Or at least as Miller's early and enraptured idea of her (which we can assume she must alternately have been delighted with and disbelieved), a woman so sensitive and alive, so nubile as flesh and so evanescent as a wisp of vapor, that to present herself in such a way to the world might wipe away all the old killing publicity of the past.

It was as if she wanted to become the angel of American life; as if, beneath every remaining timidity and infirmity, she felt that she deserved it. Perhaps she did. Are there ten women's lives so Napoleonic as her own? So she had to hope (with the part of herself not without hope) that the final version of *The Misfits* would be her temple.

Of course, her power to comprehend the relation of the part to the whole was never superb. Actors rarely have such power. When they do, they become directors. Perhaps she never recognized how completely *The Misfits* was a narrative about men. In its original form, it was certainly one of the best short stories about men ever written in a Hemingway tradition. Indeed, much of the prose could pass for Hemingway writing in his quietest manner. It is possibly the best piece of prose Miller ever wrote, and since the subject was a departure for him—he had known next to nothing about cowboys—and he did it in that bold time when he was getting a divorce and embarking on the adventure of his life, a sense of male optimism lives better in that short story than in the film. Miller's strength had always been to write about men. It was just that in *The Misfits* the men were stronger than they had ever been before. And cleaner. (As he may have been in the weeks he wrote it.)

Difficulties were then implicit in bringing Marilyn into the film—not any actress, but Marilyn in a portrait of consummate loveliness. While Roslyn already existed in the short story, she was offstage and merely talked about, an agreeable and attractive middle-aged Eastern woman living with Gay Langland (and supporting him). His friends, the

other two cowboys, were also attracted to her, powerfully attracted, and Langland did not even know if she was faithful or not. Every movie possibility obviously existed for conflict and drama. But that was opposed to what Marilyn desired. She had no wish to be sleeping with two or three men in *her* film; she wanted respect! It was the cry of her life. Unhappily, she had come to decide no audience would give that accolade to an actress who has carnal knowledge of two or more characters in one film. It is still 1960. So Miller's dramatic choices become limited. She can have a dalliance with Monty Clift and/or Eli Wallach, but only as in a mist. Marilyn wanted her film affair with Gable to be idyllic (exposed breast and all!), and Gable doubtless wanted no less. He was too old and too grand to be seen in some demeaning jealous state—his dignity had been the fuel of his own performances for the last fifteen years. How then is the script to move from celebration of its splendid stars to some obligatory minimum of conflict and plot? Miller is obliged to make the character of Roslyn so tender that the capture of a few wild horses is all of disaster for her, a dramatic bubble that cannot help but burst, since she also, as Miller himself points out in the short story, loves her dog, while neglecting to recognize that the meat in the can out of which she feeds that dog has come precisely from a wild horse. So Roslyn becomes a role that sits in the most hypocritical part of Monroe's nature—where she bleeds for the death of little fish and tries to kill her mate. It is also possible, however, that Marilyn does not begin to assess how unplayable will be her part by the end of *The Misfits* until she is deep into the film, or even done with it—then, too late, she will recognize that her share of the last reel is shrill—a liberal version of “we must stop the locomotive at the pass.” So she has to stop Gable, Clift, and Wallach from bringing in the horses, but cinematically what we see is Gable, Clift, and Wallach taking chances, being knocked to the ground under rearing animals or dragged along by runaways, while she screams on the sidelines or dashes in hysteria from one to the other until the movie audience is ready to yell, “Shut that bitch up!” Since her life is full of paradox, it is natural that the film by which she hopes to attain dignity will be the one that finally gives her the least.

At the end it is Gable who is canonized. Gay Langland has become the apotheosis of Gable. “Where are you going?” Wallach asks as Clark and Marilyn drive off in a truck at the end.

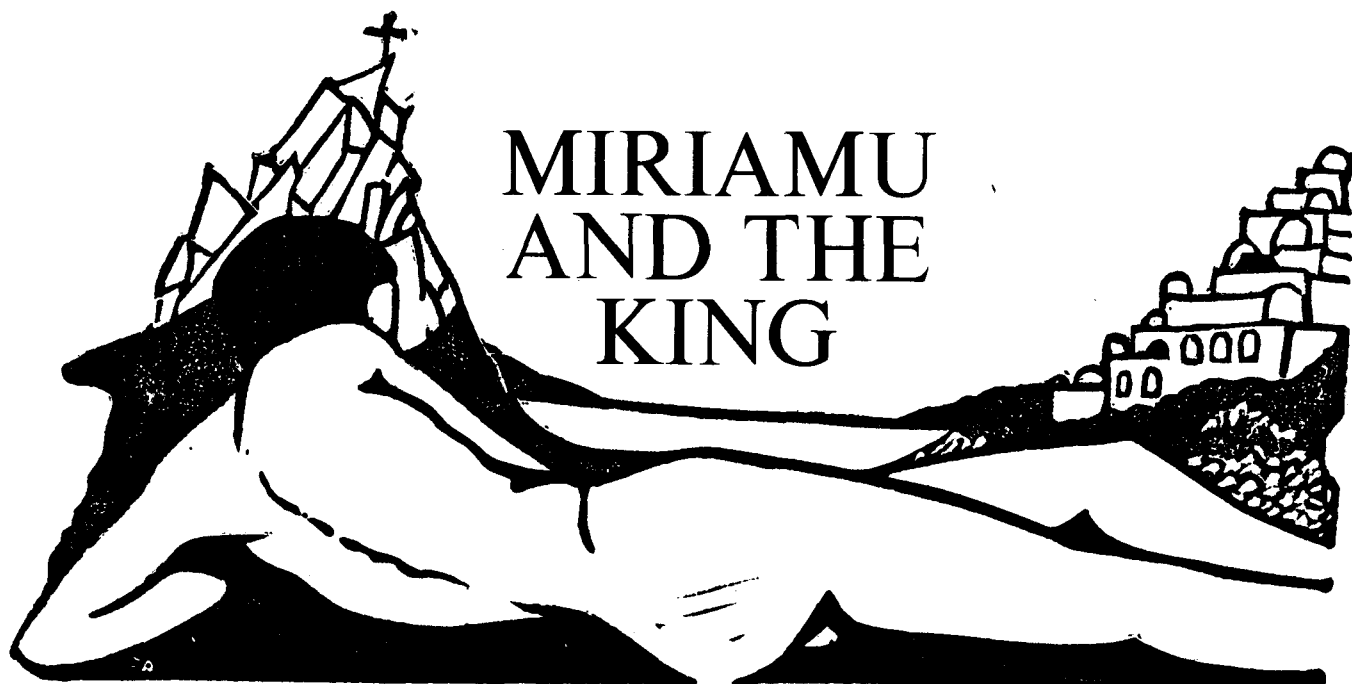
Miller put in no reply. Gable knew better. “Home,” he answers Wallach in his guttiest voice, and the movie screen in every small-town theater of America would give its little jump. He had finally found his role. Being Clark Gable had also been better than wages. As he drove along with Marilyn through the desert and the last of the film

closed down on them, he said, “Just head for that big star. . . .” They were finally done with *The Misfits*. Perhaps it was his best moment since Rhett Butler smiled and said, “Frankly, my dear, I don’t give a damn.”

Of course, the film company had come down toward the end of their work in something like the bewildered ribald state of an army that has lived off the substance of a town for months and has forgotten the patriotic premise of its war. They had no idea if what they had done was good or ill. It was almost as if filming in Nevada was bound therefore to close with scenes of dust and strife while stuntmen were struck in the head by horses’ hooves and Gable was dragged behind a truck on a rope, even as at night social lines were obliged to be drawn to a comic nicety: while Marilyn is losing the biggest bet of her life, Paula Strasberg is giving a party for Marilyn whose point seems to be that Miller and his intimates are not invited. Strasberg’s *Revenge*—a Balkan *mélodrame*! To which in turn Huston gave a party for Miller and Clift to which everybody was invited. There the cameraman, Russell Metty, delivered a valedictory. Of course, only the cameraman could speak in such a tongue, for he was the altar at which actors’ prayers were laid. When the altar speaks, it is in good voice: “Arthur writes scripts,” Metty said, “and John shoots ducks. First Arthur screwed up the script and now his wife is screwing it up. Why don’t you wish him a happy birthday, Marilyn? Arthur doesn’t know whether the horse should be up or down. Marilyn thinks we should keep the scene showing her half-naked in bed. Monty is buying into the Del Monte grapefruit business. . . . This is truly the biggest bunch of misfits I ever saw.” Applause.

When the company left Nevada to work in Hollywood on final process shots, more small comedy continued. Looking at the rough cut, an executive from United Artists was unhappy, it did not seem a Huston film where “you put the ingredients in, and he builds up a terrific head of steam.” The executive said if he didn’t know, he wouldn’t have had a clue to who the director might be. Miller agreed that he, too, was disappointed. Huston replied, “These things are missing in the script.” Now they played again with the idea of writing new scenes for Wallach until Gable refused, and then over the next few weeks of editing and adding music, went through the other predictable drama, Huston and Miller, of coming to like each other’s work again. They had aid. The film had become affecting after all. For Gable had a massive heart attack the day after shooting finished, and would die in the hospital eleven days later. Every scene in which he now appeared could bring to mind half the history of Hollywood’s years.

Days after the film is completed, Marilyn announces that she and Miller are separating. □



MIRIAMU AND THE KING

An Atlantic "First" by Edward Hower

On Independence night, the African Star Uhuru Bar was packed with celebrators.

"Every man in the village was in my bed tonight," Adija said. Adija and Salome were barmaids at the African Star. "Every man but the one I want."

"The whites are staying in their houses this night," Salome said.

"He'll come. You'll see." Adija lay on her side next to Salome. "He's not fearing me. I'm only half-African, anyway."

Adija's back was pale, pale brown in the glow of the lantern. Her bones stood out beneath her skin. Tiny ridges rippled up her spine. Salome's eyes hurt to look at them. She pulled the blanket up over Adija. "Are you very sore?" she asked.

Adija was rubbing oil into her crotch. She pretended not to hear. "You see that picture of the king?" she asked, pointing at the wall.

Salome looked. Adija's crazy collection. If you stick people to the wall with pins, Adija had explained, they can't move about or shout at you or behave badly. They just have to keep smiling. You can think they're trying to please you with their smiles. Salome searched for the picture of the king. Elvis Presley leered at her. Satchmo flashed his teeth. A fridge gaped, a television stared. Queen Elizabeth smiled at a procession of schoolchildren waving their Union Jacks. The country's cabinet ministers stood beside their new houses and motorcars. They were smiling.

There was the newspaper photograph of Adija's white man. He was standing on an airport runway with the other missionary teachers from America. Beside the photograph was a color picture of the king. He was sitting on his throne beneath a crown that looked too heavy for his delicate, brown face. "I found it," Salome said.

"Beneath it is the picture of Rita Tushingham. The one in the school uniform."

"It's not a school uniform. It's a servant's uniform."

"It's a school uniform," Adija said. "You want to hear the story, or don't you?"

"One of your stories." Salome laughed. "Yes, go ahead. It'll distract me."

"Miriamu was a poor schoolgirl," Adija began. She raised her hands as she spoke, in the manner of the Arab fishermen who lived in her home village on the coast, and told the following story.

The other schoolgirls mocked her, because she was poor. The men in her town called her a slut, because her father was an Arab trader. Her mother beat her, because she failed her examinations at school. But Miriamu was always happy.

One day all the schoolgirls went to the palace of the king to shout their praises and wave their flags at him. The king had a beautiful big palace. It had four rondavels at the corners, with roofs of woven palm leaves, and high white walls between the rondavels. It was finer than the finest mosque in the city. The king stood on the wall and looked down at the schoolgirls. He was very bored with these parades of schoolchildren. He was not feeling happy that day, because he had not been out of the palace in a long time. But when he saw Miriamu he smiled. He said: "Here is the most beautiful girl in my kingdom. She is the one I am going to marry."

He sent his ministers to discover who the beautiful girl was.

"Her name is Miriamu," said the Minister for Commerce.

"But she is too ignorant. She is thin and her skin is a strange, pale color," said the Minister for Home Affairs.

"She is not good enough to marry a king. You must marry a girl of a royal caste," said the Minister for Information, Tourism, and Wildlife.

"I am the king," said the king.

"If you marry her," said all the ministers together, "we will plot a coup to overthrow you."

"Really, I think she is good enough," said the king.

The ministers all whispered together. "If you wish to marry her, we will have to test her," said the Minister for Education. "We will have to see if she is worthy to live among us at the palace."

"All right," said the king. "But mind you don't harm her."

"No, no. We won't," said the ministers.

They sent a messenger to fetch Miriamu. "You see that mountain," said the Minister for Education. "There is a cross at the top of it. You just have to bring it to us. The king wants it badly, but he can't leave the palace. When you bring it back, then you can marry him."

"All right," said Miriamu.

But Miriamu was very unhappy. The mountain was very high, higher even than Kilimanjaro, and its top was covered with snow. She walked along the beach, kicking the coconuts at her feet. She looked up at the mountain and wept. She knew that the ministers wanted to kill her with their test. They didn't want the king to have any women, because they thought he would neglect his duties if he had any. But Miriamu did not want to disappoint the king, so she started up the mountain.

The first night she thought she would freeze to death. She had on only her school uniform. Already there was much snow on the ground. But then she saw a hut. It had white walls like the palace, and a tile roof like her school.

The door of the hut opened. There stood a fierce-looking man. His eyes were flashing on and off, like the signboards of the city. They flashed blue and brown, blue and brown. His hair flashed too, as if there were lightning in it. It flashed yellow and black and red, and sometimes it vanished altogether and the man's skull flashed out at her in different colors. The man had a great bulge in the front of his trousers. It looked like a sack full of snakes. The bulge moved in and out as his eyes flashed. He was a witch, and Miriamu was fearing him very much.

"*Karibu*, Miriamu. Come in out of the snow," said the witch, smiling.

Miriamu was trembling, but she stepped inside. The witch gave her some beer. As he drank, he boasted of all the things he owned and all the things he knew. Miriamu decided to flatter him. What else could she do?

"Your Bata shoes are very smart," she said.

"And that suit you're wearing—you must have ordered it all the way from England. I'm sure you are very clever from watching that handsome television. What a beautiful fridge you have—look how it shines!"

The witch was very pleased with her flattery. He continued boasting about all the places he had visited and all the things he knew. Miriamu listened carefully, for she thought he might tell her the secret of how to get to the top of the mountain.

But soon he passed out from drinking too much beer. Miriamu was disappointed. She decided to continue her journey. But when she tried the door, she found that it was locked. All the doors and windows were locked. She could not get out. The house was dark and dirty. She watched the television for a while, and listened carefully to all the programs. But when the national anthem was played and the station shut down for the night, Miriamu had still not learned any useful secrets.

She was hungry. So she went to the fridge and opened it. Then she jumped back. For a *jinni* flew out of the fridge. It was tall and looked like a jellyfish, trailing a cloak of icicles.

"I am the *Jinni* of the Fridge," said the *jinni*. "Ask me a wish, and I shall grant it."

Miriamu was frightened. She began to weep. She told the *jinni* her sad story.

The *jinni* took pity on her, and said: "All right, here is what you must do. When my master wakes, you must give him more beer. Then you must open up his trousers. There you will find a sack of many-colored snakes. You will be fearing them very much, but they will not harm you. Take this tablet, and the snakes will not harm you."

And the *jinni* gave Miriamu an aspirin.

"Take hold of the snakes and push them into all the holes of your body until the snakes are tired and go to sleep. Then my master will be sleepy, as well. Tell him he is very wise. But say that there is one thing you are sure he doesn't know. And that is: how to drive a Land Rover.

"He will say: 'Yes, I know even that!' But you must keep doubting him, until he tells you all the things necessary for driving a Land Rover. Give him more beer, then. He will go to sleep.

"Now, on his watch chain you will find a silver key and a golden key. The silver key is for unlocking the door of his hut, and the golden key is for starting the Land Rover. The Land Rover is in the yard. You can drive it to the top of the mountain and down again. Here is some petrol for you."

And the *jinni* waved his hand. The beer in the fridge turned into tins of petrol.

"Good luck," said the *jinni*. "Now please close the fridge, before I melt like ice cream."

Miriamu did all that she was bidden. After the witch had gone to sleep again, she unlocked the door with the silver key and started up the Land Rover with the golden key. Then she drove the Land Ro-

ver to the top of the mountain. The road was very winding, but Miriamu didn't get stuck in any ditch, because she knew all the things necessary for driving a Land Rover.

The cross was high on the highest peak of the mountain. She drove backwards up to the peak. When the back of the Land Rover hit the rock where the cross stood, the cross fell into the back of the Land Rover. The cross was of gold, and heavier than the heaviest stone. But the Land Rover was very strong. It carried Miriamu and the cross all the way to the bottom of the mountain.

The ministers were surprised to see Miriamu driving along the beach toward the palace. They thought she had died on the mountain. Also, they had never seen a woman driving a Land Rover before. The king was pleased with the cross. He put it in his garden among the palm trees and flowering bushes. The king had many motorcars—Ford Zephyrs and Wolseleys and even a Mercedes. But he didn't have any Land Rover. So he was overjoyed when Miriamu gave it to him.

"The story's not over," Adija said, sitting up in bed. "Where are you going?"

"I'm cold." Salome went to the charcoal brazier where she had warmed her maize-meal supper. She blew on the coals, but got only a faceful of ashes for her trouble; the coals had gone out. The



lantern, too, was dimming, and there was no more kerosene. Outside in the street, a woman shrieked. It was the kind of sound a woman makes when a man is teasing her too roughly: at first loud laughter, then a panicky cry. A dog barked. Someone slammed a door. Cursing, Salome took down the army greatcoat she wore when it rained. She spread it over her on the bed. When she offered to share it with Adija, Adija shook her head.

"You're the one who's usually shivering," Salome said.

"As long as I'm awake, the room's warm enough with the lantern lit." Adija took two cigarettes from her pack, lit them, and handed one to Salome. "You want me to go on with the story?"

"Sure. It's better than freezing in silence."

Adija puffed on her cigarette a few times, and then continued:

The king was very pleased with Miriamu and her gifts. "You see, the girl is clever," he said to his ministers. "She is worthy to be my bride. Summon all the chiefs in my kingdom for my wedding!"

"Just a minute," said the Minister for Defense. "*Bado kidogo*, if you please."

The king waited.

The ministers all whispered together. Then the Minister for Education said to the king: "All right, she has brought gifts for you. But what of us? If she doesn't bring gifts for us, we will plot a coup to overthrow you."

"My army is strong," said the king. "I'll take my chances. Let the drummers drum from all the hilltops for my wedding!"

"No, no!" pleaded Miriamu to the king. "They will kill you if we are married now. Let me first get some gifts for them."

"All right," said the king. "But hurry up. I have not had any women for many years, and I am lonely."

Miriamu asked the ministers: "Do you want some lovely Bata shoes and English suits and televisions and fridges? I know where I can get some for you."

The ministers all whispered together again. Then they all shook their heads. "What we want are some pearls from the ocean. Just go to the ocean and fetch some for us," said the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"But I can't swim," cried Miriamu.

"You don't have to swim," said the Minister for Transportation. "Just go down to the Nyara Beach Hotel and hire a boat to take you to the reef. On the reef you will find a hole."

"It isn't a very deep hole," said the Minister for Finance, chuckling.

"You can reach in and gather up the pearls," said the Minister for Education. Really, that Minister for Education was the wickedest of the lot. "We will be waiting for you on the verandah."

So Miriamu drove down to the Nyara Beach Hotel in her Land Rover and hired an outrigger canoe. The boatman poled her out to the reef. The ministers waved to her from the verandah. They were laughing as they waved.

Miriamu was weeping with fear, for the water was crashing against the reef. But finally she found the hole. It was a deep, dark hole, not a shallow one as the minister had told her. She was cursing those ministers very much. She knelt down and reached her hand into the hole, though, for she could see the pearls shining up at her out of the water.

As soon as her hand touched the water, something grabbed her. She was pulled down, down into the hole. Seaweeds slid across her face. She

Miriamu and the King

thought surely she would drown. But then she got pulled into a cave. There was air in the cave. The air smelled foul and it was dim, but Miriamu could breathe it. She looked around, to see what had pulled her down into the water.

It was an octopus that had pulled her down into the water. It must be a witch, thought Miriamu, because it is as strange-looking, in its way, as the man on the mountain. It was black as the underbelly of a cooking pot. Its eyes were full of flames, like the flames that leap out of the end of a rifle. Its arms were very long and strong. At the end of each arm was a weapon. The octopus had knives and spears and *pangas* and rifles and pistols and Sten guns and even bombs. It waved the weapons all at once at Miriamu and its eyes glowed red.

Miriamu was fearing this witch very much. But now she was more clever than before. She told it: "Look how powerful your weapons are! I think that pistol can shoot very straight. That Sten gun, I think it must make a fearsome noise. Can you slice off a man's head with that *panga*? I think so!"

Miriamu was gasping for breath as she spoke, for the octopus was wrapping its arms around her tight. She thought that she would be crushed in the arms of the octopus. But it was pleased that Miriamu was admiring its weapons. It gave Miriamu a small knife to look at.

Now Miriamu remembered what she had learned on the mountain. When the octopus let go of the knife, Miriamu pushed the end of its arm into her vagina. She put another arm into her anus, and another into her mouth, and soon weapons were falling all over the floor of the cave. Miriamu was feeling very happy, for the octopus was holding her gently now.

When the last of its arms went limp, the octopus opened its mouth. Inside its mouth was a basket full of shining pearls. Miriamu reached in and took out the basket. She looked down into the basket to admire the pearls. When she looked up, the octopus was gone. In its place was a beautiful woman.

The woman was lying asleep on the floor of the cave. Miriamu rushed to her and woke her. The woman sat up, rubbing her eyes. She was very happy to greet Miriamu.

"*Salaama*," said the beautiful woman. "Why have you come to this reef?"

Miriamu told her the story of the king and the ministers and the pearls.

"Listen," said the woman, "those ministers are just going to trick you. I know them. They are the ones who bewitched me into the shape of an octopus many years ago. I will return with you. We will bring my weapons and kill them."

"All right," said Miriamu. "But what if the boatman refuses to carry us?"

"Don't worry. I will give him some pearls," said the woman.

So Miriamu and the woman went back to shore

with a boat full of weapons. The ministers were still sitting on the verandah. They were drinking brandy and laughing. But when they saw the boat, they stopped laughing.

As soon as the boat touched the beach, the woman attacked the verandah. The ministers tried to run away, but they were too fat to run fast. The woman threw a bomb, and half the ministers were blown up. They lay bleeding all over the verandah.

Then the woman shot all the rest of the ministers with the Sten gun. They were lying on the floor of the verandah. Their organs were splattered on the walls. They were moaning and cursing and clutching their fat bellies. They all bled to death.



The manager of the Nyara Beach Hotel was very unhappy. "What am I going to do with all these dead bodies on my verandah?" he asked.

"Here, take some pearls," said the woman. And the manager was quiet.

Miriamu and the woman drove to the palace in the Land Rover. The people came out into the streets to see them. They were cheering and waving their flags at them. They were happy that the wicked ministers had been killed. Even the palm trees were happy on that day. They were waving their leaves over Miriamu and the woman as the Land Rover drove through the streets of the city.

The king was overjoyed to see Miriamu. He embraced her.

"This is my friend," said Miriamu, and she showed the woman to the king. "She killed all the ministers."

"My ministers are dead?" shouted the king. "*Eii!* This is the best news in many years!" And he greeted the woman in a very friendly way.

"Well, I will be going back to my cave now," said the woman.

"No, no! You must stay!" said the king. "You can come to my wedding. Afterwards, you can live in the palace with us. I will make you brigadier of my army."

"All right," said the woman.

The king summoned all the chiefs in the kingdom. He ordered his drummers to drum from all the hilltops for his wedding. He caused the palace to be decorated with flowers of many colors. The

sun shone bright on the day of the wedding. As the king and Miriamu walked together into the chapel, the palm trees lifted their leaves toward Heaven.

After the wedding ceremony, the king and his bride had a big party. All the king's friends were there. Queen Elizabeth was there. Elvis Presley was there, and Shashi Kapoor and Pearl Bailey and Miriam Makeba and Pélé and Satchmo and Cliff Richard and the Shadows, and all the famous film stars. Miriamu and the king and the woman sat at the biggest table. They were not drinking beer, they were drinking palm wine and Bee Hive Brandy and Gilbey's Gin. They were not eating maize-meal porridge, they were eating roasted goat and sheep and prawn curry and coconuts and paw-paw and fish cooked in palm wine. They got very drunk and fat.

Miriamu and the king and the woman stood on the wall of the palace. The people cheered and waved their flags at them. Even the schoolgirls who used to mock Miriamu were cheering. Even the men who used to abuse Miriamu were cheering. Even Miriamu's mother, who used to beat her, was cheering. But now they were cheering only because they were fearing Miriamu.

"Shall I tell the army to chase them away?" the woman asked Miriamu.

"All right," said Miriamu. "Tell the army to chase them into the ocean."

The army chased them into the ocean and they drowned.

Then Miriamu and the king and the woman ate and drank some more. Even the king got drunk. Even Miriamu got fat. Everyone was very happy on that day.

"And that," Adija said, "is the story of Miriamu and the king."

"And the woman," Salome said.

"Yes."

Adija rolled over on her back. Her breasts were flat on her chest, her nipples cold and hard in the chill air. "Was the story good?"

Salome laughed. "I think so. Are you sure you made it up?"

"Of course! You've never heard it before, have you?"

"Yes and no," Salome said. "I have and I haven't."

"Look!—" Adija pointed up at the ceiling. A tiny lizard was running upside down along the corrugated tin. It scurried back and forth, then disappeared under the edge of the roof. "It was gray, in that shadow," Adija said. "This afternoon it was orange."

"I don't like lizards. My people say they crawl into your head while you're sleeping and eat your brain."

"I don't believe in witchcraft," Adija said. "I like them."

"You would." Salome shivered. "You're a witch yourself, you know. You've crawled into my brain and now I'm stuck with you."

Adija giggled. She pressed her cheek against Salome's broad shoulder and closed her eyes.

Salome let the lantern burn down. As the globe became sooty, the light shrank down the walls, flickering. Still, it seemed to provide some warmth in the room. Light and shadow flickered on Adija's pictures, making the faces indistinguishable, just a wall of glossy squares. Adija pushed closer to Salome beneath the blanket to absorb more of her warmth. Her mouth opened, and soon she was snoring softly.

A car engine roared in the street. Some men shouted and banged on the door of the bar, wanting one last drink. Salome heard them cursing. Tires squealed, the engine roared again. Headlight beams shot through the window, flashed along the walls, then vanished. The smell of dust billowed through the room. Salome reached underneath the bed. Her hand found the handle of her *panga*, and she gripped it tight.

Another car engine approached, this one from the opposite direction. It sounded noisy enough to be a Land Rover, but Salome knew the car, the teacher's tinny old Morris. Footsteps crunched in the dirt outside the room; there was a soft knock on the door.

"What do you want?"

"It's Billy," the voice whispered. "Is Adija there?"

"Adija's sleeping. She is celebrating Independence tonight."

The footsteps crunched in place. "All right. I'll be back tomorrow."

I know you will, Salome thought. You'll all be back. But not tonight.

She pulled the blanket up tighter around Adija's shoulders. Then she lay very still. The shadows flickered down the wall, as if trying to lap up what little warmth was left in the room. □



THE ORDER

by
Norma
McLain
Stoop

There was no time for questions. The order had said
"To the Woods" so they all gathered some pans, some clothes,
And piled them on top of the children in their carriages,
With sugar and meat and drink, too, carefully stowed,
For a taste of something that is good assuages,
Caressing the tongue, dread and the fear of dread.

Highways were choked with flesh. Beside the road
Sat mothers who had found they could not keep
Up with children, excited, high-spirited.
Old people sat on stones, rocking in sleep,
And here and there, on a pillow, a baby's head
Moved in a carriage that had been emptied of food.

Even a bird songless inside a cage.
Had been left beside the road. Somebody cooed
For the poor little fellow, opened the narrow door,
And waited. Then, cursing ingratitude
Of a bird who stayed where it always had been before,
Threw cage and all over cliff in a towering rage.

No bird flew up from the jagged rocks below.
When shadow defined the entrance of the wood,
An unexpected coolness bathed each one
Who walked in with a strange disquietude.
Sweaters and blankets? Summer had begun
And clothes, of course, were percale and calico.

Forests have still more traps: the lashing twig,
The skulking wolf, roots arching and unlearned,
So by the morning few had not been caught.
Sugar poured from the carriages overturned
And empty, for no one had had the thought
That what seems very little can prove big,

And so the carriages infants had all crept
From under food to find warmth under moss.
A twig can be too high to hit a child;
Hands on the ground can feel the root across,
And to the young no animal is wild.
Parents were trapped. Rocking grandparents slept.

Far back along the road. A screaming horde
Of loosed, triumphant children of all ages,
Climbed trees, crawled over the limp, trapped ones
Who marred the floor of their tree-sided cage,
And no one knew which daughters or which sons
Had been the ones who first conceived the order.

A WATERGATE DIARY

Notes of a Washington correspondent
during the month of May, 1973

by Elizabeth Drew

“Whoever wants to see a brick must look at its pores, and must keep his eyes close to it. But whoever wants to see a cathedral cannot see it as he sees a brick. This demands a respect for distance.”

—José Ortega y Gasset

May 1. Law Day. Law Day is when our chief law enforcement officers make speeches.

Two years ago, there were antiwar demonstrations here. Then Attorney General John Mitchell viewed the demonstrators from a window of the Justice Department, and later the Attorney General's wife remarked that it looked like a “Russian Revolution.” There were mass arrests, most of them made without required arrest forms. The Attorney General said that this was necessary because of the danger to the government. The courts dismissed the charges against almost all of the demonstrators.

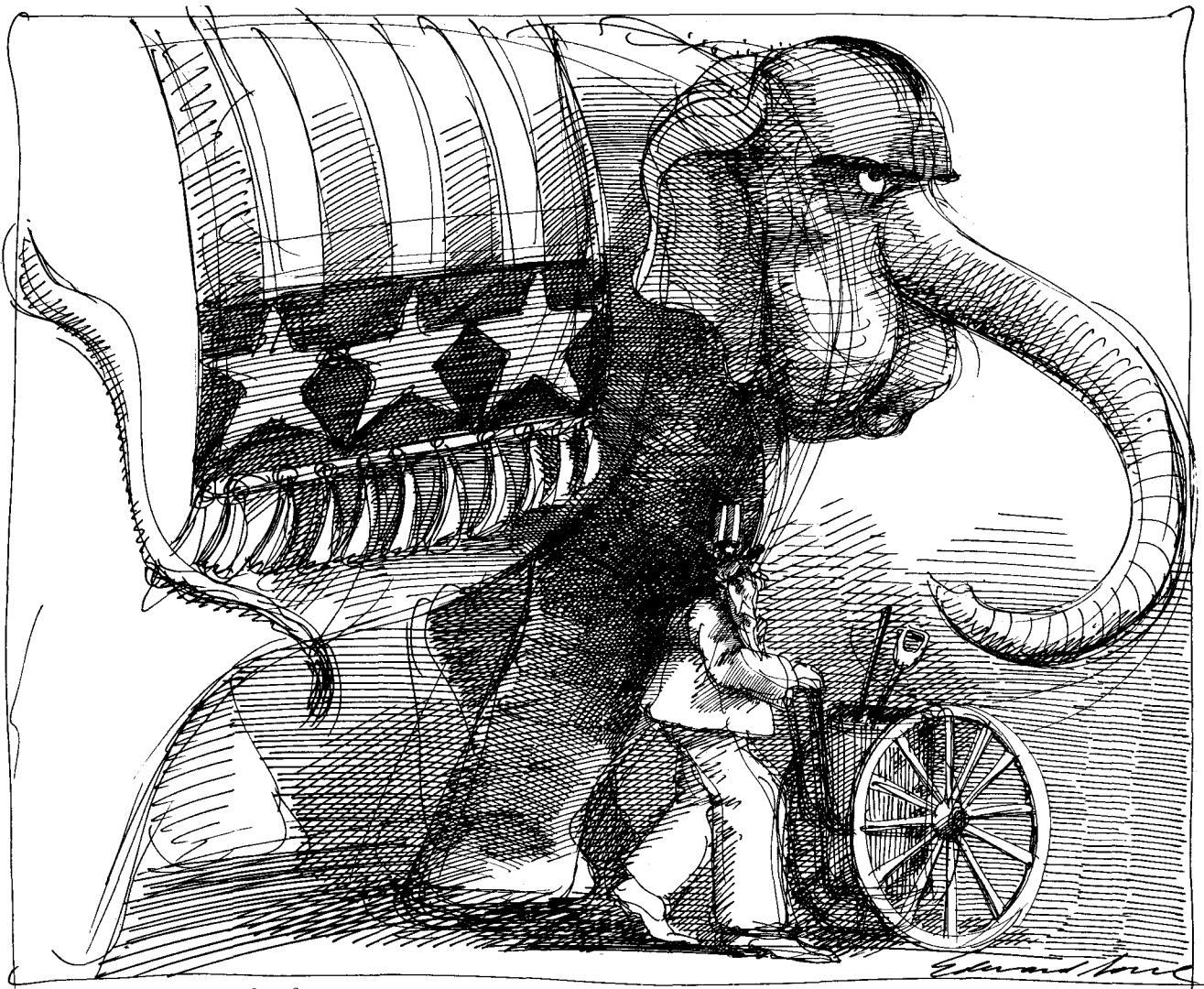
This year, the Attorney General, Richard Kleindienst, gamely goes ahead with his speech, despite the fact that President Nixon fired him yesterday. “Received and accepted the resignation” is how it is put officially. Some of Kleindienst's friends think it was an unkind cut that his dismissal occurred on the same day that the President discharged Ehrlichman, Haldeman, and Dean from their White House jobs. Kleindienst has not been publicly implicated in the Watergate affair.

Ehrlichman and Haldeman are almost alone in their troubles. They never had a political base. They seem not to have understood politicians—except perhaps the one who hired them—and in their protection of the President and assertion of his powers, they regularly gave politicians offense. Last Sunday, the *Washington Post* ran a front-page story headed, “Senate Won't Cry Over ‘Those Two.’” To Republican politicians, Haldeman and Ehrlichman are disposable. Some even believe that if they are disposed of, Watergate can be exorcised.

The President's assistants are now turning their manipulative skills, once channeled into furthering the cause of their leader, on each other. They used to fight for the king's ear. Now they are fighting for their own skins.

The Watergate story feeds on itself. The news and the events it is about are often part of the same process in Washington—the news is an event, affecting the next event, which is then in the news—but never, in memory, to this degree. Skills at reading between the lines of the newspapers to determine who is leaking, and doing, what to whom are put to the test as never before. Some stories are both leaked and denied by the same person, or his allies.

Following the President's speech last night, there is a pause now, a sort of collective catching of breath, to assess the situation. We have developed a habit of looking toward presidential speeches to



Who is doing what to whom?

define situations. Even when the definitions the President offers are very controversial, they let us know where things stand. But this one was elusive.

May 2. One of the most bizarre aspects of living through this time is the way in which seemingly diverse threads suddenly connect. As one reads the news, flashbacks recur. The connecting threads and flashbacks are at once confusing, and help to make it all of a piece. For example: preparing for an interview with Murray Chotiner . . . In the clippings about Chotiner's role in the milk fund case, there, astonishingly, is the name "Howard Hunt." Milk producers had raised funds for the President's reelection through some hundred-odd dummy committees, and then the Administration had raised the price support of milk. Chotiner, now a Washington lawyer, had helped to raise the money. One of the dummy committees, the clippings say, was headed by Howard Hunt.

Hunt, the White House "plumber," is one of the mesmerizing and unifying figures in this whole business. Once connected with the CIA, a participant in the Bay of Pigs invasion, Hunt is a charac-

ter out of his own adventure novels. Hunt's name in the address books of two of the men caught in the Watergate first linked the break-in to the White House. It was reported that Hunt, wearing a red wig, had gone out to Denver to see Dita Beard of ITT. The mind kept going back to that: a man on the White House payroll putting on a red wig and going across the country to see a sick, disgraced lobbyist. When Hunt's wife, Dorothy, was killed in a plane crash, \$10,000 in \$100 bills had been found in her purse. The \$100 bills found on the men in the Democratic headquarters, and traced, via Mexico, to campaign donors, symbolized the central elements in the whole affair: money, much of it given in exchange for, or hope of, government favors, and some of it used for espionage and sabotage against those considered dangerous to the Administration, including potential political opponents. Hunt and Gordon Liddy, a Watergate co-conspirator, had raided the files of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Material from Hunt's White House file, including a report on Chappaquiddick, had been given by Ehrlichman and Dean to Acting FBI Director Pat Gray to burn, which he did, thus compromising Gray. And now here, in the Chotiner clippings, was Howard Hunt, head of a milk fund.

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Through all of the details there is a stark simplicity. It comes down to two themes that have been shadows on Richard Nixon's political career: aggression against the opposition, and money. Thinking about Murray Chotiner put it in focus. Chotiner was there in the early, controversial Nixon campaigns against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas. The Chotiner theory of politics, he once explained, is that "if you do not deflate the opposition candidate before your own candidate gets started, the odds are you're doomed to defeat." When Nixon was under fire for "the Nixon fund" in 1952, Chotiner urged him to counterattack with "the Checkers speech." A dog and a cloth coat entered American political history. After Nixon became President, Chotiner worked in the White House for a while, through the 1970 mid-term elections. (Among the Democratic senators up for reelection were Edward Kennedy and Edmund Muskie.) It was said that Haldeman and Ehrlichman got Chotiner out of the White House in 1971 because they thought he might embarrass the President.

May 4. The bombing of Cambodia grows—about sixty B-52 strikes today.

May 5. At a cocktail party, word spreads that the next *Newsweek* will say that John Dean has information implicating the President in the Watergate cover-up. Dean has already been reported to have linked Haldeman and Ehrlichman to it. Dean is fighting for immunity from prosecution. His battle against his former colleagues—and now his boss—is one of the sub-dramas. How much information does Dean really have? Will he—should he—be believed?

Every once in a while, there is a shift in the way that the Watergate affair is perceived. Its proportions seem larger, and so do its implications. Suddenly, now there are conversations about the procedures for impeachment, and resignation. There is no precise reason for this shift; the atmospherics of Washington often defy rational explanation. But there is a sense that more is coming, and that no one knows where it will end. The concepts of "impeachment" or "resignation" suggest a resolution, a definition of what has happened. We seem to find it hard to live without definitions or resolutions.

May 6. The Sunday New York *Times* says John Dean told the FBI that the following items were found in Hunt's office: a "Colt revolver, one clip for the revolver, one holster, three shoulder harnesses, three belt harnesses, four rechargeable Bell and Howell batteries, one tear gas cannister, two

microphones in simulated Chapstick containers. Three antenna leads, four antennas, six jack wires, one shoulder harness with white lead wire and phone jack, three operating instructions for a Bell and Howell portable transmitter. There was also one copy of the book, 'The Pentagon Papers'; six brown envelopes containing classified material relating to the Pentagon Papers; one tan folder marked 'Ellsberg'; one tan folder marked 'Pentagon Papers'; one folder marked 'John Paul Vann'; folders marked 'Time and Pay Records,' which contained verification of hours worked at the White House, and a folder marked 'Press Contacts.' "

The *Times* reports that Hunt has told the federal grand jury that the CIA supplied some of the equipment.

Flashback: Richard Helms was replaced as Director of the CIA after the election; it was never very clear why.

May 7. Ordinarily, *Time* and *Newsweek* are read on Tuesdays, when the subscription copies arrive. But now, copies are bought as soon as they reach the newsstands on Monday morning. *Newsweek's* story about Dean is more carefully hedged than the weekend stories about it suggested.

Time reports that J. Edgar Hoover's files on official wiretaps disappeared from his office after he threatened to disclose their existence.

Hoover has gone through several retrospective permutations. His stubborn independence of political authority was trying to the Democrats when they were in power. It became a liberal truism that the FBI Director should be accountable to the political authorities. But perhaps there was more safety in the principle of an independent FBI Director than had been thought. Pat Gray was accountable.

The FBI is now a shambles. The factionalism into which it began to deteriorate in Hoover's last years threatens anyone who tries to succeed him, and could even destroy the agency itself. On one level, it is a set of bureaucratic battles of Hoover men against anti-Hoover men, and of agents in the field against those in Washington. On another level, it is a morality play: FBI agents, with information about the espionage and sabotage and cover-up, weighing their responsibilities to the bureaucracy, to the institution, to the Administration, and to the public. Motivated by both patriotism and petty rivalries, the FBI has become an important source of leaks to the press. Hoover men are believed to have provided information which sandbagged Pat Gray. An agency trained in obtaining sensitive information and double-dealing and blackmail is now, using these capacities, devouring itself.

Can we train people in the black arts and then control their practice of their craft?

Other items in this morning's New York *Times*:
"12 Million Found Inadequately Fed; Senate Study Notes Recent Rise in Food Prices" (page 14).

"Pentagon Plans \$100-Million Missile-Detection Radars Despite Success of Spy Satellite" (page 23).

Elliot Richardson, still serving as Secretary of Defense, defended the bombing in Cambodia before the Senate Appropriations Committee today. Norris Cotton, a New Hampshire Republican who has been a dependable Administration ally, gave Richardson a hard time. Cotton said the prisoners are back and the war is over. The issue of the bombing had frustrated opponents of the war. It was remote, and did not hurt Americans—except for an occasional pilot—and was hard to transform into a major issue. But now the bombing was being done without congressional authority, for unclear purposes. The logical extension is that a President could bomb any place, any time. Richardson says that even if the committee denies money for the bombing, the bombing will continue. Even Norris Cotton is disturbed.

Tonight the television news programs carry the White House denial of the *Newsweek* story about Dean. The way the networks handle it shows how much things have changed. At first, White House denials about the Watergate affair—a "third-rate burglary"—were taken pretty much at face value. When the President said last August that an investigation by John Dean had shown that "no one in the White House staff, no one in the Administration presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident," some time elapsed before questions were asked about the qualifying phrase, "presently employed." Tonight, something new happened. The denial was reported, and then its apparent loophole was immediately noted by the television correspondents. Within seconds, a presidential statement had been shredded before our eyes.

A friend from out of town gives a dinner for a French journalist at the Watergate. The building is now a landmark. Airline pilots include it, along with the Washington Monument and the Capitol, in their talks as they circle Washington. Taxi drivers point it out to tourists; some tourists are disappointed that they see nothing happening there, that it is not roped off. Watergate matchbooks and menus are prized souvenirs.

The French journalist asked what, exactly, "Watergate" is. His question underlined the problem of defining the issue. "Watergate" no longer stood for just the break-in and tapping of the Democratic headquarters, but it was still the word used to cover a number of real and alleged deeds. The issue had changed, but our language for it had not.

Some asked "Who did it?" as if we were still talking about a "third-rate burglary." We had no language to define precisely, and in fact we could not yet be sure, what "it" was. Some of the possibilities still sounded too dramatic, disturbing, hard to assimilate. A secret police force run out of the White House? The fixing of one party's nominating process by the other? Grand-scale selling of government decisions in exchange for campaign contributions? There was also, in talking about "it," the problem of drawing lines. Spying on the other party, trying to influence its primaries, arranging government benefits for contributors, wiretapping and gathering information on journalists and other troublemakers—all were known to have gone on before. Where were the lines between the disagreeable and the unacceptable? Should we have drawn them sooner?

May 8. Some of the stories contain startling irony. The *Washington Post* prints the text of Howard Hunt's grand jury testimony. Hunt says that, acting on instructions from Charles Colson, and drawing on his own CIA experience, he prepared phony cables linking the Kennedy Administration with the assassination of Diem. There were "technical problems," Hunt testified, referring perhaps unconsciously to a decisive moment in Richard Nixon's career, "because after the Alger Hiss case, everyone was typewriter-conscious."

Someone in touch with the White House staff reports that the mood there varies and that today it's cheerful. They think the case will blow over. There comes to mind the Graustarkian uniforms the White House guards wore for a while, until the laughter reached even the President's ears.

The Op-Ed page of the *Washington Post* has the following two columns, the first above the second: Joseph Kraft: "Restaffing the White House"; Victor Zorza: "The Power Shuffle at the Kremlin."

On the page behind that, a page often overlooked, there is, in a roundup of several items, the news that a Senate committee will vote to give the President authority to ration all forms of energy. (Not long ago, the "energy crisis" was on the front pages regularly.) The President is to be given another emergency power. At the same time, another Senate committee is studying the emergency powers he already has. They have found more than six hundred of them. Because we are still in the state of "national emergency" declared during the Korean War, the powers could be used by the President at any time. They include the power to send troops anywhere in the world, and to declare martial law anywhere in the United States.

The New York *Times* discloses that the Presi-

dent, "invoking national security, sought on at least two occasions within the last two weeks to prevent the release to the court of details of the burglary at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist."

The contest over Watergate between the *Times* and the *Post*, which has won the Pulitzer Prize for its coverage of the story, is watched as avidly as a football championship playoff. Reporters for other papers are under pressure from their editors to come up with exclusives about Watergate. It is a dangerous time for the journalists; some say that they are fed false stories by people seeking to set them up for discrediting.

May 9. Vice President Agnew has attacked the Washington *Post*. Ziegler announces the number of letters and telegrams of support that have been coming in. Immediately, the reporters ask if the White House sent any of them. Letters and telegrams of support have gone the way of body counts.

Egil Krogh, who recently resigned as Undersecretary of Transportation, is interviewed on the nightly news programs. Krogh had directed the work of "the plumbers." He says that Ehrlichman did not know that the CIA had been involved. He appears to be protecting his old friend, with whom he practiced law in Seattle, and for whom he worked at the White House.

In his first years at the White House, "Bud" Krogh was given to earnest conversations about where the country was headed. He expressed concern that the President's strong anti-crime and anti-Communist stances were divisive. But Krogh was also very impressed with Ehrlichman, and with the President. In 1970, he told me about accompanying the President in his predawn visit to students protesting the Cambodian invasion, to the Capitol, and then to the Mayflower Hotel for breakfast. At the Capitol, the President encountered a charwoman who asked him to sign her Bible. As he did so, the President said that his mother had been a saint. "You be a saint," the President said to the charwoman.

Now here is Krogh on his lawn, on television. He had done what he had been told to do. His resignation letter said that he had made an error in judgment, but that he had acted out of the "highest sense of right." On television, he says he wants to be part of the "healing process."

Today, Elliot Richardson told the members of the Senate Judiciary Committee to reject his nomination to be Attorney General if they question his integrity. Perhaps it is a ploy, or perhaps in his Brahmin pride he does not understand that his integrity is not the issue, or perhaps he does not

know that his integrity is nevertheless in question. His defense of Administration positions on busing and bombing had tarnished his reputation in the liberal-moderate constituency from which he had come, and which could decide his political future. Richardson had told the President that he did not want to be Attorney General, and now he is fighting for the job. He is caught in a struggle between the committee and the White House. It is possible that even if he wins, he loses. Watergate may destroy the reputation of anyone who gets near it.

There is a serious, built-in conflict of interest in the role of the Attorney General of the United States. He is to be at once the chief legal adviser to the President, and the chief enforcer of the laws of the land—simultaneously the President's lawyer and the people's lawyer. Unfortunately, these roles can conflict. Moreover, it has become the job to which Presidents have often appointed their closest political advisers. The Justice Department can gain access to highly important and sensitive information; its powers are particularly subject to political uses. In its enforcement of the laws, the Department, of necessity, administers selective justice. In making decisions about how to proceed on questions of civil rights, civil liberties, tax, antitrust, and criminal cases, the Department can have a profound effect on social and economic policy.

May 10. The Washington *Post* reports that Frank Wills, the guard who discovered the break-in at the Watergate, has hired a lawyer and is charging "honorariums" for interviews. A record company has agreed to pay Wills \$300 to put his picture on an album cover.

Why shouldn't Wills profit from this? Others will—especially the lawyers. Even the lawyers are getting lawyers.

John Mitchell, the former Attorney General, and Maurice Stans, the former Secretary of Commerce and Nixon fund-raiser, are indicted, along with financier Robert Vesco, for conspiracy to defraud the U.S. government and obstruction of justice. This may be just the first in a series of indictments for Mitchell. We had heard it was coming, but still there is shock, perhaps a healthy sign; we are not yet numb.

Flashback: My interview with Mitchell, early in the first term of the Nixon Administration. He sat there, unsmiling, looking at me through his narrow eyes, puffing his pipe and saying little. When I asked about campus disorders he talked about "subversives," and when I asked him about civil rights, he was impatient. "After all," he said, "we're not a social agency." Flashback: A Justice Department official from an earlier administration telling me in 1969 that what worried him most

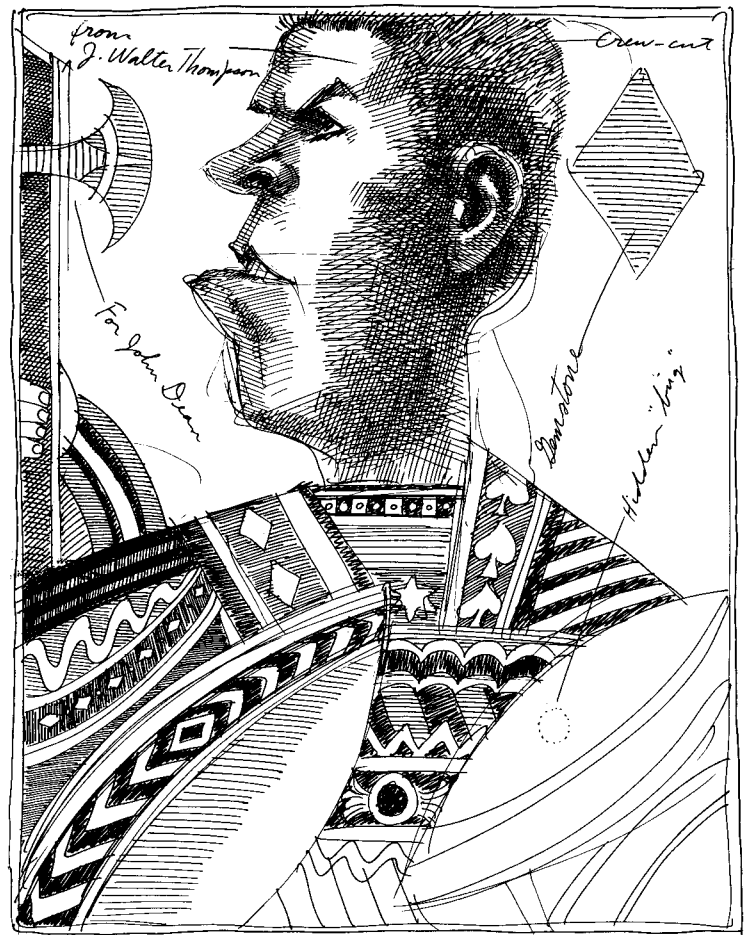
about the new group was that it might read the FBI reports, which lean to the conspiratorial view of things, and believe them. "If you believed the FBI," he said, "you would think that everything was being done from a phone booth in Cuba."

Other items on the nightly news programs:

The President has decided to drop the idea of a super-Cabinet. This is to be a signal that the President is ending the isolation which many say brought on Watergate. But will the President really be less reclusive? Can a man who has been lonely and suspicious for so long change now? And how, exactly, will he coordinate the workings of the various departments, with their overlapping and underlapping responsibilities? Or will he try? Through Haldeman and Ehrlichman the President had built a government within a government, and now that has collapsed.

The House of Representatives has voted to deny funds for the bombing in Cambodia. This is the House's first antiwar vote. The Senate has voted to limit the President's power to impound funds.

May 11. It is oddly like the time that the Pentagon Papers were being published in the newspapers almost two years ago. A careful reading of the morning papers can require an entire day. Today, there is a story about Charles Colson's interview with the FBI. Colson says he was told by Ehrlichman and Dean to keep quiet about the break-in of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Colson is one of the curious, elusive figures in this whole affair. We know that he brought Hunt to the White House and, according to Hunt, asked him to forge the Vietnam cables. Colson used to disavow knowing what Hunt did after he got to the White House. During his White House career, Colson was understood to be doing delicate political jobs. Colson achieved a certain fame for his memorandum stating that he would "walk over my grandmother, if necessary" to reelect Richard Nixon. Before the Watergate dam burst, Colson left the White House to establish law practice in Washington. As he settled into his new offices, he told an interviewer: "What I miss most is the opportunity to be with the President and talk with him every day." Lines like that would not hurt his legal practice. But Watergate would, and as it broke, Colson was busily paddling away from the scene. His law partners announced to the newspapers that Colson had passed a lie detector test about Watergate. In late April, the *Post* ran a story saying that Colson had warned the President last December that Mr. Nixon's staff was deeply involved in the bugging of the Watergate and the cover-up. The story was a classic of the Watergate genre. It cited "a Colson associate" as its source, and then said Colson denied the story, and then said that the "Colson as-



A government within a government . . .

sociate" had said that Colson would deny the story in order to protect (1) the President and (2) Colson.

Richardson is doing some paddling, too. He told the Senate Judiciary Committee yesterday, the papers report, that he felt "betrayed" by the "shoddy standards and morals displayed by people whose activities have recently come to light."

There has been another change in atmosphere. The question is being raised as to whether the President "can govern." It is being asked by many of the same people who were concerned, at the beginning of the year, that he was governing excessively. We are hooked, it seems, on the presidency. That wasn't the way it was supposed to work.

It is becoming fashionable to say that Congress is reasserting its powers. But its recent votes against the President have been less exercises in courage than instinctive reactions to his weakened position. The long-range effectiveness of the Congress is still in question.

The evening's news:

The Pentagon announces that the bombing of

Cambodia will continue, despite the action of the House.

The judge in the Ellsberg trial has dismissed the case. Ellsberg had been overheard in a wiretap of the phone of an aide to Henry Kissinger, and the government says it cannot find the records of the tap. That is the last straw for the judge, who says that the government's behavior "offended a sense of justice."

May 12. Pat Gray says that he told the President in July, 1972, that he was "confused" by the role of White House aides in the Watergate investigations, and that their actions might lead to trouble for Mr. Nixon.

May 13. The official confirmation that the telephones of reporters and White House aides have been tapped is more disturbing than might have been expected. For years, it had been assumed that reporters' and officials' wires were tapped, but the facts on this were never clear. Paranoia was fashionable, and the assumption that one was tapped was a mark of self-esteem. It was considered amusing, in the course of telephone conversations, to say something to the (presumably) phantom wiretapper. Even now, some reporters are envious of those who have been named as having been tapped. Yet, the transfer from fantasy to reality is difficult. Abstract invasions of privacy are easier to live with than real ones. The outer borders of fantasy expand as reality begins to fill them in. Strange phone calls are given more afterthought than usual. One thinks again about the time one's office was broken into.

May 14. *Newsweek* reports that Dean has said that the President never asked him for a report on Watergate, and he never wrote one.

William Ruckelshaus, the Acting FBI Director, announces to a press conference that missing wiretap logs have been found in John Ehrlichman's safe. Ruckelshaus says that he and FBI agents had practically to "arm wrestle" with the Secret Service to get the wiretap files. Ruckelshaus ends his press conference with the comment, "My departure may be more rapid than you think." The press likes him, and the line goes over well. The press has become a kind of moral arbiter in this whole affair. Those who have cultivated and have been accessible to the press are faring better than those who have not. It is as if there were some sort of equation between accessibility and morality.

Some reporters are having difficulty accepting that Kissinger knew that his own staff members were being tapped, and that he read logs of what was said. Kissinger has been especially successful

at cultivating reporters, and he has been treated well in the press. Now that he is in trouble, reporters are calling Kissinger and Kissinger is calling reporters and the reporters are calling each other to compare notes about what he said to each of them. They say stories sometimes vary.

The stock market went down eighteen points today. The price of gold went up to over \$100 an ounce, for the first time in history.

May 15. Senator Symington reveals that Richard Helms and his deputy attended a meeting at which Haldeman asked them to ask the FBI to call off its investigation. Symington says that there was continuing pressure on the CIA by the White House to assist in the cover-up.

Symington commends Helms's behavior, because Helms permitted only limited cooperation. Now that the affair has reached beyond Nixon men to people such as Helms and Kissinger, men with whom senators like Symington more readily identify, the senators are troubled.

Some questions will not go away: Why did Helms and Kissinger not raise more objections, or leave? Both men are said to have believed that they would be replaced by people who would have gone along with worse things. They may be correct. But what if they had spoken out? What would any of us have done?

Ruckelshaus withdraws his comment about "arm wrestling" with the Secret Service. He said he had engaged in "hyperbole."

The Senate Appropriations Committee, in an unprecedented action, has voted 24-0 to cut off all funds for bombing Cambodia and Laos.

May 16. The *Times* reports that "the only report that President Nixon received last year on possible staff involvement in the Watergate break-in was an informal report from John D. Ehrlichman." The *Times* also reports that the President authorized the wiretapping of more than a dozen subordinates on the National Security Council and in the Pentagon beginning in 1969. The tapping was undertaken after word "leaked" to the press that B-52's were bombing inside Cambodia. It is not clear why this disclosure was considered a threat to national security. The Cambodians must have been aware of the bombing.

At the White House, Leonard Garment briefs the press about the President's proposal for a commission to study the reform of election procedures. (The commission can have a Republican majority.) It is hard to believe that the White House believes

that it can achieve very much by playing this old record. But the President and his aides also thought that John Connally could join the White House without relinquishing his law practice. Connally clientele did substantial business with the government. The White House also suggested to Richardson some candidates for the role of special prosecutor. Yesterday afternoon, Ziegler called in the officers of the White House Correspondents Association. He told them that the President had been reading the transcripts of the White House briefings, and was very concerned about the impression of evasiveness they gave. What, asked Ziegler, could the White House do? "Come clean," replied the reporters.

Today, Ziegler's face seems puffed. Before, when Ziegler had been nonresponsive and uninformative, the reporters didn't like it, but they did not blame him. Most of the time, the role-playing went on—the reporters asking questions, Ziegler giving nonanswers—with a kind of good-humored acceptance that this was the way it was. But now the reporters feel that they have been had. Their pent-up frustration at being un-, and mis-, informed is let out. They shout questions at Ziegler, and Ziegler strains to answer in his convoluted style. ("The information that we referred to was based on the understanding that an investigation had taken place and no one was involved.") From time to time he ventures a smile and a gee-fellas-this-is-a-game-and-we're-all-in-it-together-I'm-your-old-buddy-Ron shrug, but the reporters can no longer be humored. "Ron, it's your credibility that's in question now," one says. He never would have said that before.

In the *Washington Evening Star-News*, Betty Beale, the social columnist, reports that "diplomats are not the only people in Washington appalled at efforts to fault Henry Kissinger for the wiretaps that followed national security leaks."

Watergate is causing serious problems in the preparation of the next edition of the Green Book, Washington's social register.

At dinner, someone says that Washington needs a baseball team to take its mind off Watergate.

May 17. A lovely spring morning, exactly eleven months after the break-in at the Watergate. The Ervin hearings begin.

Ervin is the lion of Washington now. He seems to enjoy his celebrity. Ervin's reputation as a "great constitutional lawyer" is in part a matter of relativity—he has shown more interest in constitutional issues than many of his Senate colleagues—and in part a result of his habit of referring to the lawbooks during lengthy speeches opposing civil

rights measures. His Southern colleagues referred to him as the "great constitutional lawyer"—"I yield now to the great constitutional lawyer from North Carolina," they would say—and the term stuck. Ervin is a bit of a primitive; his uncluttered mind focuses on basic points. His constitutional conservatism led him to oppose civil rights, but also infringement of civil liberties, threats to the press, and executive encroachments on the prerogatives of the Congress. To his liberal colleagues, he was the perfect person to head an investigation of Watergate. They are probably right.

The Ervin hearings do not displace concurrent events concerning Watergate. "The Watergate bugging and the break-in into the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist," Bernstein and Woodward write in this morning's *Post*, "were part of an elaborate, continuous campaign of illegal and quasi-legal undercover operations conducted by the Nixon administration since 1969, according to highly placed sources." Earlier events, such as the stonings of Mr. Nixon at San Jose, California, and Burlington, Vermont, in 1970, are reconsidered. Which events had been real or staged? How many "demonstrators" who appeared on our television screens were undercover agents, wearing perhaps drip-dry, zip-up hippie suits, and borrowed wigs?

Reporters are advised to get to the Senate caucus room by 8:00 A.M. to secure their seats for the Ervin hearings. It is, like the opening day of Congress, one of Washington's see-and-be-seen scenes. *Women's Wear Daily* is there. The senators who serve on the Ervin committee enter the room just before 10:00 A.M. There is an unwritten rule that a politician must exploit an opportunity without appearing to be an opportunist. Lowell Weicker, relatively new at the business, has on occasion verged on breaking the rule. Howard Baker is more careful. (Flashback: The day the "Baker" buttons appeared, for a brief vice-presidential boomlet, at the 1968 Republican convention which nominated Richard Nixon.) The Democrats were chosen deliberately for their unlikely national prospects.

Dining at a restaurant with another reporter. A Cabinet officer materializes and seats himself at the table. After some pleasantries, he says: "I wonder if there are some other wiretap logs. Why would the taps have ended in February, 1971? Good-bye." And he is gone.

May 18. James McCord, today's star witness, does not disappoint the audience. His tale, told in his strange, high-pitched voice—of offers of executive clemency, of a note left in a mailbox, of instructions to go to the phone booth near the Blue Fountain Inn on Route 355, of a call from an un-

identified voice, of threats—electrifies the hearing room. Even the reporters are gaping, as they struggle to take down McCord's words. There is a propensity to believe him. McCord would do nicely as the bad guy gone straight. The press has a weakness for whistle-blowers.

Scandals need symbols. As McCord spoke of the telephone booth near the Blue Fountain Inn, one had a mental picture of photographers racing toward it. Even his description of an event as familiar as the Watergate break-in, with "surgical gloves," gave it new drama. People here used to wonder why the cash found in the shoe box of the late Illinois secretary of state Paul Powell had captured the imagination, while ITT, the milk case, "the wheat deal," and widespread flouting of campaign finance laws did not. These appeared to be at least as serious as accepting a vicuña coat, or a deep-freeze. But then the Watergate symbols materialized. There were the \$100 bills. Suitcases. The Washington *Post* editorials, trying to keep the subject alive, began to talk about \$100 bills "stashed" or "stuffed" in suitcases. Mexican laundry. Surgical gloves. It was not that Howard Hunt went to see Dita Beard; it was that Howard Hunt, wearing a red wig, went to see Dita Beard. Typewriters. Pumpkin papers. Pentagon Papers. Gemstone.

The politicians are nervous now that the spreading flood of Watergate will wash up over all of them. The taint of money in politics threatens the entire profession. The politicians fear a wave of anti-politics. Many Republicans are particularly eager to dissociate themselves from Watergate. Barry Goldwater's criticism of the White House bespoke deep-seated unease on Capitol Hill, and was a blow to Mr. Nixon.

Richardson's choice of Archibald Cox as special prosecutor is a nice finesse. Cox was Solicitor General under Attorney General Robert Kennedy, and so Edward Kennedy and his allies on the Judiciary Committee are now neutralized.

May 20. The General Accounting Office reports that Herbert Kalmbach, the President's lawyer, raised at least \$210,000 last summer for the Watergate defendants or their attorneys.

Now John Mitchell has taken to the telephone. He has told Helen Thomas of UPI, his wife's phone-pal, that he will not be the "fall guy." Said the former Attorney General: "I've never stolen any money. The only thing I did was to try to get the President reelected. I never did anything mentally or morally wrong."

No facts have yet linked the President with either Watergate or the cover-up, but it seems that a kind of web, not at all made of tightly knit evi-

dence, is closing around the President. Therefore, it is a matter of whether one believes that he knew, or that his highest aides spun a fantastic conspiracy without his knowledge. This is one central question, and it is as yet unanswered. Perhaps it never will be. The question floats above the facts. The facts are down there around calls from telephone booths, and missing files. A lot of people are waiting for some fact, or piece of testimony, that will topple the President. But that may never happen. It may end in ambiguity.

A conclusion may ride on the interplay of a few characters: Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell, perhaps others. Will one of the people around the President, who have been turning on each other, turn on him? Do they have anything to turn on him with? Does it matter?

There are those who say that what is happening is that the "Goldwater faction" of the party, or the "Ray Bliss [a former party chairman] faction," is fighting the "White House faction." (You see, Goldwater's friend, Kleindienst, was ousted.) What White House faction? It is said that one has to understand whether John Caulfield is a "Mitchell man" or a "Dean man." A month ago, *Dean* was a "Mitchell man." The scorecards keep obsolescing. Perhaps scorecards are irrelevant.

Some people say that we mustn't lose perspective. Our politics, they argue, are still very honest compared to those of Latin America. This is an odd, and novel, standard.

May 21. Julie Nixon Eisenhower is reported in the morning papers as having said that her father would not resign. Said Mrs. Eisenhower: "I don't think he'd ever bug out, so to speak."

The *Times* reports that the White House established a secret intelligence unit in 1970.

May 22. Symington has disclosed that a White House aide drafted a broad plan of domestic espionage in the summer of 1970, but J. Edgar Hoover raised "strong objections," and the plan was not implemented.

The Ervin hearings are beginning to backwards reel. McCord to Caulfield to Ulasewicz to Alch. A minor figure we have not heard of before is suddenly a *deus ex machina*. As each new figure surfaces, the intricacies of his relationships to other figures and events are examined in the hearings and the newspapers. It is taking on the characteristics of a Russian novel, requiring frequent reference to a list of the names and identities of the characters. Daniel Schorr carries a notebook containing 26 pages of names. Stories about Caulfield

take us back to earlier controversies surrounding C. Arnholt Smith, a San Diego businessman and a friend and financial supporter of Mr. Nixon. The human mind cannot make all of the connections. The Ervin committee is planning to computerize its information.

May 23. The President's astonishing 4000-word statement of explanation must have been issued in anticipation of further damage. (The Pentagon has a term for this sort of thing—"protective reaction.") The statement leaves the President open to further attack for both what it does and does not say. It is a fascinating document, worthy of lengthy study and exegesis. Now the President has confirmed that there were wiretaps; that an internal security plan—to include break-ins—had been drawn up by the White House but blocked by Hoover; that the White House had established its own "special investigations unit . . . to plug leaks of vital security information." He says that there may have been some covering up of Watergate by his aides, and that "unethical, as well as illegal activities" took place in the campaign. The statement raises two important questions. One, to which we may never know the answer, is how much the President believes of what he says about the many threats to national security. The other, which will be answered in time, is how far he might seek to carry the "national security" issue.

The issue has almost limitless possibilities. The "national security" threat could be attached to all manner of real and imagined enemies. Candidates: bureaucrats who leak information and journalists who print it; doves; demonstrators. "Elitists"? The media? "Soft-headed judges"? If there is a witch-hunt, how many will go along?

May 24. At the hairdresser's, a young lady is having her hair combed into a formal, upswept style. She is a schoolteacher from Chicago, and has flown to Washington at government expense to attend, with her boyfriend, tonight's party at the White House for the POW's.

At the White House briefing, Gerald Warren, the deputy press secretary, says that "we feel that we are in very good shape" on staffing the Administration. Warren explains the difference between "vacancies" and "unannounceds." He concedes that "we are a little behind" on ambassadorships. There is now a problem in awarding ambassadorships to contributors, and some wealthy would-be "Excellencies" are out of luck. One change, as a result of Watergate, in the way things are done.

There is no way of knowing now whether all of this will lead to real reform, or to greater apathy and cynicism and danger. To think about where



"The only thing I did was to try to get the President reelected."

we might be going, we have to consider where we have been. Last October, a wise and cool-headed man suggested at lunch one day that perhaps we were about to have the last election. "If I wanted to take over the country," he said, "I would checkmate every institution that could check me. I would intimidate the press, emasculate the Congress, subvert the system of justice, stifle the independence of the bureaucracy, and use a covert apparatus to inform on my opponents." The point is not whether my friend's prescription fitted what was happening. The point is that the atmosphere was such that level-headed people considered that possibility. We have had some disturbing insights into the uses to which power can be put. We have had to readjust old assumptions about what can and cannot happen here.

There is a lot of brave talk now about how Watergate shows that the institutions—the courts, the Congress, the press, the bureaucracy—stood up to great dangers. But they almost didn't, and only small proportions of them did. Moreover, a number of practices which Watergate threw into focus have been accepted for a long time. It was not news that money buys access and government decisions; that there are enormous powers available to

a chief executive who chooses to use them; that decisions that affect our fortunes and our freedom can be made in secrecy by people whom we cannot hold accountable.

Bernard Barker tells the Ervin committee that in breaking into the Democratic headquarters, "I was not there to think. . . . In a paramilitary operation, you don't question the orders of your superiors."

The nightly news programs show the President telling cheering POW's that it is time "to quit making national heroes out of those who steal secrets and publish them in the newspapers."

May 27. When the *Santa Ana Register* said a few days ago that the Nixon house in San Clemente had been purchased with campaign funds, the theory went around that the story was the work of a department of dis-information. It was, some thought, a successful planting of an incorrect story in order to discredit the press. It seemed inconceivable that we would come full circle on the matter of private gifts. Ron Ziegler said the story was a "total fabrication." Now the White House is explaining how Robert Abplanalp, perfecter of the aerosol spray valve, helped the Nixons buy the house. The White House will not say who else might have joined Abplanalp in the venture. The story lacks the shock it might have if Abplanalp were in, say, oil, instead of aerosol spray, or if he were a controversial figure. He is obscure, known mainly for his Grand Cay island retreat where the President seeks isolation. The story is a nuisance, threatening to confuse the issue. It had been a truism of Watergate that such a banal matter as private gain was not involved. Have we come back to the cloth coat?

May 28. It is the third rainy day of this Memorial Day weekend. Most of the politicians are out of town. There is mercifully little in the papers about Watergate, except for the columnists wrestling over Henry Kissinger's soul. General Alexander Haig has been calling journalists to say that Kissinger is a national asset, and that if there are too many critical stories, Kissinger might leave the government. Unattributed stories are beginning to appear which say that certain former Kissinger aides had to be "eased out" as a result of what was heard in the wiretaps of their phones. Some former Kissinger aides are considering a suit against the government. The taps were conducted under a doctrine, announced by Attorney General Mitchell, that the government could wiretap, with-

out obtaining a court order, those who constituted a domestic threat to national security. The Burger Court overruled him, 8-0, in June, 1972. The President's statement of a few days ago insists that the taps were "legal at the time." There is some debate over whether a policy pronounced legal by the Attorney General, later found illegal by the courts, was ever legal.

There has been another atmospheric shift which may not have anything to do with reality. Conversations now center on the question of who will be the Republican leaders to go to the President and tell him that he must resign.

The *Evening Star-News*' banner headline is that Washington will get a baseball team: the San Diego Padres, owned by C. Arnholt Smith. They won't take many minds off Watergate.

May 29. It promises to be a quieter week than recent ones. The Ervin committee hearings are in recess. The President is in town for the day. Tomorrow he goes to Iceland, to meet with French President Pompidou. William Rogers, the Secretary of State, is back from Latin America. Congressional leaders are to be briefed on these world events, and on Kissinger's recent meetings in Paris. It is as if we were in a time capsule, almost as if nothing had happened.

May 30. Ziegler says it would be "constitutionally inappropriate" for the President to testify before federal prosecutors. "It would," he said, "do violence to the separation of powers."

May 31. The Senate votes 63-19 to withhold funds for bombing in Cambodia and Laos.

The Associated Press reports that Robert Abplanalp received a federal bank charter after he bought the land for the Nixons in San Clemente.

The Securities and Exchange Commission is suing C. Arnholt Smith for fraud.

John Ehrlichman's testimony about his role in trying to involve the CIA in the cover-up impugns both the CIA and the President. Ehrlichman's statement suggests that everything is indeed doubling back on itself. The President, he says, wondered whether CIA officials were covering up for subordinates.

Said Ehrlichman, "The President said substantially: A man makes a grave mistake in covering up for subordinates. That was President Truman's error in the Hiss case when he instructed the FBI not to cooperate." □

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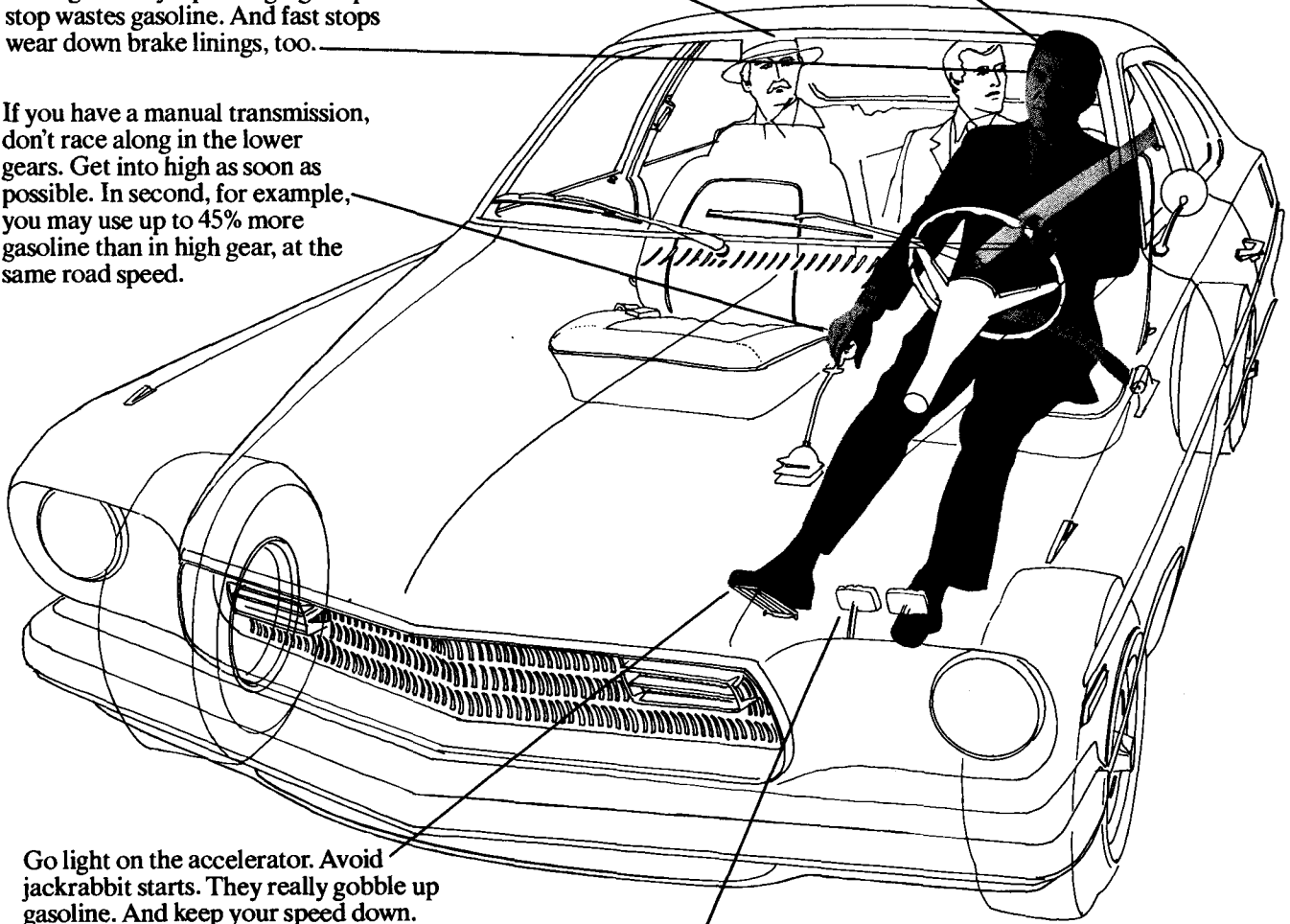
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NIETZSCHE WOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT DART PLAYER

by Steven Warner

"DARTS, a predominantly British game played by throwing darts at a circular numbered board. The board is divided by thin wires into 20 sectors, valued at points ranging from 1 to 20. A narrow outer ring running through all sectors doubles the value of the sector for the dart thrown into that part of the sector and a narrow inner ring triples it, while the bull's eye itself has a small outer ring worth 25 points, the inner circle worth 50 points. Throwing is free style from 8 to 9 feet away, with the center of the board 5 feet 8 inches from the ground.

"Each player has three darts. . . . The usual game is to start with any double score (dart thrown into the double ring) and then subtract this and subsequent scores from 301. The winner must reach exactly zero with a final double. . . ."

—Encyclopaedia Britannica

The eleven o'clock news has come and gone. Bill O'Neil's wife and two boys are sleeping. Rufus is lying on the second step from the top of the stairs. Bill drinks a bit from his can of Schlitz, then returns to his dart throwing. The basement is quiet except for the radio and the soft thuds of the darts hitting the board. Occasionally a dart bounces onto the floor or glances off one of the steel wires with a brief, metallic click. He practices for an hour or so each night depending on his mood, how the darts fall, and how the beer tastes. A quarter of a million darts come off Bill's hand each year and he walks two hundred miles in retrieving the darts and returning to the line.

Three hundred thousand dart boards are sold

annually in America and the number of true aficionados, like Bill O'Neil, doubles every year. There are booming dart cultures—dart bars, dart leagues, and a few hundred serious dart throwers—in every major American city. A new dart club in Washington, D.C., has five hundred members and the Culver City Open Dart Tournament held in California in August of 1972 drew nearly a thousand entrants.

Bill has been called "The Big Dart from Pittsburgh" because he throws darts well and he's originally from Pittsburgh. When he started, he averaged 35 points per round. Now he's averaging 60 or more, frequently throws a "ton"—a round of 100 or more points—and can put a dart into a fifty-cent-piece area every time.

Bill finishes the beer, then goes up the stairs, steps awkwardly over Rufus, crosses the kitchen, and takes another beer from the refrigerator. He pops it open downstairs, drinks a little, wipes the edge of his Buffalo Bill moustache, and continues his throwing.

The most common game of darts, the game of 301, is a simple thing. Essentially it's putting a metal point into a quarter-inch ring from eight feet away. Each player starts with 301 points, then subtracts the score of his three-dart round. He must start on a double, and must finish on a double worth exactly the number of points remaining.

Bill stands at the line like a fencer, his hand out in front at eye level, the dart cradled between his thumb and first two fingers. His hand comes back to near his nose, then with incredible smoothness stretches out to full length. Somewhere along the

way, his fingers have opened and the free dart has jumped to the board.

On Sunday, The Big Dart from Pittsburgh is competing against the best throwers in the country. Coming up is the Cleveland Darters Club's Second Annual National Dart Open with \$3000 in prizes and trophies that will attract dart players from all across America. Right now Bill is doing his best not to think about Sunday. The darts come gently off his hand, almost as if he has told them what he wants done and then given them a soft push toward the board. He walks for the darts he has thrown, then returns to throw them again. In a silky motion, his right arm releases the dart. His arm arches, the second dart arches to the board. His arm arches again.

The tournament officially starts at noon on Saturday with the four-man team event, but for many it all begins on Friday night at the Harbor Inn. Until a few years ago, the Inn was just another bar in the Flats down by the Cuyahoga River. Then a dart board was put up on one of its walls, and suddenly it became the unofficial center of Cleveland's dart culture. The place is crowded when there are sixty people in it but by 10:30 Friday night, at least 150 bodies are around the four dart boards, bowling machines, and bar. The juke box is loud, the bartenders are being overrun, and the out-of-town darters keep coming.

Each board has people two deep waiting to throw the winners. At the end of each game there's an exchange of paper money. Most are being played for a beer and a buck, with the games on the far board going for five.

I'm not impressed by what's being thrown. One man lets fly with his darts as if he were throwing a Bowie knife. Another has a hard time subtracting his score, makes mistakes, and loses at least two games because of it.

Somebody taps my arm and points to the side. I look over and there's Tex, an older man with a gaunt face and haunted eyes. He's wearing cowboy boots, a cowboy hat with the Culver City Open dart patch on the front, a cowboy shirt with roses on the pockets and a longhorn steer on the back, and a gun belt with a holster full of darts. I talk to him and he shouts above the juke box that he's out of Philadelphia, that he has so much fun at these national dart tournaments that he's never going to miss one again as long as he lives, that he has three different sets of darts in his holster, and that he once beat an Englishman at his own game.

When Tex gets his chance on one of the boards, I expect him to throw poorly. I'm wrong. I notice that he uses cheap, old-fashioned wooden darts

and that the winners on two other boards are also using the woodies. Wooden darts are the sign that the players from Philadelphia have arrived. Philly dart throwers are the best in the country and before long they're dominating all the boards. They use the half-ounce wooden darts because the game of "baseball" that's popular in their city is played on a soft wooden board that would be shredded quickly if heavier brass darts were used.

Bob from Dayton and the man with the moustache from Chicago and Omar Sharif from Jersey and the dart throwers out of Connecticut are beaten and sit down. A well-dressed, moneyed man from Jersey who's being watched by his wife in her evening dress holds off the Philadelphians for a few games, but then he too sits down.

There's a steady evolution among the Philadelphia players. The good throwers are being replaced by even better ones. Tex plays for a while, then goes to the bar.

At the board closest to me, two Philly men in double-breasted blue blazers step up to play a partners match. They are older than the average dart player and both have odd throwing styles. One draws his hand across the front of his body before he throws as if he were petting a pony. Then he cocks his head to the side, points the feathers of his dart at the spot he wants to hit, and snaps his wrist. The other man, a giant redhead, throws his darts out from under his chin. When he's not throwing, he has a strange habit of rolling his eyes and sticking out his tongue until it seems as though it's going to touch the bottom of his chin. A record ends while he's talking to someone, and his loud, indecipherable Irish brogue turns a few heads.

The accuracy of these two guys is like nothing I've ever seen. They're scoring 100 or more points on every other round. They're putting their darts into an area the size of a quarter. They're taking the best that Bill O'Neil can throw and routinely doubling it.

I'm still in awe when two other Philadelphians come up and beat them. One is a small man with missing teeth, a paunch, and tattooed arms. His name is Fred Birdsteker and he throws darts the way Paul Newman smiles, the way Bobby Fischer plays the Ruy Lopez, the way Willie Mays used to catch fly balls. His hand opens up like a flower when he releases the dart and he's putting dart after dart into an area the size of a dime.

Bob from Dayton, a veteran of national tournaments, is sitting across from me. I lean over and say, "Holy shit." Bob's eyes are bloodshot and he looks tired. He says, "Wait until you see the good ones."

Sunday morning is unseasonably gorgeous for early April in Cleveland. I drive to the tournament with the windows open and the warm sun flowing through the car. It's almost obscene to spend the

Steven Warner's "A Conscientious Objector at Parris Island" appeared in the June, 1972, *Atlantic*.

day inside a beer hall throwing darts. I park and follow a girl wearing tight white bell-bottoms and a midriff blouse into the hall. A moustached darter from California is standing in the doorway holding a can of Budweiser. "Good morning, Foxy Lady," he says to the white bell-bottoms.

Last year's tournament was held in the grand ballroom of the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel. This year the Cleveland Darters Club couldn't afford the Sheraton, so the tournament is being played in the "Croatian Hall" on the far east side of the city.

The hall has a wooden floor, a stage in the front with steep steps leading up to it, fifteen dart boards along the walls, and tables and chairs in the middle. Each board has its own tensor lamp and a line taped eight feet in front of it. A giant sign on the side of the stage says: POSITIVELY NO DRINKING OR SMOKING IN THE BALLROOM. The air is already thick with cigarette smoke and there are dozens of empty beer bottles on the tables.

The singles tournament was scheduled for 11:00 A.M., but it's obviously going to be late starting. Many people are leisurely reading the Sunday newspaper over their second bottle of beer.

The bar and food stands are in the basement along with eight more dart boards. I draw a beer and find The Big Dart from Pittsburgh wearing his number 30 football jersey, throwing on one of the boards in a corner of the basement. We talk about the sun, drink a couple of beers, and throw some practice for about an hour.

By 12:30, 140 dart throwers and their followers are waiting for their matches. Only two dozen entrants are from Cleveland. The rest are from every part of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, Indiana, New Jersey, Missouri, Vermont, New Hampshire, California, Maine, Connecticut, Windsor, Ontario, Detroit, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, Greenville, South Carolina, Cincinnati, Akron, Terre Haute, Toronto, and Port Dover.

Tex, in his badly wrinkled cowboy suit, is throwing for money on one of the upstairs boards. There are many dart shirts: Maribitos Lounge, Flights of Cleveland, Emerson Press, "Critters," The Golden Mule. There's a man standing on a corner of the stage who's been reincarnated from the 1950s: Levi jacket with the collar pulled up, black T-shirt, motorcycle boots. And there are lots of women sprinkled through the crowd.

Every conceivable type of dart, from eleven-gram needles to ones four times that heavy and as thick as a thumb, is being used. There are shafts with two and a half inches of feathers on them, shafts with paper flights, and gossamer spindle shafts, which are long thin pieces of wood with just a tuft of feather on the end; chrome-barreled darts, black-barreled darts, and the wooden ones

from Philadelphia. On a nearby table there's a set of elaborately decorated wooden darts. One of them has "Thunder" written on the side of it and is covered with a red and green rainbow. "Excalibur" has a rose and a purple arrow on it. "Retribution" is covered with green vines and pink flowers.

The Public Address system announces the first matches. I'm playing in the basement against a guy from St. Louis. He's silent and grim as we warm up, and looks nervous. He brought along his wife and two brothers, probably drove all night to be here, and will drive all night to get to work in the morning. A win or loss in this match won't change either of our lives very much, but this guy wants to win bad. And I wouldn't mind winning either.

I play all right but he plays much better, shows amazing grace under pressure, and beats me two games to none. He smiles for the first time. Not really looking at him as I shake his hand, I say, "Good darts—hope you win a lot more," and we go our separate ways.

I draw a beer and am soliloquizing about humanistic values versus winning when I hear O'Neil's name and assigned board. Bill's lucky. His first-round match is against a Clevelander named Ray who's a good dart thrower, but not a serious threat in a national tourney. Their game is on a board set up near the stage steps where people are constantly stumbling up and down.

Before they start, there's much smiling and pseudo-cordiality between Bill and Ray. In the first game, Bill gets his opening double first, scores slightly more per round and wins on a double-12 shot. In the second game, both throw less than outstanding darts, but Bill scores an 80 to set up a winning double and then hits it. "Just six more matches, Bill," I say to him.

On a nearby board is a grandfather escorted by his two grown daughters and a slew of grandchildren. The grandfather is poised, very gracious, and has a delicate throwing style, but he's not in the same league as his Philadelphia opponent and he loses quickly. With a sad smile, the old man picks up his things and he and his family walk out into the sunlight.

I watch a skinny man with glasses and a blue and white "Jane's Lunch" jersey. He has almost no form, doesn't throw two consecutive darts the same way, and seems to be totally drunk. Still, he wins his match, and when it dawns on him that he has, he stomps on the wooden floor and chants a high school fight chant. "And we will win." STOMP-STOMP-STOMP-STOMP. "And we will fight." STOMP-STOMP-STOMP-STOMP. "And we will win . . ." A friend stops him and leads him to a table, where he picks up a plastic cup of something, tries to drink it down without using his hands, and splashes it onto the floor.

The PA announces that Bob Thiede is to throw Sam Bauer, Sr., on the center board in the basement. To dart throwers, the name "Thiede" has the same effect as "Unitas" or "Jabbar" or "Nicklaus" has in other sports.

Thiede, from New Jersey, has been a dart thrower for ten of his thirty years and has won many tournaments. For a long time he was the best dart in America, but he's been in a slump for the past year or so. In last year's Cleveland Open, Thiede came in second.

Sam Bauer, Sr., is the reigning Ohio champion. I happen to think there are a few dart players in Ohio better than he is, but Sam won the title in a state tournament held in this hall last October.

A quarter of the people at the tournament have come down to watch this match. Thiede uses light darts and has an easy, classic style something like Bill O'Neil's. Bauer sways back and forth as he throws and uses thick darts that thud heavily into the board.

The first game is a good, close one. Thiede sips on Budweiser between each of his rounds. When he has a double 8 left for the win, he stops and lights a cigarette. I am standing close by and can see that his hand is trembling slightly. He goes to the line, pauses, then throws a perfect winning dart.

In the second game, neither opens on his first round. Thiede opens on the second round with a ton and some. He adds another ton on the next round while Bauer sways and flays away, trying to hit an opening double. Thiede has 51 points left when Bauer finally gets on with 269 points left to go. Thiede hits a 19 to leave him 32 or double 16 for the win. He hits a 16 to leave him double 8. He hits the double 8 for the win and the match. I think it was a twelve-dart game.

I go upstairs and talk with a friend who had sessions with a hypnotherapist the week preceding the tournament and used self-hypnosis just before and during his matches. He won one match, lost the next. The hypnosis helped him stay loose and concentrate, but he says it took a lot of the fun out of the game. He's right. The game of darts really is camaraderie, atmosphere, unforgettable images, a bringing together of all the solitary hours men spend practicing. It's not the winning or the money. First place in the singles pays \$700, second place is \$200. First place in the doubles is just \$250 per man. You'd have to be more than a little crazy to travel across America just for the chance to win that kind of money.

The second-round matches are well under way. The Croatian Hall is becoming a blur of hot dogs, bottles of beer being raised, and meaningless smiles to strangers. Someone falls down the stage steps. The Foxy Lady is sitting on someone's leg. The moneyed man from Jersey is

off to the side lecturing his wife, who will be throwing in the women's tournament. "Bear down now, bear down. I'm tired of excuses. You can win if you bear down." And everywhere there's the incessant talk about scores and the games of the day and the games of the past.

Bill's second match is against one of the roundest men in the world. Frank—five feet ten, 250 pounds—has feathers sticking out of his fist as if he had reached up and caught a bird. Those feathers are attached to wooden darts.

The two warm up silently with the rest of the tournament loud around them. They start and Frank wins the first game easily: Bill still has more than 100 points left when Frank hits the winning double. The second game is the same story. Frank opens quickly and scores more than Bill on every round, but Bill hangs in there and wins when Frank can't seem to hit a double 4.

The Big Dart from Pittsburgh just might do it, I say to myself. They "cork" (throw for the bull's-eye) to see who goes first in the deciding game and Bill puts one in the bull to win. But he doesn't open on the first round and Frank does with 51 points. Bill doesn't open on the second round and Frank throws a 79. Bill's pressing, does not open on the third round, Frank throws 108, and for all practical purposes the game is over. Bill has 150 points left when Frank ends the game and match with a double 8.

I walk over a few boards to where Tex is getting ready to throw a match. Tex tells me that he's won his first match against "an old nemesis" from Philadelphia. In his second match, he "beat a boy from Canada." And now, in the third round, he's up against another Philadelphian.

Tex has had a lot to drink. He's vigorously chewing gum and snapping the darts back and forth between his fingers. He pauses for an uncomfortable amount of time between each dart he throws, and sometimes, for no apparent reason, walks slowly up to the board to take a good look at it.

His opponent and the twenty spectators watching the match don't like Tex. There's grumbling over how much time he is taking and somebody says, loudly: "This asshole should be banned from darts. Look at him. He's making it a mockery."

But Tex just keeps throwing beautiful darts, slowly. Despite terrible counting errors that cost him dearly, he wins the match. Nobody congratulates him, except me—I shake his hand and pat him on the shoulder and say, "Good darts, good darts." He gives me a fine smile and says, "Hell, I'm a thrower, not a counter."

The St. Louis man who beat me loses in the third round to a man from Detroit. The loudspeaker announces that Thiede has been polished off and a cheer goes up from the crowd. The big redheaded man with the Irish brogue is saying

Nietzsche Would Have Been a Great Dart Player

something. I can't understand a word except "bloody" and "goddamn luck."

On a board near the POSITIVELY NO DRINKING sign the only black in the tournament is throwing a third-round match against an Englishman from Los Angeles. I start a rumor by saying the black man has been throwing darts for just three weeks. There's a glint of fear in the eyes of those who have heard me—once those natural athletes move in, there goes the game.

The Englishman looks a little like Papa Hemingway. He is drinking heavily and is turning redder and redder. He throws fine darts and wins. Three guys go up to the black and ask him how long he's been at the game. He's from Canada and with a soft voice he says, "About nine years now, I would say."

Sixteen of the 140 dart throwers who started are still alive for the fourth-round matches. People move from board to board to watch the individual matches. Sometimes there are so many bodies around a board that I can't see who's throwing. But then, out of the mass, comes a small single wooden dart that flies precisely to its spot on the board. Then another beautiful dart. Then another.

After the matches, the winners blend back into the crowd. A few people walk to the line where the match was played and imitate the winner's form. "He threw like this," they say, or, "Did you see the way he used his wrist?"

Someone is talking about getting the *Wide World of Sports* to cover one of these tournaments. Someone else is talking about Nietzsche and how he most certainly would have been a great dart thrower. There's a lady standing by herself behind a crowd, crying silently to herself. Another lady sitting in the middle of the room is all smiles and thighs as she talks to two men. The loudspeaker says: "Frank Bee just threw a 180 on board number 7." Tex comes over and lights a cigarette. "Just got beat by a boy from Jersey," he says.

The boy from Jersey is George Silberzahn. I watch him as he chews up the lobster-red Englishman from Los Angeles to get into the semifinals. Silberzahn has long hair, a goatee, a blue velour smock with bell-bottom sleeves, and perfectly fitting slacks. He leans forward as far as he can on the line with his back leg extended out for balance. Then he holds the darts out in front of him, his elbow parallel to the floor. With precise, hard flicks of his wrist he places the darts on the board.

Silberzahn moves to the other side of the hall to play Ray Fischer from Philadelphia. I stay where I am to watch Al Lippman play Fred Birdsteker. The winners of these matches will play for the championship.

I know all about Birdsteker from the Harbor Inn. This is the first time I've seen Lippman. He's

short, double-chinned, and has a gentle smile. His shirt collar is open and his sleeves are rolled up halfway to the elbow. Lippman's arms, like Birdsteker's, have elaborate tattoos on them. Of course he's from Philadelphia and of course he throws wooden darts.

Lippman was seeded to win this tournament. Over the last year, he's been winning everything. In February, he won the U.S. Open in New York City. The prize for that tournament was an all-expenses-paid trip to London at the end of April to represent the United States in the *News of the World* grand finals, the biggest, most prestigious darts tournament in the world.

Birdsteker doesn't read press clippings. He opens immediately, throws nothing but tons, and wins the first game in nine darts. But the next game is a mirror image of the first, with Lippman winning in a handful of darts. The deciding game is not a good one. Birdsteker falters and cannot open for three rounds. By that time, Lippman is ready for his final double and gets it quickly.

Now the whole tournament has boiled down to board number 4. Silberzahn lost to Fischer, and in a consolation match for third place, loses to Birdsteker. The championship match is three out of five games, and it's worth \$500, the difference between first- and second-place money.

There's a pause while everyone gets settled around the board and Fischer and Lippman warm up. Fischer was the 1972 Culver City Open Champion. He's short, always looks as if he's ready to laugh over something, and retrieves his darts with a curt sweep of his hand.

On the other side of the room, a group of Philadelphians are throwing games. Thiede is sitting off by himself, a line of unopened beers stretched along the table in front of him, gifts from the people who want to say they bought Bob Thiede a beer.

Lippman beat Fischer three games to two for the championship.

I've seen a grain of rice with the United States Constitution engraved on it. I've seen a 250-page novel without a word in it that contained the letter E. I've seen a man ride a unicycle across a piano wire while juggling a dozen flaming torches and balancing a glass of champagne on his nose. And I've seen the way Ray Fischer and Al Lippman throw darts—if a fly landed on the board, either of them could nail it down with a flick of the wrist.

I walk over to The Big Dart from Pittsburgh, who's still smiling to himself over what we've seen. "Let's go home, Bill," I say. We walk out in silence. Bill stops underneath a large billboard on the corner of the street and takes out his darts. One at a time, he tosses them high into the top of the whiskey ad that's hanging there. □

THE ECONOMICS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

by John Kenneth Galbraith



The servant role of women, says a notable Harvard economist, is an unstated assumption of most current thinking about "the modern economy." How women can be emancipated—and the likely consequences of such a drastic rearrangement of our society—is discussed in the essay that follows.

Much effort has been devoted in the past hundred years to finding ways of preserving personal service, and with good reason. It is uniquely vulnerable to industrial development and the opportunities there provided. The search for surrogates has led generally to women and the family. It has made use of a pervasive force in the shaping of social attitudes—one that has often been sensed but rarely described, and which may be called the Convenient Social Virtue.

The convenient social virtue ascribes merit to any pattern of behavior, however uncomfortable or unnatural for the individual involved, that serves the comfort or well-being of the more powerful members of the community. The moral commendation of the community for convenient and therefore virtuous behavior then serves as a substitute for pecuniary compensation. Inconvenient behavior becomes deviant behavior and is subject to the righteous disapproval or sanction of the community.

The convenient social virtue is widely important for inducing people to perform unpleasant services. In the past it has attached strongly to the cheerful, dutiful draftee who, by accepting military service at rates of pay well below the market, appreciably eased the burden of taxes on the relatively well-to-do taxpayer. Anyone resistant to such service was condemned as deeply unpatriotic or otherwise despicable. The convenient social virtue has also helped obtain the charitable and compassionate services of nurses, custodial personnel, and other hospital staff. Here too the resulting merit in the eyes of the community served as a partial substitute for compensation. (Such merit was never deemed a wholly satisfactory substitute for remuneration in the case of physicians.) But the ultimate success of the convenient social virtue has been in converting women to menial personal service.

In pre-industrial societies women were accorded virtue, their procreative capacities apart, for their efficiency in agricultural labor or cottage manufacture or, in the higher strata of the society, for their intellectual, decorative, sexual, or other entertainment value. Industrialization eliminated the need for women in such cottage employments as spinning, weaving, or the manufacture of apparel; in

combination with technological advance it greatly reduced their utility in agriculture. Meanwhile, rising standards of popular consumption, combined with the disappearance of the menial personal servant, created an urgent need for labor to administer and otherwise manage consumption. In consequence a new social virtue came to attach to household management—to intelligent shopping for goods, their preparation, use, and maintenance, and the care and maintenance of the dwelling and other possessions. The virtuous woman became the good housekeeper or, more comprehensively, the good homemaker. Social life became, in large measure, a display of virtuosity in the performance of these functions—a kind of fair for the display of comparative womanly virtue. So it continues to be. These tendencies were already well advanced in the upper-income family by the beginning of the present century. Thorsten Veblen in *The Theory of the Leisure Class* noted that “according to the ideal scheme of the pecuniary culture, the lady of the house is the chief menial of the household.”

With higher income the volume and diversity of consumption increase and therewith the number and complexity of the tasks of household management. The distribution of time between the various tasks associated with the household, children's education and entertainment, clothing, social life, and other forms of consumption becomes an increasingly complex and demanding affair. In consequence, and paradoxically, the menial role of the woman becomes more arduous the higher the family income, save for the insignificant fraction who still have paid servants. The wife of the senior automobile executive need not be intellectually amusing or entertaining, although she is required to be conventionally decorative on occasions of public ceremony. But she must cook and serve her husband's meals when he is at home; direct household procurement and maintenance; provide family transport; and, if required, act as charwoman, janitor, and gardener. Competence here is not remarked; it is assumed. If she discharges these duties well, she is accepted as a good homemaker, a good helpmate, a good manager, a good wife—in short, a virtuous woman. Convention forbids external roles unassociated with display of homely virtues that are in conflict with good household management. She may serve on a local library board or on a committee to consider delinquency among the young. She may not, without reproach, have full-time employment or a demanding avocation. To do so is to have it said that she is neglecting her home and family, that is, her *real* work. She ceases to be a woman of acknowledged virtue.

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The conversion of women into a crypto-servant class was an economic accomplishment of the first importance. Menial employed servants were available only to a minority of the pre-industrial population; the servant-wife is available, democratically, to almost the entire present male population. Were the workers so employed subject to pecuniary compensation, they would be by far the largest single category in the labor force. The value of the services of housewives has been calculated, somewhat impressionistically, at roughly one-fourth of total Gross National Product. The average housewife has been estimated (at 1970 wage rates for equivalent employments) to do about \$257 worth of work a week or some \$13,364 a year.¹ If it were not for this service, all forms of household consumption would be limited by the time required to manage such consumption—to select, transport, prepare, repair, maintain, clean, service, store, protect, and otherwise perform the tasks that are associated with the consumption of goods. The servant role of women is critical for the expansion of consumption in the modern economy. That it is so generally approved, some recent modern dissent excepted, is a formidable tribute to the power of the convenient social virtue.

As just noted, the labor of women to facilitate consumption is not valued in national income or product. This is of some importance for its disguise; what is not counted is usually not noticed. Partly for this reason, it becomes possible for women to study economics without becoming aware of their precise role in the economy. This, in turn, facilitates their acceptance of their role. Were their economic function more explicitly delineated in the current pedagogy, it might invite inconvenient rejection.

The neoclassical model of an economic society—the one that dominates the approved pedagogy—has, however, a much more sophisticated disguise for the role of women. That is the household. The model emphasizes the role of individual decision in the economic system. Though a household includes several individuals—husband, wife, offspring, sometimes relatives or parents—with differing needs, tastes, and preferences, all neoclassical theory holds it to be the same as an individual. Individual and household choices are, for all practical purposes, interchangeable.²

¹Ann Crittenden Scott, “The Value of Housework: For Love or Money,” *Ms.*, July, 1972.

²Although some scholars have been troubled. “In the theory of demand we take the household as our basic atom . . . [W]e should take notice that many interesting problems concerning conflict within the family and parental control over the fate of minors are ignored when we take the household as a basic decision-making unit. When economists speak of *the* consumer, they are in fact referring to the group of individuals composing the household.” Richard G. Lipsey and Peter O. Steiner, *Economics* (2nd ed.; Harper & Row, 1969). Having taken note of the heroic simplification in identifying the individual and the household, the authors revert to tradition and let the simplification stand. They are, however, exceptional in mentioning the problem.

The household having been made identical with the individual, it then distributes its income to various uses so that satisfactions are roughly equal at the margin. This is the optimal state of enjoyment, the classical consumer equilibrium. An obvious problem arises as to whose satisfactions are equated at the margin—those of the husband, the wife, the children with some allowance for age, or the resident relatives, if any. But on this all accepted theory is silent. As between husband and wife, there is evidently a compromise which accords with the more idyllic conception of the sound marriage. Each partner subordinates economic preference for the greater pleasures of propinquity and the marriage bed. Or only individuals with identical preference schedules marry. Or in a hitherto unnoticed instrument of the marriage sacrament these schedules are made equal thereafter. Or, if the preference schedules do differ, divorce ensues, and the process continues until persons with identical schedules are mated. Or the woman, who in practice does much of the buying, equalizes her preferences at the margin, and her husband contrives to live in a lesser state of satisfaction. Or the husband, as the dominant member of the family, makes the decisions in accordance with his preference schedules, and his wife, however resignedly, goes along.

In fact, the modern household does not allow expression of individual personality and preference. It requires extensive subordination of preference by one member or another. The notion that economic society requires that something approaching half of its adult members accept subordinate status is not easily defended. And it is not easily reconciled with a system of social thought which not only esteems the individual but acclaims his or her power. So neoclassical economics resolves the problem by burying the subordination of the individual within the household, the inner relationship of which it ignores. Then it recreates the household as the individual consumer. There the matter remains. The economist does not invade the privacy of the household, as he would not invade the privacy of the marriage bed.

The common reality is that the modern household involves a simple but highly important division of labor. With the receipt of the income, in the common case, goes the *basic* authority over its use. This usually lies with the male. Some of this authority is taken for granted. The place where the family lives depends overwhelmingly on the convenience or necessity of the member who makes the income. And both the level and nature or style of expenditure are also extensively influenced by its source—by whether the recipient is a business executive, lawyer, artist, accountant, civil servant, artisan, assembly-line

worker, or professor. More important, in a society which sets store by pecuniary achievement, a natural authority resides with the person who earns the money. This entitles him to be called the *head* of the family.

The administration of the consumption resides with the woman. This involves much choice as to purchases—decisions as between different cake mixes and detergents. The conventional wisdom celebrates this power; it is women who hold the purse strings. In fact this is normally the power to implement decisions, not to make them. Action, within the larger strategic framework, is established by the man who provides the money. The household, in the established economics, is essentially a disguise for the exercise of male authority.

This household could not be better designed to facilitate consumption. The broad decisions on the general style of life rest with the husband and can be made without personal concern for the problems of administration that are involved. These are the business of his wife. Most things, including consumption, are more enjoyed if the work associated therewith is performed by someone else.

Women acquiesce normally in the crypto-servant functions of consumption administration—in arranging maintenance and repair of the house and of the household machinery and of the automobile and other equipment, in procurement and preparation of food, in supervision of the consumption of the young, in organization and management of social enjoyments, in participation in competitive social display. Such tasks are taken to be the natural responsibilities of the sex. It will be urged that there is no cause here for comment or complaint; most women perform these functions contentedly and even happily.

In a more comprehensive view, the acceptance and happiness are an impressive tribute to the social conditioning to which people are subject. It is a prime tenet of modern economic belief—one that is central to the established economics and powerfully reinforced by advertising and salesmanship—that happiness is a function of the supply of goods and services consumed. This point having been established, how better can a woman contribute to her own happiness and that of the family she loves than by devoting herself to the efficient and energetic administration of the family consumption? Her service to the economy is thus hitchhiked to her sense of duty and her capacity for affection. And, as with other economic needs, it is affirmed in the convenient social virtue. This celebrates as uniquely moral the woman who *devotes* herself to the well-being of her family; is a gracious helpmate; is a good manager; or who, at lesser levels of elegance, is a good housekeeper or “real homebody.” By comparison, mere beauty, intellectual or artistic achievement, or sexual competence is in far lower repute. And qualities that

The Economics of the American Housewife

are inconsistent with good and acquiescent household administration—personal aggressiveness, preoccupation with personal interests to the neglect of husband and children, and, worst of all, indifferent housekeeping—are strongly deplored.

In few other matters has the economic system been so successful in establishing values and molding resulting behavior to its needs as in the shaping of a womanly attitude and behavior. And, to summarize, the economic importance of the resulting achievement is great. Without women to administer it, the possibility of increasing consumption would be sharply circumscribed. With women assuming the tasks of administration, consumption can be more or less indefinitely increased. In very high income households this administration becomes, as noted, an onerous task. But even here expansion is still possible; at these income levels women tend to be better educated and better administrators. And the greater availability of divorce allows of a measure of trial and error to obtain the best. Thus, to repeat, it is women in their crypto-servant role of administrators who make an indefinitely increasing consumption possible. As matters now stand, it is their supreme contribution to the modern economy.

However, the acceptance by women of their major economic role is not completely secure. In recent years in all industrial countries there has been a measure of restlessness, even of minor revolt. Here we have the validating reaction that shows the problem we are discussing to be real. What is lacking is a clear view of the underlying economic circumstance. And emancipation of belief is itself a consequential reform. For once women perceive their role as instruments for expanding consumption on behalf of the planning system, their acquiescence in this role will surely diminish. Or so one may hope.

The reasonable goal of an economic system is one that allows all individuals to pursue socially benign personal goals regardless of sex. There should be no required or conditioned subordination of one sex to another. This, and the techniques by which such rights are presently denied to women, require a substantial change in the way decisions on consumption are made within the household. These, at a minimum, ought to be appraised for their administrative cost to the participants. This means that the woman, as the administrator, should have the decisive voice on the style of life, for she shoulders the main burden. Or, if decisions are made jointly, the tasks of administration—cleaning, maintenance and repair of dwelling, artifacts, and vehicles, or planning and management of social manifestations—should also be equally shared. Either convention could, if adopted, bring a drastic change in present consumption patterns.

However, the more plausible solution involves an attack on more fundamental causes. That, at the deepest level, involves the concept of the family. To a substantial though unmeasurable extent the prevailing concept of the family is derived from economic need. For agriculture and handicraft production it required firmly centralized responsibility for decisions on production and consumption and a useful division of labor on various tasks associated with both the production and use of goods. The man did the heavier field work or the more heroic tasks of the hunt or predation; the woman managed the poultry and made the clothes.

With industrialization and urbanization, men and women no longer share in tasks of production in accordance with strength and adaptability. The man disappears to the factory or office, the woman concentrates exclusively on managing consumption. This is a conventional arrangement, not an efficiently necessary division of labor; at a simple level of consumption it is perfectly possible for one person to do both. Without denying that the family retains other purposes, including those of love, sex, and child-rearing, it is no longer an economic necessity. With higher living standards it becomes, increasingly, a facilitating instrument for increased consumption. The fact that, with industrialization and with higher living standards, family ties increasingly weaken strongly affirms the case.

It follows that, with economic development, women should be expected and encouraged to regard marriage not as a necessity but as a traditional subordination of personality, one that is sustained by custom and the needs of the economic system. It should be the choice of many to reject the conventional family in return for other arrangements of life better suited to individual personality.

As a practical matter, women, if they are to be truly independent, must have access to income of their own. This is obviously necessary for survival outside the traditional family. And it makes possible an independent existence—for shorter or longer periods—within the context of the family.

With such income goes increased power over household decisions. With it also goes work which reflects, in some measure at least, the individual's preference as to how her days should be spent. Even if not satisfactory, as work for many is not, the choice is not preordained, as is domesticity (meaning the administration of consumption), by marriage. Marriage is no longer a comprehensive trap. A tolerant society should not think ill of a woman who finds contentment in sexual intercourse, child-bearing, child-rearing, physical adornment, and administration of consumption. But it should certainly think ill of a society that offers no alternative—and which ascribes virtue to what is really the convenience of the producers of goods.

Equal access to jobs requires the support of law.

It also requires a series of companion reforms. Not all of these are of great novelty, for the instinct for solving problems has, as usual, anticipated the clear diagnosis of the ill. Four things are of particular importance:

(1) Provision for professional care for children. The importance of this requires no comment. It is also, by the most orthodox measures of efficiency, a very great economic bargain. In a child care center one person cares professionally for numerous children; in the family one person cares unprofessionally for one or a very few. Thus there can be few institutions so directly designed to increase the productivity of labor. Professional child care has other advantages. The convenient social virtue ascribes to the present system the peculiar advantages of parental love. It almost never mentions the instances where this parental affection is diluted or negated by boredom, indifference, repellent personality, alcoholism, other psychological and physiological disorders, or a grievous inability to understand those that beset a child.

(2) Greater individual choice in the work week and work year. That women need provision, as men do not, for maternity leave will be generally agreed. Their transition into the working force also requires flexibility. What could be accomplished gradually is excluded if abrupt reorganization of traditional household practices is thought to be required. A three- or four-day week, or a fifteen- or twenty-hour week, may make the transition possible for many women where immediate commitment to a normal working week could be an insuperable barrier.

There is a more general case for flexibility, one that is rewarding to both sexes. Only if an individual has a choice as to the length of his working week or year, along with the option of taking unpaid leave for longer periods, does he or she have an effective choice between income and leisure. The absence of such flexibility—the commitment to a standard work week and year—assumes that all workers have roughly the same preference as between income and what it buys and leisure and the enjoyments that it allows. All, accordingly, conform to the same working week and year. This is a barbarous assumption, another denial of the individuality that the established economics pretends to defend. The desire for flexibility is evident in the widely differing preferences of workers concerning overtime and moonlighting. In fact the continued commitment of industry to a uniform work week and year is a concession to the convenience of management and one that is by no means vital for efficiency.

(3) An end to the present male monopoly of the better jobs in the technostucture. For all practical purposes the monopoly is now complete; in 1969, in excess of 95 percent of all jobs in industry paying more than \$15,000 a year were held by males.

This reflects, in some degree, the sound instinct of the technostucture. If the latter is successfully to pursue the affirmative goal of growth, there must be women to administer the resulting increase in private consumption. Sensing this, the technostucture sets a sound example by excluding women from its membership, keeping them for the required administration. In line therewith, as earlier observed, the wife of the senior business executive is usually a model of acquiescent and prideful submission to competent household administration on a large scale. But one must be cautious in the search for a sophisticated explanation when a simple one is available. The male monopoly in business is for the beneficiaries an agreeable tradition; women have not challenged it because they are conditioned to the convenient social virtue—to the notion that family duty and the administration of consumption are their proper functions.

The male monopoly will not be broken voluntarily. It will require the pressure of law, and since the corporation can no longer claim the immunity associated with assumed subordination to the market—since in all but the approved myth the large firm is a public entity—there is no barrier to the application of such pressure. The appropriate procedure would be to require all firms above a minimum size to bring the representation of women at various salary levels into general accord with their representation in the working force as a whole. Ample time should be allowed for this; I have elsewhere urged, with others, that major corporations be required to present a ten-year plan for bringing themselves into compliance.³ No plea of intolerable damage to business efficiency can be allowed. On the contrary, it will generally be agreed that women are not less stupid than men and, more improbably, that the intelligence available for corporate management is, at any time, limited. Accordingly such a reform will bring a very great increase—potentially a doubling—of the supply of available intelligence.

(4) The requisite educational opportunity must be provided for women. The need for this is obvious. It is less obvious that, given the past discrimination, educational institutions, notably universities and centers of professional training, must for a period discriminate affirmatively in favor of women. To do otherwise is implicitly to perpetuate past discrimination. The higher reaches of the technostucture must be under legal pressure to hire and advance women. Professional and other schools must be under legal pressure to provide them. When the effects of past discrimination have

³Written in company with Professors Edwin Kuh and Lester C. Thurow of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, this plan was designated by us "The Minority Advancement Plan." Similar provision is made for black and Spanish-speaking members of the community who, for other and even less defensible reasons, also suffer de facto exclusion.

been erased—the same is true for racial minorities—selection can become sex-blind. But only then.

The consequence of the emancipation of women—and the rationalization of the household—will be a substantial change in patterns of life. Thus suburban life—as a wealth of commonplace comment affirms—is demanding in the administrative requirements of its consumption. Vehicle maintenance, upkeep of dwellings, movement of offspring, extirpation of crabgrass, therapy of pets, the heavy demands of social intercourse involving competitive display of housewifely competence, are among the innumerable cases in point. Were all of these tasks shared by the male, there would be an urgent reconsideration of the advantages of suburban life. Urban multiple-dwelling units are much less demanding in their administration. Here, not surprisingly, wives of independent purpose in life are now generally to be found.

Lesser changes may be assumed. There will be more professionally prepared food. There will be less home cooking, the often dubious quality of which is ardently celebrated in the convenient social virtue. Similarly there will be increased reliance on external services rather than home-installed machinery—on laundries, professional housecleaning, and public transport instead of wife-operated and maintained washing machines, housecleaning apparatus, and automobiles. Professional entertainment will replace the social intercourse associated with competitive display of womanly talent in food preparation, home decoration, gardening, and the dispensation of alcohol. Plausibly there will be an increased resort to the arts. The arts, unlike, for example, competitive display of social craftsmanship, are relatively undemanding in administration and they involve tasks which are themselves interesting and preoccupying.

A final observation is in order. Economic production is divided between services and goods or things. With many exceptions services are supplied by the small-scale firms of the market system; things come, in the main, from the large corporations which comprise what in the book of which this argument is a part I call the planning system. The rendering of services is geographically dispersed and associated with the personality of the individual performing them, both factors that lend themselves badly to organization and thus to the large corporations of the planning system. Manufacturing of goods is pre-eminently a function of the planning system—the great majority of large corporations are manufacturing enterprises. The consumption of goods, in most cases, requires administration—preparation, cleaning, maintenance, repair, disposal. The consumption of services does not usually require administration; they are, in effect, used up in the act of service. And a very large number of services—those of laundries, garages,

plumbers, snow removers—have, as their purpose, the easing of the tasks of administration associated with the use or consumption of goods, including real property.

It follows that, if women are no longer available for the administration of consumption and the administrative task must thus be minimized, there will be a substantial shift in the economy from goods to services. This means, *pari passu*, a shift in the economy from the planning system to the market system. Again we see how useful it is for the planning system to hold women in their present crypto-servant role.

There are few matters on which the mind can dwell more appreciatively than on the changes from emancipating women from their present service to the consumer society and the planning system. But it is the emancipation itself that is the present concern. □

ESTRANGEMENT

They have a child
they love.

The child returns from a visit
with the father,
has a sack of hard candy
the mother sees and takes
and throws away.

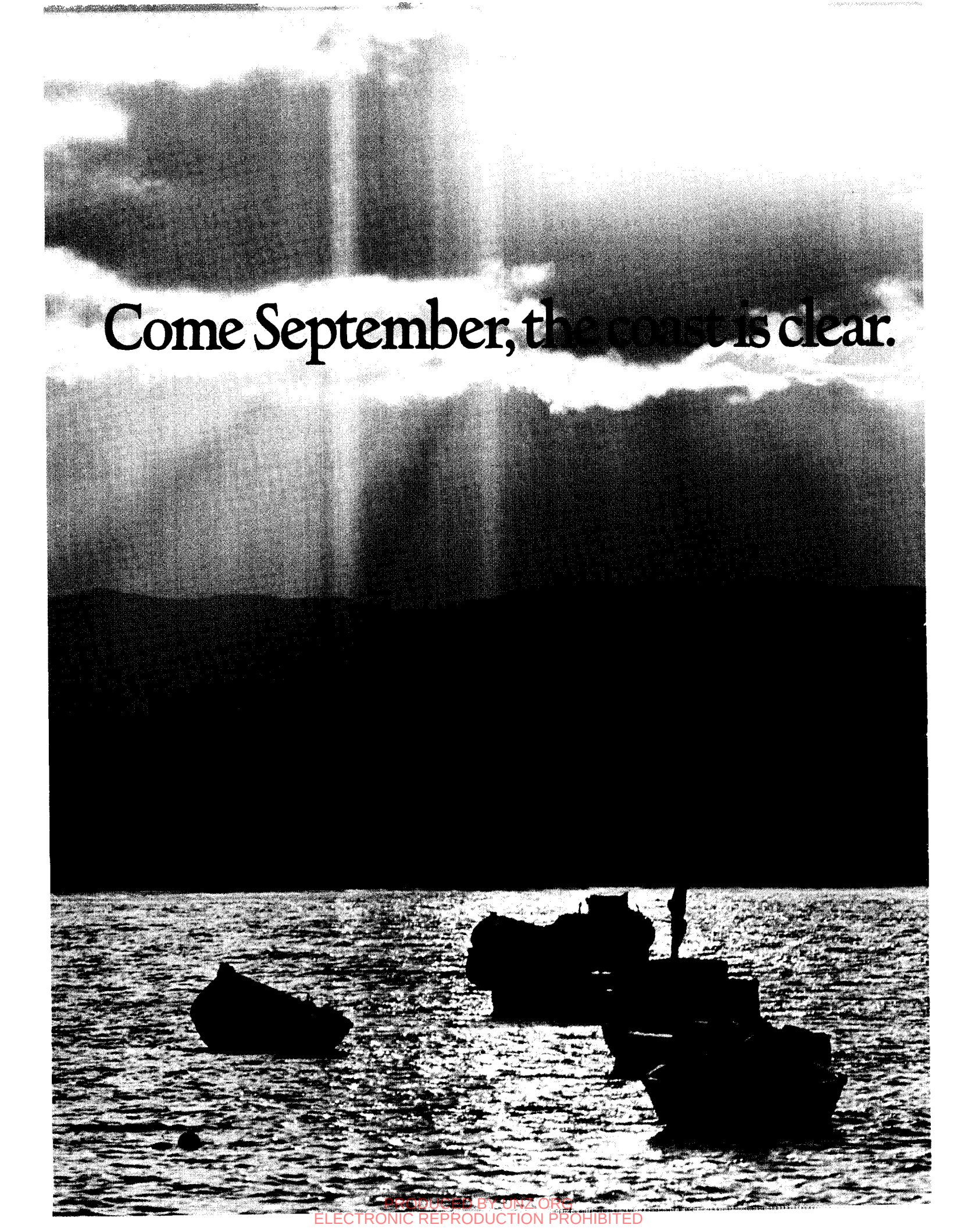
The child cries. The mother cries.
The father, if he knew,
would cry.

The father knows.
The mother has told him
of the illness. Sweets
could kill the child.

But the father loves the child
and the child the father.
Neither has a full knowledge of love
and there are things to be put
in love's place.

So the child cries, the mother cries.
And the father, it is true,
would cry.

by William Pitt Root



Come September, the coast is clear.

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Most of the summer tourists will have gone.

But, they'll leave Nova Scotia as they found it, warm, hospitable, scenic, historic.

So it will be here, intact, waiting for you.

Our Atlantic beaches have spent the whole summer warming up for your arrival, and our golf courses are as green as ever. The ocean moderates our climate, postpones fall to the last possible moment. You'll get brown before the leaves do.

This same ocean gives you close to 5,000 miles of spectacular Atlantic coastline to admire.

Accommodations are plentiful, and Nova Scotia's most famous visitor attractions, like the restored Fortress Louisbourg and Ross Farm



stay open until the middle of October.

In Evangeline Memorial Park, the Orleans roses are still blooming. Off South-Western Nova Scotia, near Yarmouth and Cape St. Mary, the giant bluefin are still running. Throughout the province, fall fairs flourish, and the blueberry gets a

festival all its own.

There isn't a summer thing you can't do. You can swim, sail, scuba, surfcast without a license, canoe. Another nice thing about Nova Scotia in the fall: You're less of a tourist. You're more one of us.

Nova Scotia



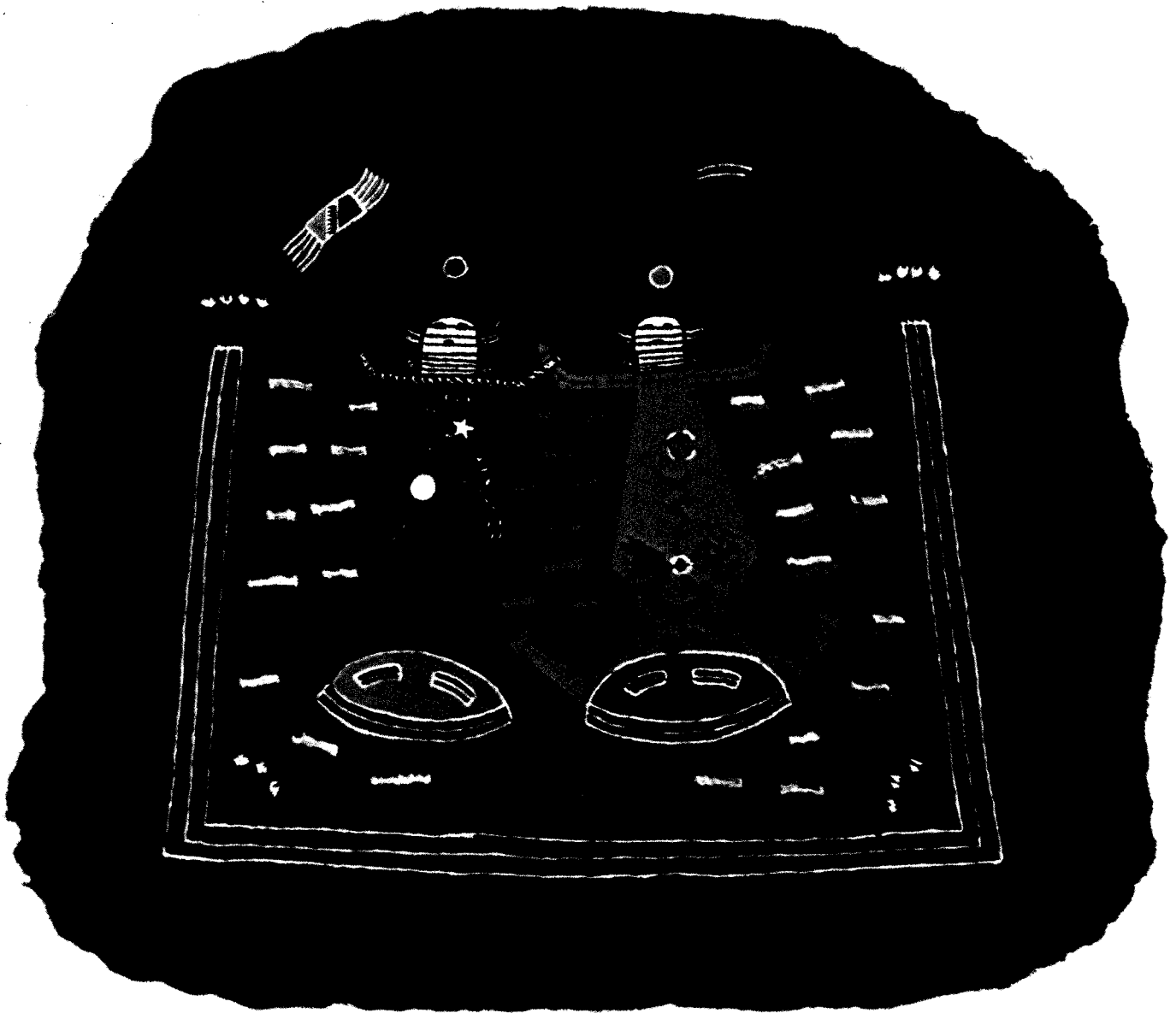
Couldn't you use a little now?

For more information about Nova Scotia vacations, write to one of our Nova Scotia Information Offices, 630 Fifth Avenue, Suite 3115, New York, N.Y. 10020. Area Code 212 581-2420/616 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine 04101. Area Code 800 341-6709 (toll free in New England)/P.O. Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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The real

Man in his ignorance has always assumed that the earth would rejuvenate herself, no matter what he did.



The earth can lose her resiliency. Her waters are polluted, her soil is becoming dust, some of her trees are poisoned. Someday she may be beyond her ability to heal herself. But what we do to her we do to ourselves.

The Indians call the earth their mother. We must protect the earth. We must learn to live in harmony with her; we must learn her moods and rhythms. We must love the earth.

The ideal

When man and nature are in harmony, the land is happy. There is great strength in this idea.

mother earth father sky navajo sandpainting artist: alfred dilya

AtlanticRichfieldCompany ♦

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JOURNAL OF A PLAGUE YEAR

A story by Ward Just

1.

In the afternoon the shooting stopped and the dead were lying under the rubber trees on canvas stretchers. There were eight dead and an aid tent nearby with a dozen wounded. It was hot and very still. The grove of rubber trees was situated on a flat plain, inland from the sea; the plain was littered with military machinery. Naval gunfire was still falling, and they could hear the explosions a mile or two away. Soldiers were sprawled under the trees, smoking dope and drinking beer and talking quietly. Someone had a radio turned to AFRTS, and the soldiers' heads nodded to the beat. They paid no attention to the dead, who were covered with green rubber ponchos; the dead blended into the vegetation, and after a while they were scarcely noticeable at all. They might have been men sleeping, unless you looked closely at their hands, which were rigid and gray.

She noticed that their boots looked new, hardly worn at all; two of the rifles had not been fired; they had full clips and were still on safety. She wrote these details in her notebook. She had no desire to see the faces, but she wondered if the dead had head wounds, and whether the wounds were gunshot or shrapnel. The colonel had told her they had run into snipers, and the wounded men in the tent confirmed that. The colonel said he had never seen such accurate sniper fire, and his lead element had lost a dozen dead and wounded in the first few minutes. They had been moving through the rubber trees on line, and had taken all their casualties in the first half hour. Those included the company commander and his RTO. It took a while for the company to regroup and understand where the fire was coming from. Officially, the report read that they had bumped an enemy battalion. But hell, the colonel said, it could have been just a few enemy; five or six snipers, who'd been very cool and deliberate about their business. Sniping, he said; that was a tactic that one way or another dated back to the Peloponnesian Wars, Athens

and Sparta. There was nothing new or different about sniping.

She stood a little distance away taking pictures, framing the shot to catch the dead in the foreground and the soldiers relaxing in the rear. She shot a dozen pictures in different focuses, to make the ironic point. There were a number of ways to get various effects: blur the foreground and sharp-focus the rear, or vice versa. Or use the depth-of-field to pull the entire picture in sharp. She practiced with different settings, regulating the light and shade, although everything would depend on the darkroom and how it was handled there. Not that it made any difference; they seldom printed her pictures.

Someone handed her a can of beer and she sat down, cradling the camera. The dead were at eye level now, and she took the camera and shot the rest of the film, shooting with the boots in the foreground. It was a disgusting and witless business, but she was there for a purpose, and she thought she ought to get all she could. Just then she knew that someone was looking at her, and the vibrations were not friendly. Without glancing up she put the camera away, stuffing it hard into her rucksack and staring straight ahead. After a moment or two she shifted her eyes, and saw a soldier staring at her. The soldier's face was hard with hatred. After a minute, he looked away. Then she got up and walked away to find the landing zone, and a helicopter that would take her back to division.

That night they were all drinking in the third-floor suite and quite early she left with another journalist to have a nightcap and then go to bed. They had one or two drinks; the journalist wanted to talk about his love affair with an airline stewardess. He was wondering if he should ask his office to extend his tour. His paper sent their correspondents on six-month tours; the assignment was passed around the office like a penalty.

"See, she's based out of Hong Kong and I could work at least three more visits there if I'd apply for

an extension. Christ, I'm really in love with her. Fallen for her, you know?"

"I'd reapply then." She was thinking about her story, the fight that afternoon. She could write the story around the interviews with the wounded and the colonel, folding in some description of the grove of rubber trees and the dead. She could write it from the point of view of the enemy.

"I hate this goddamned town, and the war that goes with it. This crummy hotel and the money-grubbing people." He took a long swallow of his drink, staring at her over the edge of the glass.

What did you say to that? It was better in the field?

"She's something, look at this." He handed over a picture of a very blonde girl in a bikini. "This was taken on one of the beaches in Hong Kong. She's nice, no? She's a swinger, that's really what she likes to do in life. It was a hell of a lot of fun in Hong Kong. We went shopping. I got a Nikon and some threads. Three fittings in three days." He paused, smiling. "You ought to find a man."

"Is one lost?"

"Something permanent for a little while."

They sat quietly, drinking the last of a bottle of Scotch. It was near midnight; she thought she ought to be in bed. She wondered whether to write the story that night or in the morning. She thought it was better to write it fresh, with no complications. The other started to talk about his stewardess again, how she had changed his life. He said she was uninhibited, that was the best part about her. The voodoo princess from BOAC. He was very relaxed and happy, sitting back in the big chair. All the rooms of the hotel were similar, same beds, same furniture. A stereo set in the corner, freshly laundered fatigues hanging on a hook near the door; military gear, knapsacks and canteens. She felt pleasantly tired; it had been a strain making three airplane connections from the field. They finished the last of their drinks and she got up to go.

"She's a hell of a girl."

"Al, you're the envy of your friends."

"Why don't you stay?"

She laughed and stepped into the silent hall and walked down to the elevator. She was excited at the thought of writing the story in the morning, two pots of coffee in the room. She'd take three, four hours writing the story, then have a long and languid lunch. No, not the elevator; there was a better idea. She walked down two floors and knocked on another door, after listening quietly for a moment and hearing music from within. The door opened a notch.

"It's me," she said.

"Back from the wars."

She leaned against the doorjamb, and smiled.

"It's late," he said.

"Ten minutes of talk," she said. "Then I'll go."

The door opened wider and she walked in. He climbed back into bed. She was carrying two notepads, and she put those on the night table. Then she stretched out on the bed and kissed his elbow. He smiled and touched her cheek. He was reading one of Céline's books, the book open and lying on his chest.

She was suddenly very sleepy. "I don't know how you can read novels of that kind, here, in this place. The place is crazy enough without compounding it. I think one's reading ought to be very highly structured. Sears catalogues. The Book of Genesis. Shakespeare's sonnets. Captured enemy documents. Céline will drive you crazy. Everything that's in Céline is present here as well. There are a number of very important concepts here that Céline has not begun to touch."

"Invincible ignorance," he said.

She yawned, very sleepy now.

"You would be better informed if you read Céline."

"Crazier," she mumbled.

"Did you get a good story today?"

"Unh."

"Make notes? Did you get to the bones of the myth? Did you count the dead? Did the dead count you? How many puzzled expressions today? Any fanciful explanations?"

"Thought about you," she said. Her eyes were closed; she could feel his palm. She was almost asleep. He was speaking very softly to her, touching her head and her neck. She moved closer to him, dreaming about him. She dreamed they were in bed together, making love. She dreamed he loved her, they loved each other. She was dreaming before she was asleep.

When she woke in the morning he was gone.

2.

In the fall she went home on leave, back to Washington. She found Washington nervous and agitated, though the weather was gorgeous. It was a poisonous atmosphere, and she endured three Washington dinner parties where she was lectured on the war. They had all the textbook answers, orders of battle, force levels, kill ratios, free fire zones, A and B levels of pacification, endurance estimates, morale factors—all of them classified. Washington was harsh and metallic, edges everywhere. She received three cables from him. She stayed with friends and watched television programs in the evening, news reports from the war zone. It was peculiar, seeing her friends on television, watching them doing their stand-ups with gunfire in the background. Seeing the streets of the city, more familiar to her now than any American city, she bored her friends with travelogues. Her paper obliged her to deliver lectures, and she found she could not talk persuasively about what she had seen. She had no powers of recall. She could

A collection of Ward Just's fiction, *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert and Other Washington Stories*, has just been published.

write about it, but she could not talk about it; the emotion was something within. The lectures were a failure except for one television appearance when she spoke from notes. Reading the notes afterwards she decided that what she'd said were lies. She related these episodes to him in a long letter that took her most of a morning to write; it was difficult to connect their lives.

But in Washington they thought it was fantastic, what she was doing. Fantastic. They thought she made a difference, made them uncomfortable in the Department of Defense. The trouble with Washington, they said, was that it was too comfortable. She reached them with her war stories, she was way down deep.

"Whatever they're paying you, it's not enough."

"It's enough," she said.

"No, really. It's fantastic. Are you going to stay for long? Six months more? A year? You ought to think about a return to America, and reporting from Capitol Hill. They're crying for women now. You could write your own ticket. Do such a good job. I don't know how you stand it, where you are."

"Invincible ignorance," she said.

"Oh, we know how it is. You don't have to play that role with us. We know how it must be, or perhaps we don't. Perhaps we can't conceive. But you're well read."

She was confused, two or three of them were talking at once. For a lunatic moment she felt like one of those Japanese soldiers who are found on Guam or Saipan or somewhere, holding out twenty-six years after the surrender. It put her off to be told that the stories were being read, although, of course, she knew that; but it was better knowing it at a distance. It seemed to her that people were looking over her shoulder. She took a drink from a passing waiter and backed away.

"God," one of them breathed. They were being very solicitous, kind in their way. But it was an invasion, and what was she supposed to say?

"If you're telling the truth in your stories, then it must be the most dreadful place. Crazy. I mean, crazed. Don't you hate the war? Though it's exciting, of course. It's a hell, it must be sixth or seventh circle. No kidding now, just how bad is it? On the other hand, you must be making a bundle."

"I'm the happiest I've been," she said.

3.

She made her way west, cabling him from San Francisco. She gave him her flight number and time of arrival. She was enthusiastic, flying into the city; she'd decided that if she were so valuable and fantastic, then she could fly first class. She was going to stop in Tokyo, but decided against that. She would come in straight as a die from southern California, reading books and listening to tapes. A bottle of wine, no sleep, sunrise over the Pacific. There was

plenty of time for thought, five miles above the Pacific Ocean. She was sorry now that she'd left the war. Washington had given her nothing; home leave was a misnomer. She had to be arch about it, and tell them that she did not relate to the environment. Everything in Washington was pale by comparison; there was nothing to be seen with the eyes. It was antiseptic. Washington was insincere, it had no structure, its life was loose and at odds. He'd asked her to buy some books for him in America, and she had those in her carry bag. It was a gaudy assortment: Robbe-Grillet, Bernard Fall's latest book, *Bleak House*, *Black Mischief*, *A Sentimental Education*, the short novels of Henry James. She wondered how Henry James would relate to the environment, how Henry James would handle the five o'clock briefing. Follow that through: it was a turn of the screw removed from the Home Counties and Pall Mall. It was a pleasure buying the books, and having them with her.

In a rumpled dress, swinging the carry bag, she alighted from the airplane in heat of a hundred degrees. She stood to one side at the base of the ramp, searching for him in the crowd. The other passengers swept past her, construction foremen, diplomats, army officers, people who in one way or another were involved in the war. She didn't see him on the tarmac, strange because he said he'd be there. She walked toward the waiting room, sad, searching with her eyes. She was anxious to see him, and slightly panicked now; she'd thought there was something formidable and intimate about his meeting the airplane. The place was entirely familiar to her.

She saw him then, standing alone against the wall of the waiting room, staring straight ahead, puzzled. He looked at her, then past her. His eyes floated past, his hands were in his pockets. She walked up to him, smiling—and when he saw her he gave a little start, and grinned shyly. He shook his head, as if he'd awakened from a nap. She kissed him, unaware that anything was wrong.

"I've got your books."

"Oh good."

"They're in the carry bag, all of them. I couldn't get one of them in French. All they had was the English."

"I don't mind."

"But the rest of them are here. James and the others." She opened the carry bag so he could see the books.

"Well, how was it? Did you like it? I'm sorry about the cables, but I was worried when I didn't hear."

"I didn't like it at all. If it's news to you, *they're* the ones behind bars, in straitjackets. I'm glad to be back. To be here with you."

The passengers were moving past them; there was a long line at customs. He motioned to the bar in the waiting room. They were in no hurry, and it was useless to try to accelerate the customs process. Customs proceeded at a deliberate pace.

"I've got a car outside. Let's have a drink, then go through the line."

"It's *so* long, I'll get in line now."

"It's an hour either way."

"Maybe there'll be someone that we know. You wait. I'll go through now."

He saw small beads of perspiration on her forehead and cheeks. She hated the heat; it affected her badly. He dried her forehead with the back of his hand, and kissed her again. She smiled and gripped his arm. He kissed her again, more gently, then drew away. She looked weary, tired, and drawn.

"Are you all right?"

She smiled brightly and nodded. The heat.

"No, seriously."

"I'm on pins and needles," she said, still smiling.

"Let's get a drink."

"No, I'll go through the line. I'll be very quick."

He shrugged. "Sure. When will the war end?"

They didn't talk much in the car, and later, in the hotel, they circled each other, wary. They made love very roughly. He was not with her, and she knew then that something was very wrong. She pressed him for explanations, but it was useless. He said it was impossible to explain correctly, so he would not explain at all. He looked at her strangely, as if he'd expected someone else; usually so cheerful, he did not smile at all. The next day he moved out of their hotel room to an apartment near the cathedral. He said that life was confusing, and she wished him good luck on that. She had her work, but she was sorry just the same. He was as much a part of her life as the work. But she was stoic about it, there being no real alternative; she would stay busy, and would not lack company. Mystified, she let him be, to work out whatever it was.

4.

Circumstances drew them together again. Much later, when he'd tried everything to get her back, and had been successful in a temporary way, he told her about the morning at the airport, and what had happened later. She didn't want to hear about it particularly, but he told her anyway. He said he could describe it, but not explain it; the emotions were complicated. He said he hadn't recognized her. "You were someone else altogether. I didn't recognize you until you were five feet away, looking me in the face. I saw you standing at the bottom of the ramp, but I didn't know . . . who you were. Three weeks was a millennium. You were a stranger. I didn't know what to expect. Until we were face to face, and I saw you smiling at me, I didn't connect. I knew that it had to be you, because you were looking at me in a special way, and when you spoke I recognized your voice. You looked like you ought to look, and then you kissed me. But your face was unfamiliar. Were you different in some way? I thought so, but I didn't understand it. You were a

stranger, so later when we were together it was like being with a stranger. And to have that, after everything that had happened before. You: a woman casually picked out of a crowd at an airport, a woman in a slept-in dress and an old carry bag. A beautiful woman bringing books, neither young nor old. I could've died. In a week or two, I knew you again, but it was a different acquaintance. I remembered all the things we'd done together. But that morning at the airport, the surface escaped me."

She understood him. To her sorrow she knew exactly what he meant. "This place has no memory," she said. "If anything leaves, it's forgotten, and if it returns, it has to begin again. No memory, no loyalties."

"No moving parts," he said.

She shook her head and sighed. "It was pretty bad in the hotel room."

"I'm sorry about it," he said.

"I know."

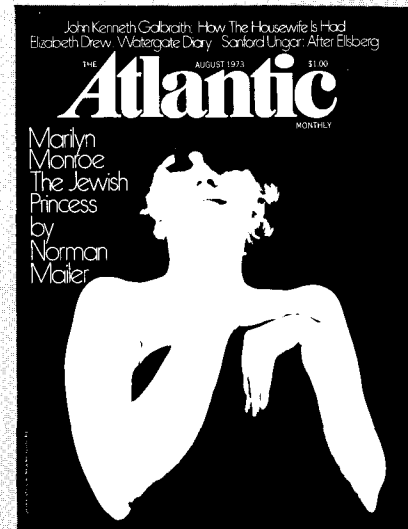
"I didn't understand."

She gave him a rueful little smile. "How could you?" she asked.

They lived together on tiptoe, quietly and conservatively, stepping lightly, under strain. They reported to each other as they reported the war, at a distance. They became oddly domesticated, as toward the end of her tour she began to avoid the battlefield. She avoided small units, and except for one week with the Navy never left the city for more than two days at a time. She knew what to expect in the field; there was nothing more to say about the dead. There was neither virtue, nor innocence, nor anything else except paradox; even irony, her most reliable weapon, was worn out. She took her evidence, the scenes and the dialogue, from radio operators in colonels' tents. Interviews in hospital wards. After-action reports. Ex post facto accounts. Briefings. She knew all the colonels now, and two or three of them were at pains to alert her when a major operation was under way. She convinced herself that the war had moved into a political phase, and that the battlefield story was less important than the political one. Coincidentally, this happened to be true. But she was still wonderful at what she did, supplying immediacy and drama to the episodes of the war. That did not change, though everything else did.

At length he left for America, and they maintained a sporadic correspondence. She reported on activities in the provinces, he on the atmosphere in Washington. These were detailed, factual letters, suitable for a collection. She would write the letters as carefully as she wrote her newspaper articles, and assumed he did likewise. But nothing was the same after the afternoon in the airport. She didn't know whose fault it was, or if it were anyone's fault; but there were no more dreams in any case. She remembered his words often, and they were troubling. She had always thought of herself as a stranger—and what if that were true after all? Where did that leave her? □

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LIFE & LETTERS

THE LONELY CALM

by Mark Schorer

RECOVERY

by John Berryman

foreword by Saul Bellow

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95

Suicide, too, has its degrees of pain and of propriety. To slip down through the emerald depths of softly laving Caribbean waters has about it a certain elegiac pathos, some literary echoes (*The Tempest*, *Lycidas*, Shelley), a melancholy, watery lyricism. To crack the early morning Idaho silence by shooting off the top of one's head is desperate certainly—with the shock of melodrama. To rest one's chin on the grille of a hissing gas oven in a London suburb is a stranger's willed awkwardness of posture, a grotesque anesthesia that disclaims young life along with old literary elegance. But to hurl one's body through hundreds of feet of wintry Minnesota air onto frozen rocks is too cruel for contemplation, a harsh self-punishment outside tragedy. To each his own.

In tragic life, George Meredith wrote, no villain need be, and the proposition is sound enough: in tragic life. But tragic life is different from tragedy. As far as one can tell from all his "confessional" poetry (a term he claimed to hate) and this unfinished novel, *Recovery*, there was no villain in John Berryman's tragic life. (Alcoholism as such was not the villain; if villain there was, it was the source behind it, never discovered.) Perhaps this helps explain the further fact that so often,

once he found his true voice, even his most acerbic writing, with all its grueling self-lacerations, all its crucifying pain, true anguish, is presented in its tone, at least, as comic. This comic tone invades even those religious poems, prayers, that Berryman had taken to writing toward the end of his life. "My Lord . . . I know You are there. The sweat is, I am here."

No other recent poetry, probably, has been not so much written as endured. In no recent poetry, I mean, has the experience behind the poem become so nearly the aesthetic surface itself:

It is plain to me
Christ underwent man & treachery
& socks
& lashes, thirst, exhaustion, the bit,
for my pathetic & disgusting
vices,
to make this filthy fact of particular,
long-after,
faraway, five-foot-ten & moribund
human being happy. Well, he has!
I am so happy I could scream!
It's enough! I can't BEAR ANY
MORE.
Let this be it. I've had it. I can't
wait.

The comic tone (the colloquial put-downs, really) is the only shield he permits between us and his hellish rage, the saving distance. It is like the flippant wave of his arm that he is said to have given some passerby just before he went over the railing of the bridge.

Recovery is in many ways a funny book. There is the classic discrepancy of all comedy between

contradictions, in this instance between the great intellectual gifts of the hero and the sordid, almost stupidly mundane weakness with which he struggles, genius as stumblebum, Hamlet as Bottom, something like that. The tone is established at once at the opening of the section numbered 1, which follows immediately upon that first, brief, smashing scene where the dazed hero is confronted by his distraught wife with the words, "This is the last drink you will ever take": "Alan Severance, M.D., Litt. D., formerly Professor of Immunology and Molecular Biology, now the University Professor, Pulitzer Prize winner, etc.—twice-invited guest on the Dick Cavett Show (stoned once, and a riot) . . ." Why Severance? Anyone who knew John Berryman or even anyone who happened to read the *Paris Review* interview with him (Spring, 1972) knows how closely Severance's experience in *Recovery* duplicates John Berryman's in life, and how exactly Severance's responses were Berryman's. So why invent a man named Severance, a great scientist (bucking for the Nobel Prize? one character asks him), great humanist, great teacher of, among other subjects, theology, nearly a Renaissance man, but no poet?

In *Recovery* itself, the meaning of his name comes up explicitly: he is accused of being a divisive force, a man who literally severs harmonies, group cooperation, all serenities. And Severance reflects briefly on

how indeed his self-indulgent vices, his egotistic cruelty had disrupted other lives that his had touched. This again is Berryman, but Berryman was also generous to a fault, and so, generally speaking, is Severance, who is sympathetic with and genuinely concerned about his fellow inmates, a motley crew, in the "detoxification center" where (for the third time) he finds himself, and where nearly the entire action of *Recovery* takes place. Unlike Severance, Berryman was not a scientist, but he was an extraordinarily learned man and learned in a variety of disciplines, and by inventing Severance, he could exploit all that curious learning without any show of that egotism which, I believe, he profoundly loathed in himself.

But there is more to that name, Severance, in the suggestion of a divided self. In a letter to Mark Van Doren, the poet wrote, "The man I identify with is Housman, pedantic and remorseless (though with a lyric style far superior to mine), a really bifurcated personality." So Berryman: scholar and poet, self-indulgent egotist and excessive altruist, et cetera. Where, then, is the "other" Berryman in *Recovery*? He is "Jasper Stone, the extremely bitter bearded poet, who did not seem to care about anything whatever." It is Jasper who tells Severance that "your name is against you," and it is Severance in turn who is able to praise Berryman's *Dream Songs*:

"You opened the field. I do too. Make things possible for other people. Screw my own stuff."

Severance was moved. It was how he felt too, but he never thought of artists that way. He looked at the poet with brandnew almost loving eyes, very touched. "My wife used to read me some of *The Screams* when it came out. She keeps up. Three four years ago?"

"Six. Plink. Turn you on? Or off?"

"Frankly—"

"Don't tell me anything frankly, you lab-hound." The poet was grinning however. "Just report gently your wonder consternation rapture grief exaltation and crucifixion."

Severance really laughed. He did not mind being had by a pro. "How about the Harrowing and the Resurrection?"

"Settle for those. Tell me, were

you interested, at all, in that very weird stuff?" He looked as if he cared.

"Yes. Not as much as Ruth, but I read some myself afterward. You sound better aloud. Good deal of authentic mania there, black and blue wit, pain—the fellow going on to fresh defeats, flappable, flappable. Surviving however. I bought a lot of the little I could understand. Do you write when you're drunk?"

"Not necessarily. You know, I prefer your capsule to most of my American reviews of that book. Not all, but you *heard* my little man. I'm touched, Alan."

Jasper's "little man" is Henry, Berryman's persona in the *Dream Songs*, and we see now that in creating Severance, Berryman was really simply carrying over into his prose the effective device of double voices that he had developed in his poems from *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* on. It was a device that enabled him to put his desperation outside himself, to objectify it up to a point and thus deal with it, whether in sorrow or in ridicule, even when the desperation becomes suicidal, as it increasingly does. If at last the device did not save the poet, it saved his poetry. Mark Van Doren, Berryman's adored mentor, in his moving memorial statement that he himself did not live to read to the National Institute of Arts and Letters (it must have been one of the very last things he wrote), summarized the virtues of the technique: "He was able to say all that he saw, thought, felt, imagined, and understood. In other words, he had broken through into his own deepest recesses, a region where few poets or writers of any kind ever come, and where he was free to be as witty, as serious, as ribald, as tender, as tough, as terrible, as downright funny as he pleased."

Perhaps not quite to the *deepest* recesses. Berryman-Severance cannot, for all his ceaseless introspection, discover the source of his inflection. There are at least two suggestions in this unfinished novel that the title was meant to be taken without irony, that the end of exorcism was to be achieved. "Long afterwards," one of them reads, "dry through many difficult months and wondering one evening how *that* had been so easy . . ." But in

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life, of course, this was not to happen, and the novel could not have been finished as planned. Had he indeed reached the deepest recesses, it is conceivable that both ends would have been achieved. And we would have, indeed, not only a living John, but also a novel, and a gratifying if not perhaps a great one, instead of a passionate fragment.

Saul Bellow's foreword, a warm and attractive memoir of their friendship, does not explore the motive behind this fragment, but it was probably an attempt at catharsis. I am reminded of Virginia Woolf's diary entry as reported by Quentin Bell: "... my own psychology interests me. I intend to keep full notes of my ups and downs for my private information. And thus objectified, the pain and shame become at once much less. And I have proved to my own conviction that I can write with fury, with rapture, with absorption still." Indeed, that passage sounds more like Berryman than like Mrs. Woolf, and it suggests again why *Recovery* was doomed to be a fragment.

Fragment that it is, it is yet a kind of handbook for the uninitiated in the mysteries of group encounters and the rituals of Alcoholics Anonymous, which provides such skeleton structuring as the novel would have had. There is, first of all, that Serenity Prayer, which the group speaks aloud with linked hands, an appeal that all of us, drunks or sobersides, might well take as our daily prayer: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference." Then there is the business of Contracts, resolutions of the self made publicly to attain a specific step on the road to recovery. Then, the Twelve Steps themselves (published here as an appendix), the first of which is as follows: "We admitted that we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable." Step Two admits the need for "a Power greater than ourselves," and at Step Three one turns one's life "over to the care of God as we understood Him."

Step One was the admission, in the deepest self, that Severance, like Berryman, could never quite make. Step Three explains, of course, the

prayers that Berryman was writing in his later years, the dismal hope, the hopeless cry, like that of the drowning figure in one of Blake's engravings, "Help! Help!" As a young boy, John Berryman was a devout Catholic, but when his father shot himself outside John's window when the boy was twelve years old, he also shot God out of the boy's universe. (The analogy with Hemingway's situation is recognized in at least one of the *Dream Songs* and again in *Recovery*.)

Whether his father's suicide was a source of his alcoholism (Severance struggles and struggles with this question) we can never know, but surely it was the source of Berryman's own suicidal impulses, which first manifested themselves when he was a schoolboy and which strike like a tolling bell through much of his later poetry.

He had, in a literal way not intended by Henry James, "the imagination of disaster." His poetry fed upon disaster. He needed it to feel alive. The *Paris Review* talk with him ends as follows:

But what I was going on to say is that I do strongly feel that among the greatest pieces of luck for high achievement is ordeal. . . . The artist is extremely lucky who is presented with the worst possible ordeal which will not actually kill him. At that point, he is in business. . . . I think that what hap-

pens in my poetic work in the future will probably largely depend not on my sitting calmly on my ass as I think, 'Hmm, hmm, a long poem again? Hmm,' but on being knocked in the face, and thrown flat, and given cancer, and all kinds of other things short of senile dementia. At that point, I'm out, but short of that, I don't know. I hope to be nearly crucified.

He was.

And yet, toward the end, this magnificent maniac, this self-bewitched, self-badgered poet, seems to have achieved a moment or two of calm. One such moment, surely, impelled from him one of his loveliest poems, a "down" poem, certainly, but no comic put-down this time, "He Resigns."

Age, and the deaths, and the ghosts.

Her having gone away
in spirit from me. Hosts
of regrets come & find me empty.

I don't feel this will change.
I don't want any thing
or person, familiar or strange.
I don't think I will sing

any more just now;
or ever. I must start
to sit with a blind brow
above an empty heart.

A killing calm, of course, but so splendidly lonely that one can only wish that one were somehow a later Milton, able to lament another Lycidas.

WALTER CLARK'S FRONTIER

by Wallace Stegner

Max Westbrook's little book *Walter van Tilburg Clark* (Twayne, 1969)—a book whose perceptions I often agree with, though its metaphysical terminology and its Zen-and-Jung dialectic leave me pretty confused—begins with an anecdote told by Walt Clark himself. He said he was once introduced to a lady in the East as the author of *The Ox-Bow Incident*. She was incredulous. "You wrote *that*? My God, I thought you'd been dead for fifty years. You know, Owen Wister and all those people."

It is an instructive story. For one

thing, it demonstrates the swiftness with which *The Ox-Bow Incident* made its way onto the small shelf of Western classics. It further suggests that a book on that shelf is somehow embalmed: it has no contemporary reality to the ordinary reader; it acquires the remoteness and larger-than-life simplicities of myth and of certain kinds of folklore. And finally, as Westbrook points out, the lady made a common but serious error in relating *The Ox-Bow Incident* to *The Virginian*. It is like *The Virginian* in only superficial ways. Its purpose is

not the celebration or even the definition of the cowboy hero whom Wister and Remington, between them, self-consciously created. To link it with Wister's belated chivalry is like comparing Conrad with Captain Marryat because both wrote about sailors. In actual fact, *The Ox-Bow Incident* is a novel that Henry James, that "historian of fine consciences," had more to do with than Wister did.

I have just reread Walt Clark, all except the early poems and a few ephemeral essays. It was a too brief pleasure, for he was a novelist for only one decade, from *The Ox-Bow Incident* in 1940 to *The Track of the Cat* in 1949, and from posterity's point of view he wrote only four books.

He and I were alike in our response to country. We were Westerners in what desert, mountains, weather, space meant to us. But I was far more completely a product of the young West than Walt Clark was. The civilized tradition of books, ideas, poetry, history, philosophy, all the instruments and residues of human self-examination, all the storage-and-retrieval possibilities of human experience, I knew only in school, and most imperfectly. I was a Western boy who came hungrily toward civilization from the profound barbarism of the frontier and was confronted with the fairly common task assigned would-be American writers—that of encompassing in one lifetime, from scratch, the total achievement of the race. Walt was luckier: he was a Western boy who possessed civilization from childhood.

He grew up in a cultivated house, and his translation westward at the age of eight was not a move toward deprivation. His father was highly educated, the president of the University of Nevada; his mother was a gifted musician. Books, music, ideas, that I discovered late and by accident or never discovered at all, were Walt's from birth. He really *had* the two worlds of civilization and the West, where I had only the West, and became a kind of pretender, or at best seeker, every morning when I left for school. He was light-years ahead of me in self-knowledge and awareness. When he sat down to write about the West he was not, like me, limited to writing about

scrub oak or sagebrush and wishing that they were the silver apples of the moon. He was self-consciously trying to graft the silver apples onto the sagebrush rootstock.

He consistently tried to make the past, including the spiritually healthy but limited past of the displaced Indians, relate to the present. He repudiated the machismo that won, and half ruined, the West, but did not repudiate its energy. He wanted it reformed with spirituality, art, respect for the earth, a knowledge of good and evil. He wanted it to become a true civilization, not a ruthless occupation disguised as a romantic myth.

Civilization is Walter Clark's theme; the West is only his raw material. What else is the burden of *The Ox-Bow Incident*? That novel is a long way from being a simple reversal of the vigilante stereotype or an ironic questioning of vigilante justice. It is a probing of the whole blind ethics of an essentially false, imperfectly formed, excessively masculine society, and of the way in which individuals, out of personal inadequacy, out of mistaken loyalties and priorities, out of a fear of seeming to be womanish, or out of plain cowardice, let themselves be pushed into murder. We live mainly by forms and patterns, the novel says. If the forms are bad, we live badly. We have no problem telling where good and evil dwell when we are dealing with the Virginian and Trampas in Wister's book. But here you cannot tell them by the color of their hats. Neither the lynchers nor the lynched are all good guys or bad guys. Many of the lynchers would rather not be there and have not known how to say so. The hanged men are a greenhorn, a senile old man, and a Mexican no better than he should be. The terrified greenhorn, once he has accepted his situation, dies better than the Mexican, who was at first bold and unafraid. Davies, who opposed from the beginning the lynch-mood of Tetley, failed to stop him because, quite simply, Tetley had more guts than he did. The preacher's morality is not binding, because it is imported, almost irrelevant. Evil has courage, good is sometimes cowardly, reality gets bent by appearances. And the book does not end with the discovery that

the hanged men are innocent and that lynch law is a profound mistake. It goes on examining *how* profound a mistake. The moral ambiguities reverberate through the town. We begin to know the good guys from the bad guys by the way they deal with their own complicity in a tragic error. And the moral questioning, the first stage of conscience, goes on in the mind of that most Jamesian cowboy Art Croft, very much as it goes on in the consciousness of the nameless we-I narrator of *The Nigger of the Narcissus* after the crew comes ashore.

I suspect that *The Ox-Bow Incident's* unchallenged place on the shelf of Western classics is due not to its being comprehended and appreciated, but to its being persistently misread as an example of the kind of mythic Western Walt Clark was all but parodying. Look at the blurbs on the Signet paperback, and at the summary of the book on the first inside page. To Signet and Signet's readers it is a novel of excitement and suspense and nervous trigger fingers. They do not read it as the report of a failure of individual and social conscience and nerve, an account of wrong sanctioned and forced by the false ethics of a barbarous folk-culture. They do not read it as a lamentable episode of a civilization in the throes of being born.

Clark's adaptation of the Western makes use of its machinery but substitutes a complex and ambiguous moral problem for the blacks and whites of the genre. His version of the *Kunstroman* is equally de-simplified. I call *The City of Trembling Leaves*, his next book (1945), a *Kunstroman* rather than a spiritual autobiography because, though there are unquestionably autobiographical elements in it, Clark has taken evasive action—made Tim Hazard's family entirely unlike his own, and kept himself in the book, by name, as a commentator. This does not keep me from believing that a good deal of Tim Hazard's pilgrimage was also Walt Clark's—there is much internal evidence, like the preoccupation with the Tristan cycle, with tennis, with the purifications to be found in the mountains, the awareness of the watchful gods.

Never mind. Biography or autobiography, it belongs in the pigeon-

hole with *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *The Hill of Dreams*, and some more somber books such as *Jude the Obscure*, and especially some American portraits of the artist such as *The Song of the Lark*. It chronicles the development of a sensitive adolescent into an artist. It is preoccupied with the relation between art and life, that obsessive theme of Thomas Mann's, and it explores that relation not only through Tim's music and through the painting and sculpture of Lawrence Black but also through the several variations on artistic adjustment made by Tim's musician friends in Carmel. It reveals a skinless sensibility in its mystical feeling for Pyramid Lake, the Sierra, and the desert. It weds Tim Hazard to the physical universe by a rite of passage and a symbolic skinny-dip straight out of Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, or if you follow Max Westbrook's book on Clark's writings, out of Jung. These are all fairly standard elements of a literary genre at least a hundred years old before Walt Clark took hold of it—a genre, one should note, much favored by self-obsessed romantics at war with their surroundings.

But if Tim Hazard is romantic, his book is not. It is steadily cauterized by irony. And the element of repudiation and compulsive self-exile, almost standard among spiritual autobiographies, is absolutely missing. Tim Hazard, this sensitive youth with musical aspirations and a high cultural potential, grows up in Reno and is never at war with it. It does not frustrate him. He hardly

notices it, in fact. He is absorbed with school, and girls, and running, and tennis, and playing in dance bands. He accepts—and so did I—the standards of his time and place, and tries to star in what they value; or if he can't accept them, he ignores them. His father and his brother are not his kind, but he does not think of them as his enemies or threats to his spirit. Reno, in its double aspect of middle-class town and jackpot center, is not for him the threat that Dublin was to Joyce, or Asheville and his mother's boarding house were to Thomas Wolfe, or Wellington, New Zealand, was to Katherine Mansfield, or America was to Ezra Pound. Most important, the end of his long struggle to be an artist is not flight or exile, as in so many lives and books, but reconciliation with his town and his past. Art, you might say, leads him not away from the limited Western American town, but deeper into it. He adds music to Reno without obliterating the traces of Reno that are left in himself. He is not led, as his friend Lawrence Black is, to a self-destructive perfectionism, either. He does not think of himself as contaminated by moving from jazz bands to symphonies, from folk music to composition, and back again—by the divergences of taste between himself and his town. Some things he outgrows, as he outgrows his adolescent adorations and excesses, but they have strengthened him rather than harmed him. And that makes *The City of Trembling Leaves* unique in its genre. Clark has not justified himself at the expense of his surroundings, if we

may take Tim to represent Clark. He has tried to use them to grow from, and in.

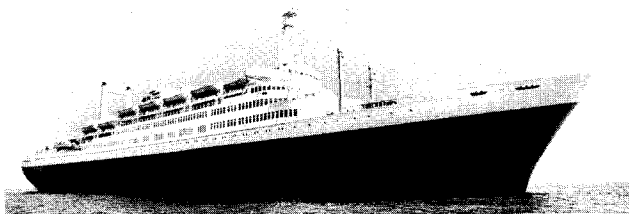
One must admit flaws in the book. For me, at least, there is an excess of philosophical abstraction. In trying to present Tim's adolescent adorations sympathetically but ironically, and at the same time not be ironic about the ultimate seriousness of Tim's efforts to make a unity of his divided heritage, Clark is sometimes overlong and unduly detailed, as if he *feared* the realistic boy might get lost under the symbolic artist.

It is, in fact, an almost impossible task he set himself, at this stage of the West's history, and it reminds me of another long, imperfect novel about an artist born in a little Western town, Willa Cather's *The Song of the Lark*. But Willa Cather assumed that the American artist must escape his birthplace and be a kind of stranger in the earth. When Clark lets Tim Hazard, after many failures, achieve his "Symphony of the Leaves" and settle down in Reno, he has dared to suggest that there is a possible reconciliation between serious art, the ordinariness of a little Western city, and the primal gods of the earth. It is something I would like to believe.

In *The Ox-Bow Incident* Walter Clark had suggested that the values of the frontier society were narrow, false, and half-formed, and he had planted a civilizing seed of conscience and doubt and unrest—and hence growth—in the mind of the sensitive cowpuncher who was one of the lynchers. In *The City of Trembling Leaves* he suggested that a native Western boy, given adequate motivation, might become an artist even in the unlikely arena of the Biggest Little City in the World, and make his commonplace origins serve his art. In *The Track of the Cat*, his next book, he came at his theme of civilization, of the evil of the exploitative and profane white culture, and the possibility of reconciliation between that culture's energies and the watchful primal gods of the earth, in quite another way. A lot of reviewers were irresistibly reminded of Melville's white whale, and the book had a mixed reception. On rereading it, I find myself willing to grant some of their objections, but not willing to grant

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that the flaws are fatal. *The Track of the Cat* may be in some ways Walter Clark's best book.

The realistic objections are valid enough. Mountain lions don't act that way, don't hunt men, probably couldn't break the neck of a two-year-old steer, much less a bull, much less two or three steers and a bull in one flurry. Only a lion given a heavy injection of literary evil would act that way, and some readers would have been less uneasy if Walt had made his symbolic beast an old rogue grizzly, the only animal possible to the Sierra Nevada that *could* break the neck of a steer, and *might* stalk his hunter. Once more, never mind: Keats said Cortez, Shakespeare put a seacoast on Bohemia. The beast is animate (and in good part imaginary) evil, and if the evil is made real to me, I am willing to suspend my disbelief in its objective correlative.

Some sticklers for realism, George R. Stewart for one, have objected that there is a fairly constant violation of the point of view—that Arthur Bridges, the protagonist, for instance, wakened by the bellowing of the attacked steers, would not be likely to hear it “like muted horns a little out of tune.” Stewart would say that simile came out of Walt Clark, not out of Arthur Bridges.

Yes, sure. I would probably question that little technical impropriety in a student's story. But Walter Clark was no student, and what he had to say was important. His Arthur is endowed with some of the prophetic mysticism and second sight of Joe Sam, the family's Paiute hired man. Moreover, it is only by peering over the shoulders of his characters and nudging us with his own voice that Clark is able to steer us among all the tensions of the story and suggest the conflicts between Curt and Joe Sam, Curt and Arthur, Gwen and the mother, the drunken father and all the others, love and hate, good and evil. And I keep remembering that one of Walt's abiding intentions was to naturalize subtlety, sensitivity, spirituality, modulated and even ambiguous ideas in his realistic Western setting. He chose not to be limited, like some phonographic naturalist, by the verbal and spiritual vocabulary of probability. So far as I am concerned, it is legiti-

mate if he gets away with it. He does.

Especially in the early sections, *The Track of the Cat* is a slow, tense drama, melodramatically lighted. I have used it for years as a magnificent illustration of how to achieve suspense by eyestrain. The characters are never overexplained; they reveal themselves in speech and act, and if their creator's need to make them symbolic as well as real sometimes strains them toward some monomaniac excess, they are actually less strained in that way than some of the characters (the preacher, say, or Tetley, in *The Ox-Bow Incident*, or the wonderful, manic musician Knute Fenderson in *The City of Trembling Leaves*). If we granted his panther a little legitimate heightening, we should not deny the same privilege to the human characters.

Symbolic, all of them, but for the most part persuasively real, too. There is a real lion loose in the mountains, but the black painter of evil lives in the ranch house, in Curt, as dominating and arrogant as the worst of the Ox-Bow lynchers; and in Curt's mother, harshly pious, capable of suffering but invulnerable to understanding; and to some lesser extent in Curt's weak and evasive father. Their evil has already defeated the gentle brother, Arthur, long before Curt finds his broken-necked body in the snow. The same family evil—and I think we realize very soon that it is a social evil, a regional evil, a national evil, an evil of attitude like the cowardice and mob impulse in *The Ox-Bow Incident*—has completely destroyed the sister, Grace. The only person capable of resisting it, the only one of them besides defeated Arthur who can make contact with the Paiute Cassandra and primitive survivor Joe Sam, is Hal, the youngest son. I admit identifying myself with Hal and feeling his role as my own. It is hard to resist the temptation to be a culture hero. But Hal's in-between position, his hopeful stance as combiner and reconciler, is the essential stance of Art Croft, too, and of Tim Hazard, and of Walt Clark.

Perhaps strangely, I respond less to Curt's disintegration than to the slow, tense drama in the ranch house. I feel it as a necessity of the

plot rather than as a realistic or even philosophical probability. My experience with the Curts of the world does not lead me to think that they are ever touched by the primal gods, that they ever comprehend good and evil, that they are very often visited by poetic justice. For me, Curt at the end is out of Eugene O'Neill, the Emperor Jones in chaps, a literary figure, where the others, heightened or not, are authentic. But I will put up with both him and the black painter—excesses of the literary and symbolizing imagination—to know the believable, complex, human torments of that ranch family in a crisis.

All of Walter Clark's novels were written from ideas, I believe, especially from a preoccupation with problems of good and evil within the context of the real West. He was a little like Hawthorne in knowing all the time what he wanted to say. The characters he created to say it through, whether historical or contemporary, have most of the time a solidity and realism that are altogether admirable, but if he had a weakness, it was that sometimes his ideas outran their objective correlates, and he steered them, or talked about them, rather than let them act. Not often. And when the symbolic larger meanings emerge, as so often, directly from something as solid as a log, when we meet and recognize the substance before we

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Schorer is professor of English at Berkeley.

Wallace Stegner's full-length Hilliard Fund lecture, delivered at the University of Nevada, will be published in a collection of materials on Clark.

William Zinsser is Master of Branford College at Yale University.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams write regularly in these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Norma McLain Stoop (page 59) is a poet, photographer, and article writer on the dance and other subjects.

William Pitt Root's (page 83) most recent book of poetry is called *Striking the Dark Air for Music*.

are asked to look at the shadow, then I follow him with my hat in my hand. He wasn't quite, like Hawthorne, trying to develop a usable past, or not that alone; he was trying rather to marry sensitivity and philosophical ideas to the half-primitive Western life he knew. He kept trying to do the impossible, and he never missed it far. From 1949 on, many of us were waiting for the book that would outdo the three splendid earlier books and cap the career. It never came. Why?

Some have guessed that teaching distracted him, and certainly he was a teacher incredibly generous with his time. But he was a teacher all his life—at Vermont, in the Cazenovia high school, at Montana, at San Francisco State, at Nevada, with shorter stints at Stanford, Connecticut Wesleyan, and perhaps other places. He wrote all his books between the demands of teaching, and I can't believe it was teaching that stopped him. Moreover, he told me in the early sixties that he wrote all the time, and kept throwing away what he wrote. That was long after *The Track of the Cat*.

So did he after all fall victim to the perfectionism that he specifically repudiated in his character Lawrence Black? It is possible. What he had written had been widely misunderstood. His clash of belief and attitude with Leslie Fiedler at Montana might have made him determined to say it in some way that even Fiedler could understand, and he might have become discouraged with the difficulty. I suspect that the dramatization of his difficulty, through the association with Fiedler and the challenge embodied in such essays as "The Montana Face," would have made him more self-critical. And yet he was always self-critical. I cannot conceive that mere difficulty would have silenced him or led him to destroy his work.

What then? I wish I knew. But the fact that from 1962 onward he devoted much of his creative time to the editing of the papers of a pioneer named Alfred Doten suggests, if not an answer, some of the parts of an answer. To turn from fiction to history has been the tendency of scores of American writers who were reared on the thinly civilized frontiers. We have all done it, and it started nearly a hundred

years ago with Edward Eggleston in Indiana. Once we have written the books that deal with the early settlement years of our region, or with our own growing up to identity and awareness, we are likely to find neither the present nor the past rich enough to nourish the imagination. For one thing, the Western past has been sanitized by myth, and so cut off. For another, both present and past are too new. The apparent maturity that comes with the creation of valid literature about a new region is apparent only. Culturally, the first literature, even the finest, may be premature, the product of applying a seasoned and organic tradition to an unseasoned place and society. And the growing of a native tradition takes generations.

This is speculation only. I was speculating in those terms years ago, and about others besides Walt Clark. I had in mind myself, too. I looked at Bernard DeVoto, and Paul Horgan, and A. B. Guthrie, and H. L. Davis, and a lot of good Western writers, and I found them slipping away from fiction and into history, as if at a certain point in their careers they found that they had done what their circumstances permitted, and had now to start digging the foundations for the real cultural house that would come with

time. In a sense, that is the history of American literature, not merely of Western literature. The kind of cultural deprivation that Hawthorne and Henry James lamented is not fatal, as witness their own careers; neither is it fatal in the West, in a newer time, as witness the achievements of Walter Clark.

But without a more developed and cohesive society than the West in its short life and against all the handicaps of revolutionary change and dispersion has been able to grow—and without a *native* audience for its native arts—there may come a time in a writer's career when the clutch of the imagination will no longer take hold on the materials that are most one's own.

If those things are true, or partly true, then it is understandable that Walter Clark's career as novelist should have been short. The remarkable thing is that he rendered his own divided inheritance with such subtlety and skill. His books are on the permanent shelf, and I do not mean the shelf of mythic, easy, deluding Westerns. His theme was civilization, and he recorded, indelibly, its first steps in a new country. He naturalized the struggle between good and evil in Nevada as surely as Robinson Jeffers naturalized tragedy on the Big Sur coast.

CARA THERESA

by William Zinsser

Carlo Fugati opened the door of his suite at the St. Regis and welcomed me in. "I suppose you are another reporter who is going to ask me why I made a dirty movie," said the Italian film director whose controversial new film *Cara Theresa* (*Honey Child*) is playing to overflow crowds at the Dyckman, and I thought I saw a hint of derision in the barely perceptible curl of his sensual lower lip.

I'll admit that I did want to question Fugati about the deeper levels of meaning that I might have missed in *Cara Theresa*, which, on the surface, seems to be nothing more than a rollicking tale of a Calabrian peasant girl who comes to Rome and "finds herself" as a

woman by engaging in sixteen sexual acts—both natural and unnatural—including one on a motorcycle, one in a crowded bus, and one with a goat.

The role of Theresa is played by sixteen-year-old Lisa Lazzeri with more frontal nudity than New York moviegoers have ever seen except in a "porno" film, and I frankly did not detect in her performance the "redeeming societal values" to which so many of the critics alluded.

Now both Fugati and Miss Lazzeri were in town to publicize the American premiere, and a press agent had arranged for me to interview them together.

"Lisa will be with us soon," Fu-

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EDITED WITH NOTES BY LINA PSALTIS

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gati said, waving me to a chair and lighting a slender cigar that smelled faintly of hemp. "She's in the bedroom with a young man who came to fix the television. That is what I admire about Lisa—she is so honest. There is not a false bone in her body. The moment she walked into my office in Rome and took off her clothes for the screen test I knew she was Theresa. I remember thinking, 'I only hope I am a good enough director to catch the intensity of her innocence.'"

"Is that what *Cara Theresa* is really about?" I asked. "Is it a film about innocence?"

"About!" Fugati spat the word out with a vehemence which startled me. "The only thing you Americans want to know is what a film is about! You are too impatient to look for symbols. *Cara Theresa* is a political statement."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," I stammered, feeling stupid that I had missed the whole point of this new work by one of the most brilliant postwar exponents of the *auteur* theory, who uses the merciless eye of the camera to lay bare the existential suffering of the human condition.

"It is very simple," Fugati said, and I thought I noticed an edge of contempt in his strangely cruel voice. "Theresa represents integrity pillaged by the soulless forces of bourgeois materialism, Nixonian imperialism, and the military-industrial complex. When I show her naked body on the screen, the last possible thought in my mind is to be erotic. If all those people at the theater are paying five dollars because they get some kind of sexual thrill out of watching a pretty young girl with big breasts have intercourse sixteen times, then I have failed. For myself, I would rather have Theresa dressed completely in rags to symbolize the uneven distribution of wealth in an exploitative capitalistic system. But that would have been too obvious. I had to find some more subtle way to suggest her essential vulnerability. That's when I hit upon the idea of frontal nudity. It was a political decision."

"Is that also true," I said, "of the scenes where she is actually making love?"

"The girl could just as easily be making spaghetti," Fugati replied.

"But I wanted to say that there is more to life than making spaghetti. The problem was to intellectualize the idea in terms that would have cinematic validity. Then one day the solution came to me just like *that*." He snapped his strangely elegant, long fingers. "I decided to show the girl having sex in a wide variety of unorthodox situations to make the point that the masses don't have to be smothered by middle-class convention. Sometimes I worry that my films are too didactic."

I asked Fugati about the scene with the goat—which has perhaps raised more eyebrows than any other sequence made by this volatile genius who in his career has managed to marry the *cinéma vérité* of a Godard to the neo-lyricism of an Ophüls and the mysticism of a Bergman while still retaining his own cinematic signature.

"Why does everybody want to talk about the scene with the goat?" he snapped. "It is not a scene about a girl and a goat. It is a scene about loneliness."

I heard a giggle and looked up to see Lisa Lazzeri coming out of the bedroom with the television repair man.

"Ciao, baby!" she said, seeing him to the door and giving him a long kiss. "Mamma mia!" she said with a contented sigh as she joined Fugati and me and curled up on the sofa. "I hope the television breaks again tonight."

"The girl is completely amoral," Fugati said. "She does not know hypocrisy."

Miss Lazzeri was wearing leather boots, a gold lamé miniskirt, and a silk blouse that she seemed to find too tight, though she was obviously wearing nothing underneath, for after a few minutes she took it off.

"You see what I mean?" Fugati said. "She is what she is. I have never known anyone so totally free of pretense."

I asked the poutish, baby-faced starlet what it was like to do such intimate movie scenes with an actor—the American star, Rip Moran—whom she had never met until the day shooting began. In the film Moran plays the older man who introduces the young Theresa to an assortment of carnal experiences.

"Rip was so kind," Miss Lazzeri

replied. "On that first morning he came to me and said, 'Lisa, I do not want us to feel like strangers,' and he took me to the Roman Forum and made love to me on the grass of the Palatine Hill and told me about Cicero. He has a beautiful mind."

"Did that help you in building the role of Theresa?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "We discovered that we were both Sagittarius."

What about the scene, I asked, where she and Rip make love on the floor of a crowded bus taking commuters to Rome one morning? Didn't it embarrass her to film the sequence in the midst of so many people?

Her dark eyes flashed. "People who call that a sick scene are sick people," she almost shouted at me. "All they think is sex, sex, sex. The scene is saying there are not enough buses! There is not enough room

for love in the world today! When I show my bosoms on the screen I am saying that not everything is violence and war."

"Lisa is very serious about her acting," Fugati said. "You could not get her to make a film that she did not believe in."

I asked Fugati how he felt about the charge that *Cara Theresa* is merely an appeal to the voyeur who lurks somewhere in us all.

His strangely violent eyes smoldered and he stood up and shook me by the lapels. "Don't ever use that word 'voyeur' around me, bus-ter," he said. "You think I am some kind of pervert? Take your dirty questions and get out of here."

He shoved me toward the door and I realized that the interview was over. I looked back over my shoulder to say good-bye to Lisa Lazzeri.

"Ciao, baby!" she called after me.

Port of New York, provided the false manifests, and Robert M. Lansing, the devious young counselor to the State Department, pulled the wool over the eyes of his superiors, Secretary Bryan and President Wilson.

The issue was forced when the *Lusitania* docked in New York on April 24 and when the German Committee of New York, aware that the ship would return loaded with arms, published a warning to travelers intending to cross the Atlantic that vessels "flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction. . . ." Only one newspaper, the Des Moines *Register*, of the fifty approached, carried this advertisement, but the contents were known to the wire services and immediately telephoned to the State Department. President Wilson and Bryan were pacifists at heart and while they hesitated, the big ship was on her way.

Captain Turner, the master of the *Lusitania*, was plainly worried. The signals from the Admiralty kept warning him of U-boat activity, and his hope was that the cruiser *Juno* would meet and escort him through the danger zone. Instead she was recalled to Queenstown, Winston Churchill took off to France for a weekend at Sir John French's headquarters, and the aging Lord Fisher, as was his habit, went to bed early. Captain Turner was left to find his way through a thick fog with reduced speed, and when his ship was hit, only six of the forty-eight lifeboats were safely lowered in the eighteen minutes before the *Lusitania* sank.

The question the reader must decide is whether such shocking lack of protection was deliberate. I believe it was the result of Lord Fisher's incompetence and of Churchill's distraction. The Gallipoli campaign, for which he was so responsible, was in deep trouble, and his mission to France was to check on the appalling shortage of shells which, when "leaked" to the *Times*, brought in Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions. That Churchill was heedless of the *Lusitania* seems clear, and the cover-up of irresponsibility was a disgrace; as Lord Mersey, head of the British Inquiry, remarked later, "It was a damned dirty business."

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE LUSITANIA
by Colin Simpson
Little, Brown, \$8.95

The *Lusitania*, of 45,000 tons, the largest and finest ship of her time, was torpedoed without warning on May 7, 1915, by the U-20 off the southwest coast of Ireland, with a loss of 1201 lives. Many of the dead were Americans, and the feeling of outrage that the passengers had not been given time to debark aroused in us a belligerency such as the British privately were hoping for. This book, with its cool indictment, has had to wait until the archives of the British Admiralty, the State Department, and the Cunard Company were open for scrutiny and until Colin Simpson, of the London *Sunday Times*, could fit together the action and the documents and draw the inferences which emerge from this provocative disaster.

The British Admiralty was as efficient as Nelson in pinching off the German food supply, but much less capable in combating the U-boats. It was a shock to Winston Churchill, the First Sea Lord, as it was to

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher, to discover that British cruisers with their longitudinal compartments were so vulnerable to torpedoes. They were characterized in the Fleet as "Live Bait," words that were to haunt Churchill after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. About the submarines Lord Fisher in particular seemed obtuse. Through the capture of the German code, the Admiralty knew of the departure of the U-boats, but not how they arrived so quickly in the danger zone off the Old Head of Kinsale. There were rarely more than two subs at that stage at any one time and only twenty-one in the entire fleet.

The declassified documents show that at the outbreak of war the Admiralty took over the direction of the Cunard Line, some of whose ships became armed transports; its queen, the *Lusitania*, however, continued to operate ostensibly as a passenger liner with a false registry of what was carried below decks. J. P. Morgan, strongly pro-British, financed the purchase of munitions for the British; Dudley Field Malone, Collector of Customs for the

MARK TWAIN: God's Fool
by Hamlin Hill
Harper & Row, \$10.00

Too much has happened before this book begins for us to appreciate with instant sympathy why Mark Twain and his family were so overwrought as he entered the last decade of his career. Following the bankruptcy of his publishing company, he succeeded in paying off his debts to the dollar by an exertion of writing and lecturing that drained him dry. His concern for his financial future made him more than usually quarrelsome with Harper & Brothers, who at last mollified him with a minimum annual guarantee of \$25,000, but age and worry about his womenfolk reduced his new projects to tirades. And the trouble which resided at home he compounded with his tyranny.

Mr. Hill has built his case on the two sets of notebooks kept by Isabel Lyon, Mark's secretary and a member of the household from November, 1902, to March, 1909. This black-haired, black-eyed little woman of thirty-eight "wrote Clemens' letters, managed his house, kept his books, took his dictation, and was, as Clemens himself said, the person, with the exception of his wife, Olivia, he knew most intimately in all the world." Over the years she disbursed \$279,536 without ever being questioned for an accounting, and with diplomacy she kept the peace in what Hill rightly terms "that strangely loving and competitive marriage." Her description of "the King," as she called Mark Twain, demolishes the illusion of family happiness so carefully confectioned by Albert Bigelow Paine, the official biographer, and Mary Lawton, the actress.

The King's debilitation was unquestionably hastened by the grief at home. The death of Susy, the oldest daughter, from meningitis occurred in 1896 when the family were abroad; Twain regarded her as doting and precocious and both parents reproached themselves for having left her in Hartford, although it seems evident that she preferred to stay there rather than endure her father's bossiness. When Jean, the youngest daughter and the one closest to her father, developed ep-

ilepsy, they traveled endlessly in search of a cure, and her seizures, added to Mark's outbursts, were so emotionally exhausting that they aggravated Mrs. Clemens' neurasthenia. It was a vicious circle of doctors, health resorts, extravagant journeying, and large, lonely domiciles. Olivia had been enjoying poor health for so long that Mark seems to have been prepared for her death. But not for Jean's; when she drowned from an epileptic seizure in her bathtub there was no consolation possible. "Jean's death," writes the biographer, "was to destroy forever Mark Twain's creative voice."

As we move through the contentions, the self-vaunting, the tantrums, and the tragedy of this great man in his famous white suit, we too rarely hear the laughter and the relish of human nature that he bequeathed in his books. When Clara, his second, most aggressive daughter, turns vindictively against Miss Lyon, Mark speaks out honestly in defense of his loyal secretary (although later he would accuse her of robbing him, as he did everyone else); when Jean, nearing thirty, has a happy, brief respite at her farm at Stormfield, his appreciation of her is touching, as is his self-accusation after she is gone. But such moments are rare in this joyless account of a man "whose rage at the world in which he lived grew and grew to mammoth proportions."

THE FATAL GIFT
by Alec Waugh
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95

Alec Waugh, novelist and travel writer much at home in the West Indies, has told in the autobiographical form this story about the Honorable Raymond Peronne, who had the fatal gift of beauty but never quite lived up to the expectation of his friends. The novel begins with their meeting in Oxford in 1922 when Alec, then a London publisher, comes down to attend a "binge" put on by his younger brother, Evelyn. It is a noisy affair, inevitably broken up by the Proctor but not before the older man's attention has been attracted by Judy, a girl from the city who, on Evelyn's dare, had come to the party in male attire, and by the tall, elegant

Peronne. As the second son of Lord Peronne he has all the money he needs, and already the legend of being a great lover. Rare among the young literati of that time, he is interested only in the opposite sex. I do not know the identity of this character, but he must have had charm.

When Peronne is rusticated, he submits to his new friend the half-completed manuscript of a novel, which is tentatively accepted—but never finished; when his affair with Judy cools off, it is Waugh who encourages the final break, the first of several such releases. Raymond drifts from job to job: a short stint in radio and as a gossip writer for the *Sketch*, selling cars in London and stocks in New York. He never commits himself to the work or the girls, biding his time, privately hoping for the day when the title will descend to him and he can take his place in the House of Lords. He is jolted out of this illusion when named as co-respondent in a prominent divorce case, but recovers honorably and, on Waugh's advice, takes his lady to the isle of Dominica and there, as the scandal is forgotten, he comes under a spell that will hold him for life.

All this is made agreeable and plausible by the supporting theme, the experience of Alec Waugh as a writer. The friendship of the two men is refreshed at each meeting: they enjoy the best restaurants, the rare wines, and they move with attractive people. But mixed with such sophistication is the snobbish reverence for the title, dialogue without enough edge, and the tedium of watching Peronne marking time. Dominica in a rainy spell when everything ceases to work; Dominica in Carnival; Peronne at fourteen, in the act of being seduced by his aunt, Peronne making such a hash of his maiden speech in the Lords—these are the parts worth waiting for and all occur in the last quarter of the book.

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

WINNER LOSE ALL by Hugh Eames. Little, Brown, \$8.95. Subtitle, *Dr. Cook and the Theft of the North Pole*. Mr. Eames believes that Cook, sledging around with a couple of Eskimos, really did get to the Pole, only to be cheated of the credit by a conspiracy of the wealthy backers of Robert Peary, who did not get to the Pole. Like other supporters of the beguiling doctor, Mr. Eames is defeated by the Danes. When Cook came out of the Arctic, he headed straight for Copenhagen where he was greeted with trust and public acclaim. It was to Copenhagen that he finally submitted his navigation data—reconstructed, since the original papers had been conveniently mislaid. A committee of Danish scholars examined the documents and announced that nothing in the material indicated that Cook had reached the Pole. Now if Cook was a fraud, he had made public boobs of the Danish press, a large portion of the scholarly community, and, since he had literally received royal entertainment, of the king. This was bad to worse to *lèse-majesté* and called for face-saving if possible. It remains incredible, despite Mr. Eames's eloquent and often amusing defense, that the Danes would not have stood by Cook if they had found anything at all to stand on. Illustrations, notes, bibliography.

PEARY AT THE NORTH POLE by Dennis Rawlins. Luce, \$7.95. Subtitled, *Fact or Fiction?* Professor Rawlins, who teaches astronomy and physics, is far more successful at demolishing Peary than Mr. Eames is at rehabilitating Cook. He works with Peary's figures—and finds them as absurd as what Cook submitted to the Danes. Because of the author's technical approach, the book is at times tough going, but it is worth the trouble for anyone interested in Arctic exploration; having disposed of Peary, Professor Rawlins shoots down Admiral Byrd as well. Poles apart in most respects, Rawlins and Eames are as one in condemnation of the venal wafflings of the Na-

tional Geographic Society. Notes, bibliography, maps.

FACING THE LIONS by Tom Wicker. Viking, \$7.95. Mr. Wicker, formerly Washington bureau chief for the *New York Times*, has written an enormous novel about, naturally, Washington. It follows the vaguely interlocked affairs of a senator who rises to fall and of a journalist who survives. It is a thoroughly journalistic novel, displaying immense practical knowledge of the ways of politicians and deploying a small army of characters who all, regardless of some dutiful stabs at local dialect, talk the same idiom and exist as sources of information rather than as people.

THE UNGODLY by Richard Rhodes. Charterhouse, \$8.95. Because Mr. Rhodes has stuck closely to known historical fact, his novel about the Donner Party is stronger on maneuver than on characterization. It is also aggravatingly languid until the final catastrophe, when the inchworm progress pays off in detailed, slow-motion horror.

LETTERS FROM SARDIS by George M. A. Hanfmann. Harvard University Press, \$25.00. Professor Hanfmann was field director of the Harvard-Cornell expedition which worked at Sardis, King Croesus' capital, for fourteen years and turned up wonders dating from 1400 B.C. to A.D. 1500. Throughout the campaign, Professor Hanfmann wrote pleasantly informal letters about each season's discoveries and problems, and these letters, now collected, provide a fascinating picture of archaeological work as it really happens—a running detective story, complicated by unexpected finds, changes of plan, uncertain finances, and temperamental machinery. Formal archaeological reports describe a finished jigsaw puzzle; this book describes the finding of the astonishing pieces. Well illustrated, maps.

THE STONE BABY by Ben Healey. Lippincott, \$5.50. Venetian hanky-panky with a forged statue; on the genteel side, but working up satisfactory suspense.

BORGES ON WRITING edited by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, Daniel

Halpern, and Frank MacShane. Dutton, \$6.95 and \$2.95. Talking to students of the graduate writing program at Columbia University, Mr. Borges discussed the difficulties that arise in writing fiction and poetry and in making translations of both, basing his remarks specifically on his own work and his own solutions. The result, predictably, is both enlightening and delightful.

THE AGE OF ARTHUR by John Morris. Scribner's, \$17.50. There is more information available on Britain from A.D. 350 to 650 than the average nonhistorian may suspect, and Mr. Morris presents it well. He also assumes serious and energetic application by his readers. Notes, maps, chronological tables.

CASABLANCA by Howard Koch. Overlook, \$7.95. "You must remember this"—and it is surprising to discover that nothing in the script or in Mr. Koch's recollections of writing it accounts for the film's enduring magic. Illustrations.

SHAKESPEARE THE MAN by A. L. Rowse. Harper & Row, \$10.00. Mr. Rowse's ideas about Shakespeare have been promulgated several times already. He now claims to have identified the Dark Lady of the sonnets. He really has located a suitably raffish brunette at the right time and the right place. He has not a shred of evidence that she was the only such wench loose in London or that Shakespeare ever laid eyes on her, but he is as supercilious about his discovery as though he had affidavits from twenty eyewitnesses to their connection.

EQUAL DANGER by Leonardo Sciascia. Harper & Row, \$5.95. This brilliant, deceptively direct novel starts like a police-procedure mystery; some lunatic is murdering judges and Inspector Rogas is assigned to catch him. Then the chase turns into a fable about power exercised for its own sake regardless of the purposes for which it was conferred and therefore spreading universal criminality. Translated by Adrienne Foulke.

STARTING OVER by Dan Wakefield. Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, \$7.95. An episode from this novel appeared in the January *Atlantic*.

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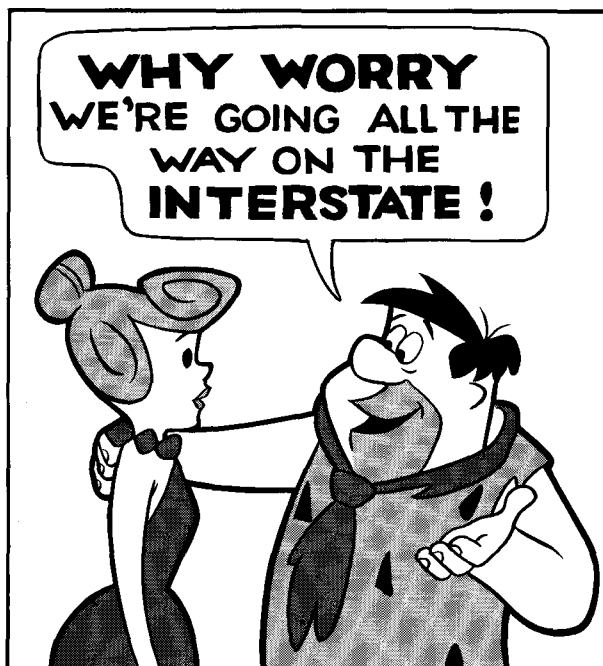
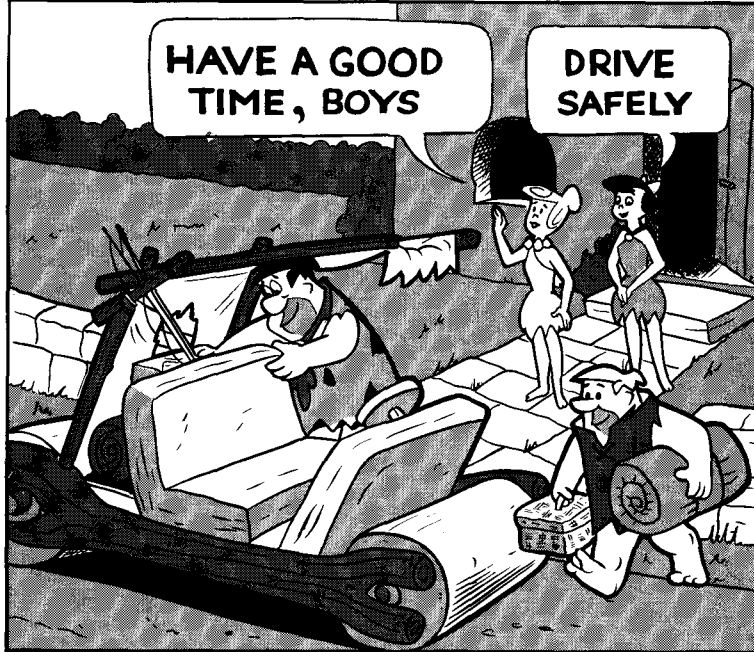
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